

MALE PIN UPS! In Color: Lancaster, Douglas, Ladd, Holden, Curtis, Chandler

★ PHOTOPLAY

November

ANNOUNCING
CHOOSE YOUR STAR
WINNERS



HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST FAMILY — THE POWELLS

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Girl? . . .

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You naturally want her to grow up to be attractive and sought-after, you hope she will meet nice boys and marry one of them. Of course you do.

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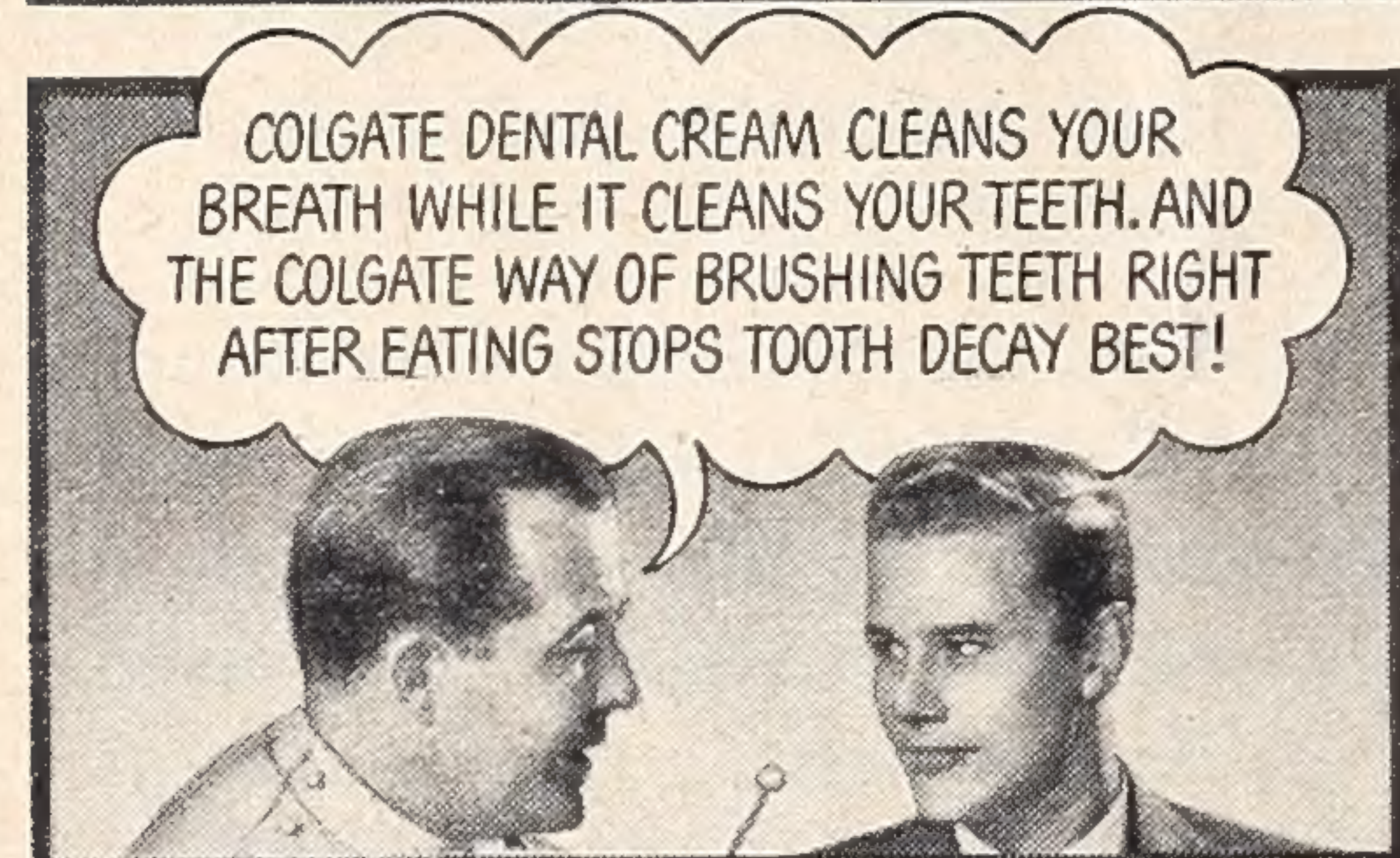
While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

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SUE NO LONGER BALKS AT KISSES FOR, THANKS TO COLGATE'S, SHE'S MY MISSUS!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE - GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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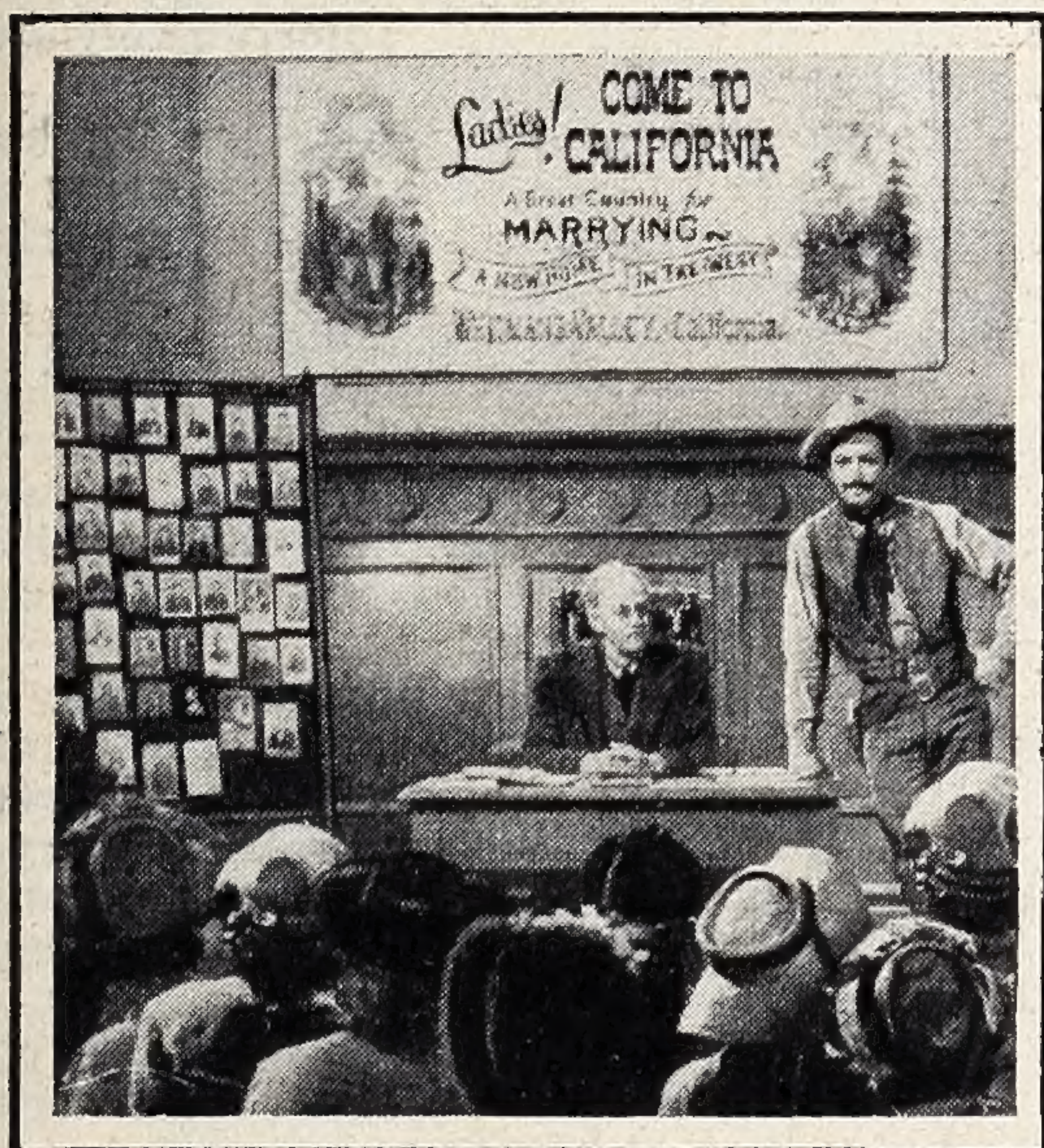
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VOL. 40, NO. 5

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Claudette Colbert of
"Let's Make It Legal"

What should I do? your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

The story I am about to tell you is, I'm afraid, beyond solution. I am a girl of twenty-one who grew up in a Southern state. My background is simply nothing. My parents live in a shack, no plaster on the walls, not even paint on anything.

During my grade school and high school days I had no friends because I had too much pride to bring them to my home; I am considered attractive and wanted to make something of myself, so I could have had dates, but I refused everyone. When I was out of school I secured a secretarial position and began to save up my money to invest in a real home so that my younger brothers and sisters would not have my experience. However, when I started to improve the house, my father simply raved. He said it was crazy to try to live in a nice way as he and mother throw things when they get mad, so the walls and rugs would be ruined in no time at all.

As soon as I had enough money, I left home and came to this large Eastern city to live with my aunt and uncle. They are substantial people who live well and have pride. Through them I have made wonderful friends. And through them I have met a man I want to marry. He has, in a very tactful way, queried me about my parents and why I live so far away from my own family. I am afraid to tell the truth for fear of losing him, but I am afraid *not* to tell the truth for fear of what he would say if he should happen to meet my family after we were married.

Duana O.

It seems to me that it is not necessary for you to give this man any particular information about your parents until he has asked you to marry him. If he is such a snob that he won't propose until he is certain you had a great-great-grandparent on the Mayflower, he isn't a person with whom you would be happy.

Since you are living with your aunt and uncle, you have a certain amount of evident background, and I think you should accept that as all the information to which anyone is entitled until a definite plan has been made to merge your family with that of your fiancé.

You mustn't be too critical of your parents. Actually they are merely old-fashioned. Three or four generations ago many American families lived in very modest homes: log cabins, sod houses, bat and board cottages. These people were so busy keeping body and soul together that they had no time for the refinements of life. Furthermore, in previous eras it has been customary for the father in many homes to dominate all members of the family in a tyrannical, sometimes even a brutal manner.

So, you see, your parents simply haven't progressed with the times. They haven't grown up. If you understand that, you will feel neither bitter resentment toward them nor inferiority in reference to your own position.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twelve years old and unfortunately I have a brother, ten. We do not have many schools in our city, so he and I go to the same school. At recess or when we move from one class to another, from mechanical drawing, say, to social science and I walk with a boy, my brother Walter follows me and imitates everything I do. If I laugh, he laughs and unfortunately he can laugh exactly as I do.

He also pinches his jeans between his fingers and walks like a girl wearing a party dress. He pretends to make pin curls. And everyone thinks he is a scream. I do not agree and he is driving me crazy.

One time he even stole my lipstick which I was not supposed to have, anyhow, but I had scrimped on my cafeteria money to buy it, and he painted his lips and his eyebrows and he looked strictly hideous. But everybody laughed.

I would like to know how a girl who is almost in her teens can ever go steady and be popular when she is always followed by a little monster like my brother. Everyone says that he will change in time and that I will be glad to have a brother, but I'm afraid that I cannot wait that long.

Please tell me how I can escape from this unfortunate problem and have a happy life. Would yelling at him do any good?

Gertrude Ann O.

"Unfortunately"—as you say—I don't think "yelling at him" would do the slightest good. I think he would imitate your yell and he would be considered even funnier than usual. You have only one defense: join in the fun. When he mimics you, laugh along with everyone else and suggest that he do the impersonation he worked out a week ago.

Undoubtedly you have seen the old comedy gag in which an actor decides to break down a door, hurls his full weight against it, and finds—as he falls flat on his face—that the door was open all the time. If you will be a sort of "open door," you will find that anyone who tries to break down your resistance will land on his ear. Also: have some fun out of this. Don't take yourself and your own dignity too seriously.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am engaged to be married in December to a very, very attractive man. I am thirty-one and he is four months younger. He comes from a wonderful family, has his degree from a good college, and is vice-president in his father's company. He served in the Air Force during the war and earned some top citations.

He has a fault—which is to be expected, I suppose. He flirts. For years (we have been engaged nearly four years) I steered myself to ignore his flirting with every attractive woman we met at social functions. I thought, "Oh, well, he has a gay time with them, but he always comes back to me." He never neglects me, and when we are alone he tells me that he loves me and
(Continued on page 6)

"Detective Story..."

From The Smash
Broadway Play...Of
A Love With No
Punches Pulled!

"What did you want,
a saint? Or someone with
flesh and blood?"

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"Detective Story"

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Betty's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 4)
always will because there is no one like me anywhere.

Recently he has changed. He has become more dignified and quiet. He is still my reliable escort and he agrees to all my plans for our wedding, but he doesn't seem enthusiastic.

I happened to mention this situation to one of his best friends. My friend was evasive at first but she finally admitted that Gilbert is in love with another girl. She is a girl of whom his family wouldn't approve at all, whereas I am like their own daughter. This friend said that Gilbert intended to marry me, because we have been engaged so long, but that his heart wasn't in it.

What shall I do—hold him to our engagement for the sake of my pride or break our engagement and let him marry this girl who couldn't make him happy?

Estella R.

If you have a clear concept of what marriage really is, I don't think you will have any intellectual hesitancy about making the right decision. Naturally, an emotional wrench is inevitable.

As things stand now—if you are certain your friend told you the truth—you know in your heart this man would be marrying you with serious reservations. How could you expect to be happily married under such a handicap?

This man should have the courage of his convictions and be frank with you, giving you a chance to break the engagement. However, it would seem—from the letters I receive—that the world is full of men who would prefer to ruin the lives of three persons out of deference to some outmoded idea of "honor."

I believe that you have two possible courses of action: you can ask this man frankly whether he wants his freedom or whether he really wants to marry you. If you decide to meet the challenge head-on, be prepared for any answer and be a good scout about it. Or you can ask for a postponement of all wedding plans and go away for a period of time, four to six months. Sometimes a man who is abandoned to his folly, changes his mind swiftly about what he really wants of life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty and for two years I have been going with a fellow who is two years older than I am. He was my first date and I've gone with him ever since. He wanted to marry me last June, but I postponed it until next June. He is a nice and respectful person and I was terribly in love with him at one time, but that love has faded slightly and I am confused. He doesn't do any of the nice little things that a man is supposed to do. He never helps me in the car, he never opens a door for me. When we have dinner out, he orders what he wants, then waits for me to decide. He doesn't stand when my mother or an older woman enters a room.

His family seems nice enough, so I don't know whether his mother didn't teach him manners or whether he didn't want to learn. Is there anything that a girl can do about this problem?

Bebe F.

Frequently the bad manners of young men are the result of the masculine determination to be rough and virile. Sometimes they are merely the expression of self-consciousness.

You might try an indirect approach to teaching your young man manners; the next time he speaks of some man in ad-

miring terms, you might add quickly, "You're right about his athletic ability and there is another thing about him that I admire. He has nice manners. He's quick to open doors for ladies, to remove his hat in an elevator, to observe courtesies that are expected of men."

If indirection doesn't work, you might tell this man, frankly, that you expect certain courtesies and explain what they are: You'd be surprised to know how many wives have to complete the polishing job left incomplete by a weary mother! I receive many letters like yours.

Incidentally, your reference to your escort's inclination to order dinner in haste may be a reflection upon your own dilly-dallying. There are few things more exasperating to a man and a waiter than the long thought some girls give a menu. You should make up your mind promptly and then refrain from changing it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ever since I was out of high school (two years ago) I have lived with these people, doing all their housework and caring for their two children. When I went to work, the agreement was that I would get my room, board and twenty dollars a month.

During these years they have hardly ever paid me and I dislike the lady very much. She is very disagreeable until I say I am going to leave, then she cries and says she cannot get along without me and the children love me better than they do her. She is perfectly healthy, but she is the laziest woman I have ever seen.

I think I would leave tomorrow except that I have met a very nice boy. We can't get married for at least another year, maybe two, and I don't see how I can stand living here during that time. Still, I can't give up my boy friend either. What should I do?

Stephanie V.

Your salary is much too low—even if you got it.

You should write, at once, to the Labor Law Enforcement Division, Capitol Building, in your state capital. Fortunately you live in a state which protects the rights of its women. Tell the Labor Law Enforcement Division exactly what you have told me and ask them to help you to collect the back salary you have earned.

You will be surprised to discover, I believe, that you will have quite a nice sum of money coming to you. With it you will be able to buy some attractive clothing and find a new job not too far distant from your boy friend.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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a gal who
had plenty
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☐ 1 English Tint ☐ 2 Coral ☐ 3 Deep Cherry

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Casts of Current Pictures

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ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD—M-G-M: Guffy McGovern, Paul Douglas; Jennifer Paige, Janet Leigh; Fred Bayles, Keenan Wynn; Bridget White, Donna Corcoran; Arnold P. Hapgood, Lewis Stone; Sister Edwitha, Spring Byington; Saul Hellman, Bruce Bennett; Timothy Durney, Marvin Kaplan; Sister Veronica, Ellen Corby; Dave Rothberg, Jeff Richards; Reynolds, John Gallaudet; McGee, King Donovan; Rube Ronson, Don Haggerty; Tony Minelli, Paul Salata; "Chunk," Fred Graham; Bill Baxter, John McKee.

DARLING, HOW COULD YOU!—Paramount: Alice Grey, Joan Fontaine; Dr. Robert Grey, John Lund, Amy, Mona Freeman; Dr. Steve Clark, Peter Hanson; Cosmo, David Stollery; Fanny, Virginia Farmer; Nurse, Angela Clarke; Aubrey Quayne, Lowell Gilmore; Mr. Rossiter, Robert Barrat; Mrs. Rossiter, Gertrude Michael; Sylvia, Mary Murphy; Simms, Frank Elliott; Rosie, Billie Bird.

DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, THE—20th Century-Fox: Klaatu, Michael Rennie; Helen Benson, Patricia Neal; Tom Stevens, Hugh Marlowe; Dr. Barnhardt, Sam Jaffe; Bobby Benson, Billy Gray; Mrs. Barley, Frances Bavier; Gort, Lock Martin; Drew Pearson, Himself; Harley, Frank Conroy; Colonel, Carleton Young; Major General, Fay Roope; Mrs. Crockett, Edith Evanson; Major White, Robert Osterloh; Brady, Tyler McVey; Government Man, James Seay; Mr. Barley, John Brown; Hilda, Marjorie Grossland; Interviewer, Glenn Hardy; M. P. Capt., House Peters, Jr.; M. P. Sgt., Rush Williams; Mr. Kurll, Olan Soule.

DESERT FOX, THE—20th Century-Fox: Rommel, James Mason; Dr. Karl Strobin, Cedric Hardwicke; Frau Rommel, Jessica Tandy; Hitler, Luther Adler; General Burgdorf, Everett Sloane; Field Marshal Von Rundstedt, Leo G. Carroll; Gen. Fritz Bayerlein, George Macready; Aldinger, Richard Boone; Col. Von Stauffenberg, Eduard Franz; Desmond Young, Himself; Manfred Rommel, William Regnolds; General Schultz, Charles Evans; Admiral Ruge, Walter Kingsford; Keitel, John Hoyt; Gen. Maisel, Don De Leo; British Medical Officer, Robert Coote; Rommel's Driver—Africa, Richard Elmore; Major Walker, John Vosper; Jock, Sean McClory; Commando Captain, Dan O'Herlihy; Commando Colonel, Scott Forbes; British Medic, Victor Wood; British Officer, Lester Matthews; Maid, Mary Carroll; Col. Von Hofaker, Paul Cavanagh; Doctor, Lumsden Hare; Jodl, Jack Baston; Stulpnagel, John Goldsworthy; German Major, Carleton Young; German Surgeon, Freeman Lusk; General Montgomery, Trevor Ward.

FLYING LEATHERNECKS—RKO: Dan, John Wayne; Griff, Robert Ryan; Cowboy, Don Taylor; Joan Kirby, Janis Carter; Clancy, Jay C. Flippen; Dr. Curran, William Harrigan; Colonel, James Bell; General, Barry Kelley; Shorty Vegay, Maurice Jara; Lieut. Malotke, Adam Williams; Pudge McCabe, James Dobson; Capt. McAllister, Carleton Young; Lieut. Jorgenson, Steve Flagg; Lieut. Ernie Stark, Brett King; Tommy, Gordon Gebert.

FORCE OF ARMS—Warners: Peterson, William Holden; Eleanor, Nancy Olson; Major Blackford, Frank Lovejoy; McFee, Gene Evans; Klein, Dick Wesson; Sheridan, Paul Picerni; Major Waldron, Katherine Warren; Hooker, Ross Ford; Minto, Ron Hagerthy; Signor Maduvali, Mario Siletti; Signora Maduvali, Argentina Brunetti; Lea Maduvali, Amelia Cova; Yost, Slatts Taylor; Webber, Donald Gordon; Frank, Bob Roark.

GOLDEN HORDE, THE—U-I: Princess Shalimar, Ann Blyth; Sir Guy, David Farrar; Shaman, George Macready; Juchi, Henry Brandon; Tugluk, Howard Petrie; Gill, Richard Egan; Genghis Khan, Marvin Miller; Torga, Donald Randolph; Lailee, Peggie Castle; Friar John, Poodles Hanneford; Nazza, Leon Balasco; Azalah, Lucille Barkley; Nina, Karen Varga; Herat, Robert Hunter.

HIS KIND OF WOMAN—RKO: Dan Milner, Robert Mitchum; Lenore Brent, Jane Russell; Mark Cardigan, Vincent Price; Bill Lusk, Tim Holt; Thompson, Charles McGraw; Helen Cardigan, Marjorie Reynolds; Jennie Stone, Leslye Banning; Myron Winton, Jim Backus; Jose Morro, Philip Van Zandt; Martin Krafft, John Mylong; Hobson, Carleton Young; Estaban, Erno Verebes; Tex Kearns, Dan White; Milton Stone, Richard Berggren; Harry, Stacy Harris; Hernandez, Robert Cornthwaite.

HOTEL SAHARA—Rank-U.A.: Yasmin, Yvonne De Carlo; Capt. "Puffin" Cheynie, David Tomlinson; Emad, Peter Ustinov; Major Randall, Roland Culver; The German Lieut., Albert Lieven; Pvt. Binns, Bill Owen; Cpl. Pullar, Sydney Tafler; Pvt. O'Brien, Tom Gill; Madame Pallas, Mireille Perrey; Yusef (Major Domo), Ferdy Mayne; Italian Capitano, Guido Lorraine; French Spahi Officer, Eugene Deckers; German Soldiers, Rolf Richards, Henrik Jacobson, Anton Diffing; Italian Soldiers, Massimo Coen, Enzo Plazatta; American Woman, Bettina Hayes; American Husband, John Salew; Oriental Gentleman, Harold Kasket; Fatima, Olga Lowe.

IT'S ONLY MONEY—RKO: Johnny Dalton, Frank Sinatra; Mildred, Jane Russell; Emil J. Keck, Groucho Marx; Bob Pulsifer, Don McGuire; R. B. Pulsifer, Sr., Howard Freeman; Man with Sun Glasses, Nestor Paiva; Mr. Kofer, Frank Orth; McKissack, Harry Hayden; Baganucci, William Edmunds; Tailman, Russ Thorson.

LADY FROM TEXAS, THE—U-I: Dan Mason, Howard Duff; Bonnie Lee, Mona Freeman; Miss Birdie, Josephine Hull; Judge George Jeffers, Gene Lockhart; Cyril Guthrie, Craig Stevens; Dave Blodgett, Ed Begley; Mabel, Barbara Knudson; Lafe, Lane Bradford; Jose, Chris-Pin Martin; Toland,

Kenneth Patterson; Sheriff, Jay C. Flippen.

MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW—20th Century-Fox: Delilah, Betty Grable; Jeff, Macdonald Carey; David Hemingway, Rory Calhoun; Christopher Leeds, Eddie Albert; Tim, Fred Clark; Gloria Carstairs, Lois Andrews; Tillie, Irene Ryan; Specialty Dancers, Steve Condos, Jerry Brandow; Joe, Arthur Walge; Charlie, Edwin Max; Barney, Robert Nash; Airline Clerk, Don Kohler; Dr. Wheaton, Rodney Bell; Judge, Harry Antrim; Wardrobe Mistress, Lovyss Bradley; Hairdresser, Jewel Rose; Secretary, Carol Savage; Orchestra Leader, Michael Darrin; George, Joe Hayworth; Turnkey, Perc Launders.

MILLIONAIRE FOR CHRISTY, A—20th Century-Fox: Peter Ulysses Lockwood, Fred MacMurray; Christy Sloane, Eleanor Parker; Dr. Roland Cook, Richard Carlson; Patsy, Una Merkel; June Chandler, Kay Buckley; A. K. Thompson, Douglas Dumbrille; Benjamin Chandler, Raymond Greenleaf; Mr. Rapello, Nestor Paiva; Galan, Chris-Pin Martin; Mr. Sloan, Walter Baldwin; Bud, Ralph Hodges; Sam, Byron Folger; Collector, Ralph Peters; Office Joker, Gene Gericko; Nurse Jackson, Jo Carroll Denison; Mechanic, John Indrisano; Herald Photographer, Billy Snyder; Herald Reporter, Charles Williams; Cab Driver, Al Hill; Hermit, Emmett Lynn.

ON THE LOOSE—RKO-Filmakers: Jill Bradley, Joan Evans; Frank Bradley, Melvyn Douglas; Alice Bradley, Lynn Bari; Larry Lindsay, Robert Arthur; Dr. Phillips, Hugh O'Brian; Susan Tanner, Constance Hilton; Bob Vance, Michael Kuhn; Catherine, Susan Morrow; Miss Druten, Lilian Hamilton; Mrs. Tanner, Elizabeth Flournoy; Mr. Tanner, John Morgan; Ruegg, Lawrence Dobkin; Judge, Tristram Coffin; Prosecuting Attorney, Edwin Reimers.

PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE—Warners: Vince Nichols, Dennis Morgan; Carol, Virginia Mayo; Ted Lansing, Gene Nelson; Abby, Lucille Norman; Felix Hoff, S. Z. Sakall; June, Virginia Gibson; Bennington, Tom Conway; Sam Parks, Wallace Ford; Barney, Tom Duggan.

PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA, THE—M-G-M: Jim Curtayne, Spencer Tracy; Vincent Ricks, Pat O'Brien; Louis Barra, John Hodiak; Ginny Curtayne, Diana Lynn; Johnny O'Hara, Jim Arness; Frankie Korvac, Bill Campbell; Jeff Chapman, Richard Anderson; Sven Norson, Jay C. Flippen; Knuckles Lanzetta, Eduardo Cianelli; Carmelita Lanzetta, Yvette Duguay.

PEOPLE WILL TALK—20th Century-Fox: Dr. Noah Praetorius, Cary Grant; Annabel Higgins, Jeanne Crain; Shunderson, Findlay Currie; Prof. Elwell, Hume Cronyn; Prof. Barker, Walter Slezak; Arthur Higgins, Sidney Blackmer; Dean Lyman Brockwell, Basil Ruysdael; Miss James, Katherine Locke; John Higgins, Will Wright; Miss Pickett, Margaret Hamilton; Mrs. Pegwhistle, Esther Somers; Technician, Carleton Young; Business Manager, Larry Dobkin; Doctor, Ray Montgomery; Nurse, Jo Gilbert; Dietician, Ann Morrison; Old Lady, Julia Dean; Secretary, Gail Bonney; Student Manager, William Klein; Haskins, George Offerman; Mabel, Adele Longmire; Coonan, Billy House; Photographer, Al Murphy; Toy Salesman, Parley Baer; Cook, Irene Seidner; Gussie, Joyce MacKenzie; Night Matron, Maude Wallace; Bella, Kay Lavelle.

RED BADGE OF COURAGE, THE—M-G-M: The Youth, Audie Murphy; The Loud Soldier, Bill Mauldin; The Lieutenant, Douglas Dick; The Tattered Soldier, Royal Dano; The Tall Soldier, John Dierkes; Bill Porter, Arthur Hunnicutt; Thompson, Robert Easton Burk; The Captain, Smith Ballew; The Colonel, Glenn Strange; The General, Tim Durant.

STRIP, THE—M-G-M: Stan Maxton, Mickey Rooney; Jane Tafford, Sally Forrest; Sonny Johnson, James Craig; Fluff, William Demarest; Paulette, Myrna Dell; Edna, Kay Brown; Behr, Jonathan Cott; Boynton, Tommy Farrell; Lt. Bonabel, Tom Powers; also Vic Damone, Monica Lewis and The Dixieland Band of Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, Cozy Cole and Arvell Shaw.

SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET—Columbia: Frankie Lane, Himself; Billy Daniels, Himself; Betty Holloway, Terry Moore; Ted Mason, Jerome Courtland; Toni Arden, Herself; Gloria Pelley, Audrey Long; Dave Gibson, Dick Wesson; Mary, Lynn Bari; Al Little, William Tracy; John Stevens, Willard Waterman; Cyrus Pelley, Jonathan Hale; Susie Manning, Amanda Blake; Benny Payne, Himself; Miller, Paul Dubov; Wilbur, Peter Price.

TALL TARGET, THE—M-G-M: John Kennedy, Dick Powell; Ginny Beaufort, Paula Raymond; Caleb Jeffers, Adolphe Menjou; Lance Beaufort, Marshall Thompson; Rachel, Ruby Dee; Homer Crowley, Will Geer; Lt. Coulter, Richard Rober; Mrs. Charlotte Alsop, Florence Bates; John K. Gannon, Victor Kilian; Mrs. Gibbons, Katharine Warren; Stranger, Leif Erickson; Ferdinandina, Peter Brocco; Young Mother, Barbara Billingsley; Thomas I. Ogden, Will Wright; Tim Rielly, Regis Toomey; Policeman, Jeff Richards; Simon G. Stroud, Tom Powers; Abraham Lincoln, Leslie Kimmell; Allan Pinkerton, James Harrison; Dapper Man, Dan Foster.

TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY—Warners: Catherine, Ruth Roman; Bill Clark, Steve Cochran; Mrs. Dawson, Lurene Tuttle; Mr. Dawson, Ray Teal; Hugh Wagner, Morris Ankrum; Monroe, John Kellogg; Janet Higgins, Lee Patrick; Conover, Hugh Sanders, Frank Higgins, Stuart Randall; Johnny, Bobby Hyatt; Warden, Harry Antrim; Sheriff, Walter Sande.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL—U-I: Rex Shepherd, Dick Powell; Ellen Hathaway, Peggy Dow; Perry Collins, Charles Drake; Goldie, Joyce Holden; Grandpa Hathaway, Albert Sharpe; Mrs. Bowers, Sara Taft; Nicholas, Will Vedder; Slott, Watson Downs; Lt. Gilpin, Lou Polan.



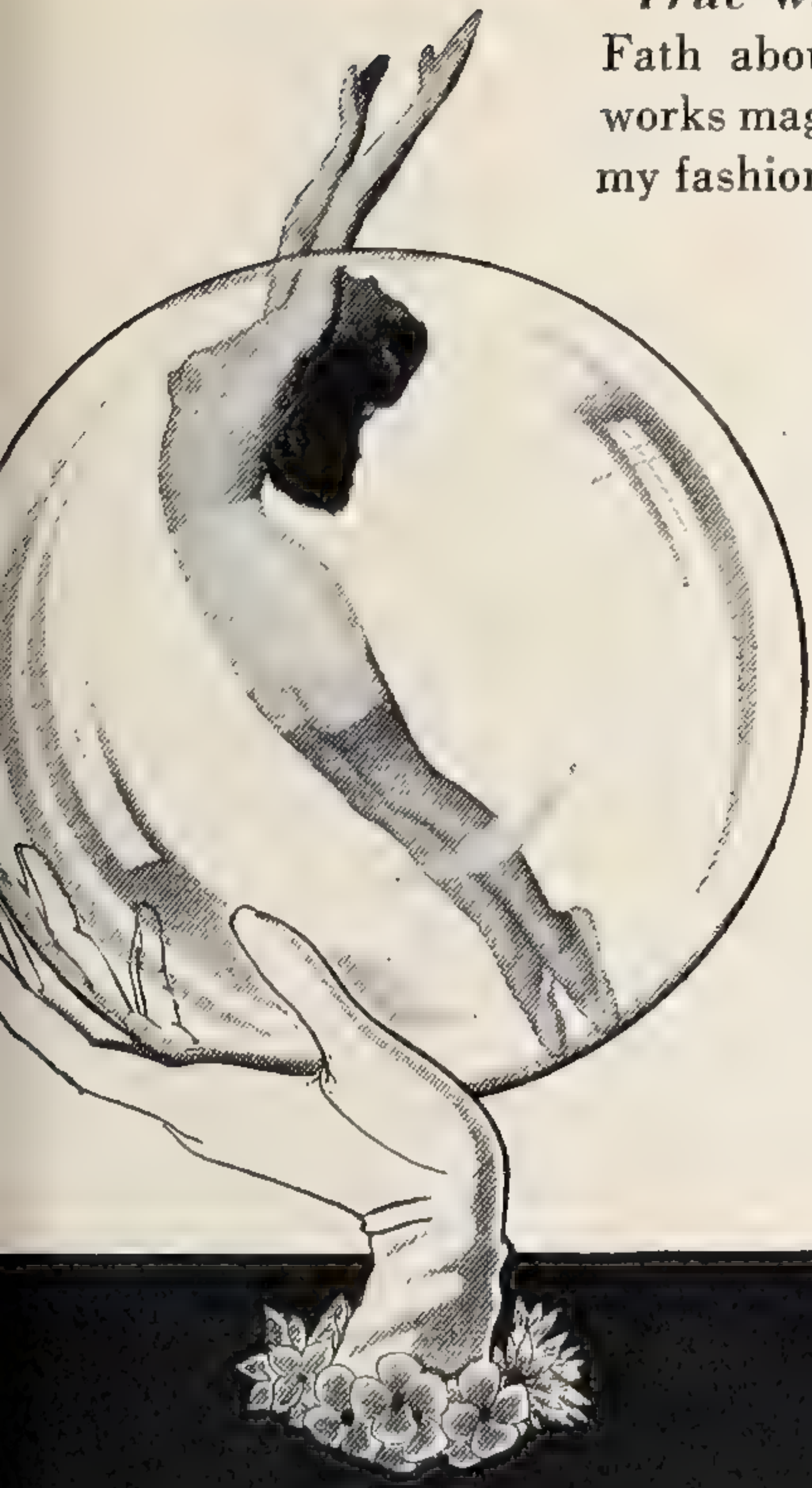
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At top: A hug and a horseshoe of flowers from Farley Granger for best girl Shelley Winters, at premiere of "A Place in the Sun," in which she scores. Below, same premiere, the popular Champions, Gower and Marge, who are among "Choose Your Star" winners

You'll see a new Jeanne Crain in "Kitty and the Marriage Broker." For her role as model, she was tutored by top model Zori Jannings. At bottom, Howard Keel gives pretty Parisian, Leslie Caron, a lift. Discovered by Gene Kelly, she co-stars in "An American in Paris"



cal yor·k's

Gossip of hollywood

INSIDE

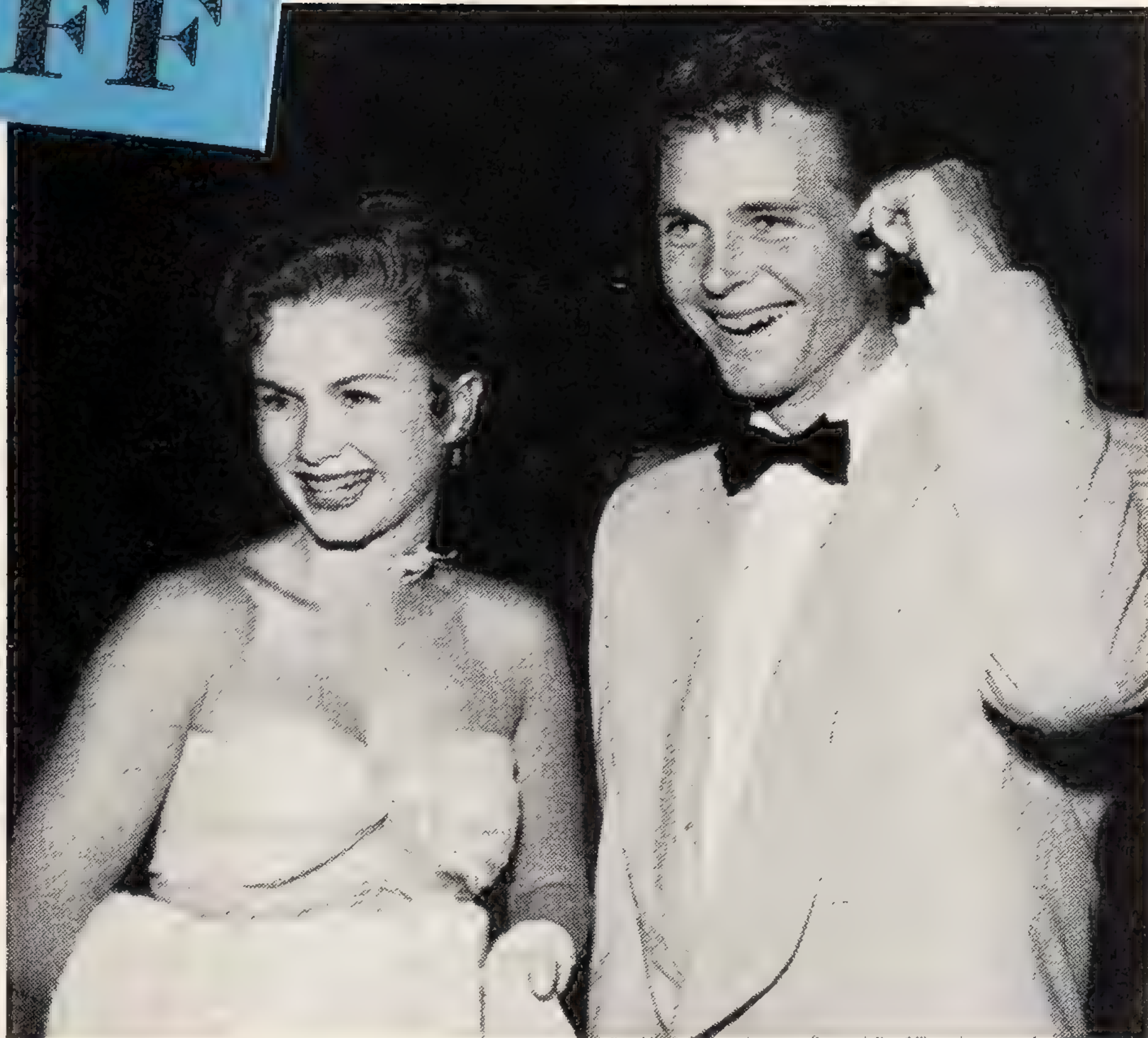
STUFF

Look who's launching out as a sophisticated lady! It's little Debbie Reynolds, at a premiere with handsome Craig Hill

● **It Happened in Hollywood:** Any actor t Howard Keel might have startled his neighbors when he set up a full-length mirror in his back yard. The tall troubadour used it to study his stance while practising a w golf stroke . . . When they read it here, that excited crowd below will know the owner of those feet that protruded from the window of a high office building on Wilshire Boulevard. It was long, lean and likable Gregory Peck—stretched out in his dentist's air! . . . When Alice Faye's curly-topped tantalizer is on the air, silence reigns supreme in the James Mason household. Phil Harris is the bantering Britisher's favorite comedian . . . Believe it or not, a letter addressed to "Tony's Wife, Hollywood, California," was delivered into the pulsating patties of Janet Leigh!

Short Order Man: Those surprised cash customers had nothing on Cal, when he stopped by "Hamburger Hamlet." "With or without onions?" inquired the gent behind the counter, who reminded us of Jeff Chandler—and was! It seems the hired help had walked out just as Jeff walked into the most popular sandwich bar on the Sunset trip. Being a good friend and a very hungry one, he put on an apron and went to work for the evening. No, Harry didn't put Jeff on the payroll. But Mr. C. gets to eat off the house until he's consumed his salary in hamburgers—with or without!

Set Stuff: Poor Jeffrey Hunter (watch him go places and accomplish things!) was so embarrassed on the "Red Skies of Montana" set. In his first big fight scene, he accidentally socked Richard Widmark on the jaw and most toppled him. In the next take, poor Richard accidentally gave Jeff a bloody nose! . . . Her role of the nurse in "With a Song My Heart" is Thelma Ritter's first dress-up part and she couldn't be more impressed. One day she walked on the huge ballroom set, that delightful darling looked up and drily cracked: "This is the first time I've ever been in an eight-chandelier picture!" . . . They were shooting a scene inside a sedan



Since his final goodnight to Irene Wrightsman, Kirk Douglas has been dating June Haver, above, at Kay Thompson opening at Ciro's

Listen to Photoplay's Hollywood Columnist
cal york on "hollywood love story"

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BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sidney Skolsky



Lanza

The easiest way for Mario Lanza to disprove those stories about his being temperamental is to stop being temperamental . . . Don't you love those movies in which the heroine can be in a jungle for months and still look as if she just stepped out of a beauty parlor? . . . I know that Ava Gardner must be well liked because she has not been criticized for her romance with Frank Sinatra, although Frankie boy has been censured for it . . . By the way, I'd like to hear Charles Coburn and Spring Byington sing, "They Tried to Tell Us We're Too Young" . . . Wonder what actors do with their Oscars? Van Heflin keeps his in a

hidden corner of his den as a receptacle for rubber bands . . . I'm weary of reading the measurements of Dagmar, Russell, Wilson and the other members of the bust brigade. These girls have reached such proportions that it doesn't matter if you give them an inch . . . Tom Jenk wants to go to a movie that is about something. He says, "I want to escape from the escapes" . . . Gene Evans tells me that when he was broke and trying to break into the movies, a friend who worked in a gas station used to let him sleep in the ladies room. Well, the other day, Gene passed that gas station and saw this sign: "Ladies Room—Former Home of Gene Evans."

Marilyn Monroe is still the starlet I'd bet on to be tomorrow's Betty Grable-Lana Turner. I realize it's a parlay bet . . . Gregory Peck claims the toughest assignment an actor can have is to play a scene with an animal. "More people love animals than love actors," he says . . . I just keep on admiring Bing Crosby . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, auditioning a girl dancer, said, "She has the makings of another Gene Kelly."

I'd nominate Clark Gable as the actor who best typifies what a movie hero should look like. For verification, allow me to quote Phyllis Kirk, who told me, "I can sit with my back to the door and know when he's entering the room" . . . How many blonde actresses are for real? . . . I point to Martin and Lewis to disprove the cliché that new comedians will be scarce because such training grounds as burlesque no longer exist . . . How about those movies in which the hero and heroine walk into a pitch dark room holding one candle and the entire room lights up like a Hollywood premiere? . . . I wish Monica Lewis would stop acting like Grover Whalen, being photographed welcoming every new actor to Hollywood . . . Imagine Rita Hayworth telling a writer that his story is unbelievable! . . . John Wayne doesn't pretend to be an actor. Says Wayne: "You act on the stage, but not in the movies" . . . I still can't accept the fact that Sally Forrest has Greta Garbo's dressing room.



Holliday

Jeff Chandler, who requires a king-size bed, uses every square foot of the bed at one time or another during the night . . . It's my decision that Jane Wyman is one of the most versatile, talented actresses in movies. Jane is as great doing comedy and songs in "Here Comes the Groom" as she is being dramatic in "The Blue Veil" . . . And what about those movies in which the busty heroine masquerades as a boy and fools the hero? . . . I'm eager for Judy Holliday's next movie . . . TV has changed everything, including famous sayings. It used to be "A man's home is his castle." Now it's "A man's home is his theatre."



Chandler

I'm still campaigning for Garbo to make a picture, George Sanders to sing in a picture, and for some news in the news reels . . . Barbara Stanwyck can do as much for matrons, with her beautiful graying hair, as Pinza is said to have done for middle-aged men . . . Most performers embarrass me when they try to play a drunk. The best portrayal of a drunk I ever saw in a movie was Mickey Rooney's in "National Velvet" . . . An unwritten law of the movies is that the heroine cannot be taller than the hero . . . Wouldn't it be swell if every girl getting up in the morning looked as lovely as heroines do in the movies? . . . Marilyn Maxwell certainly makes a liar out of the verse that men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses . . . I'll always recall Alfred Hitchcock's remark to

a famous actress who objected to a close-up of her profile, saying coyly, "It's not my best side." To which Hitchy replied, "You're sitting on your best side." That's Hollywood for you.

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for "Elopement." Clifton Webb and Fie Gie Gardiner sat in the front seat with little Tommy Rettig between them. "Could you get rid of that cigarette?" gagged Tommy, as Clifton puffed at him. "Could you get rid of that face?" came the quick answer in true "Mr. I vedere" fashion. No, the camera was shooting!

Farewell Two Arms: Odd indeed are the ways of a man with a maid. In a week's time, Betty Hutton and producer Norman Krasna became engaged, engaged, ecstatically happy and miserable beyond words. They went together before, following her separation from Briskin. When they met again at a game, Norman was disillusioned from a recent marriage break-up. Betty was divorced. He asked her for a date and with lightning quickness they fell in love. "I can't believe this would happen to me so soon," he confided to friends. "Betty's the most terrific girl I've ever met." Equally enthused, she admitted she had "never felt this way before." These two were wise enough to know their own minds so what happened so suddenly? Hollywood believes that two such positive personalities unexpectedly discovered things about each other they hadn't recognized before. Plans had been made, so the engagement was no momentary whim. Now Betty's returned Norman's beautiful freshwater pearl pin and diamond ring and at this writing, neither has heard from the other. Hollywood's sincerest hopes for a reconciliation are fading fast. They're nice people who are searching for happiness. We wish they could find it together.

On the Riviera: Cal kept a straight face while he listened to Corinne Calvet tell about her current trip to Europe. "I see seex years since I leave Paree," she rolls zose eyes. "I lose all my hackles here, so I take French boat back to learn to spik like native again!" La France gets its first glimpse of Jimmy Bromfield, who is Corinne's handsome husband. Naturally, we wanted to know if she wasn't worried about those French



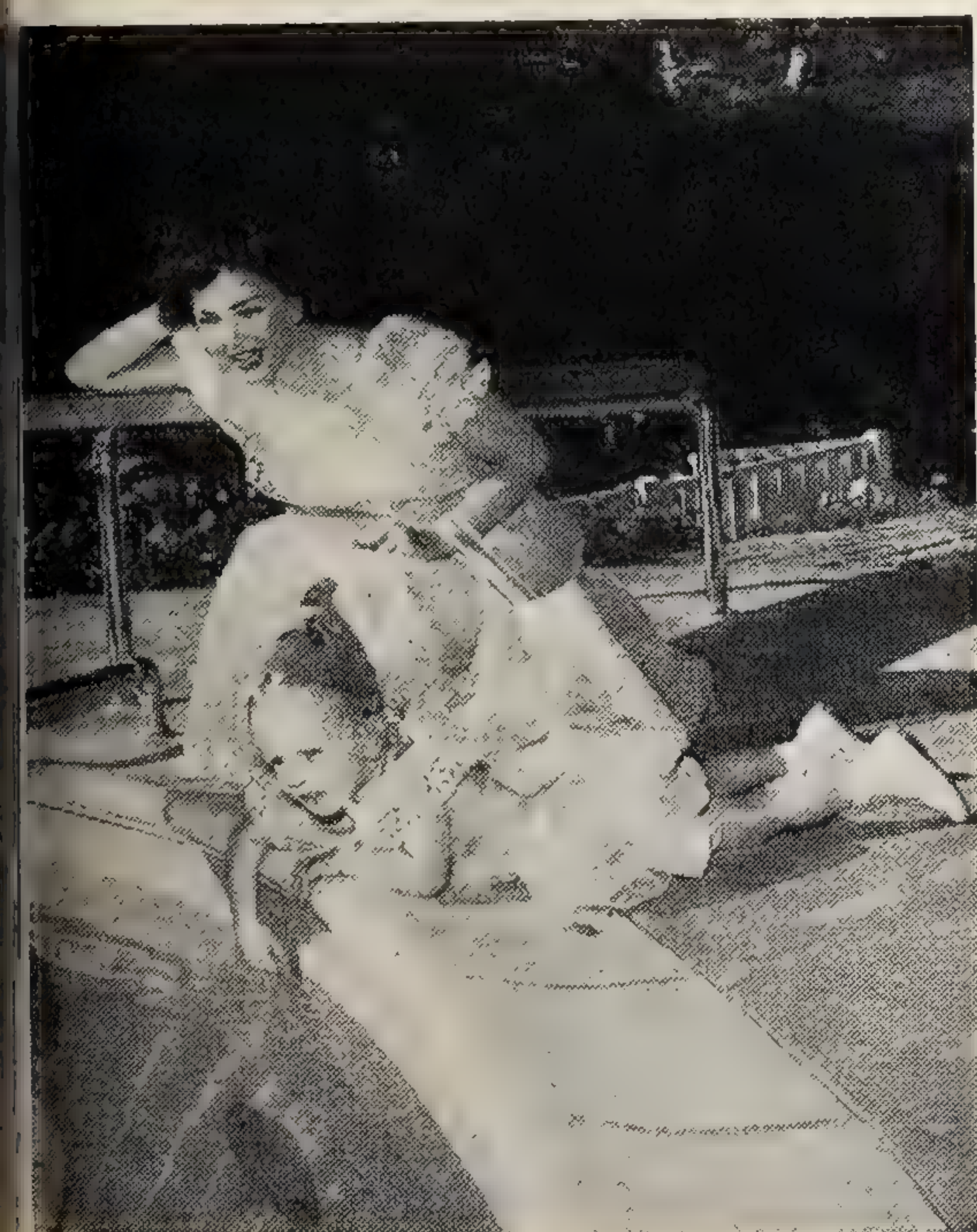
"Birthday parties are nice," rejects Benjie Gage, just turned two. Mom Esther Williams backs him up.

als. "Don't forget," her eyes gleamed as she said it, "I am French girl—too!"

It's True: That Ruth Roman prefers to be released from her contract, rather than continue playing those mediocre roles that have mostly been hers since "The Champion." As a "bonus," Warners loaned her to play opposite Russell Nype, the bespectacled crew-cut crooner, in M-G-M's "Young Man in a Hurry" . . . That Dennis Morgan, who was usually "unavailable" in the past for photographs with his growing children, has obviously had a change of heart. Not only is he posing family style, but the handsome Swede with the Irish charm brings the wife and kids to the studio previews he used to avoid . . . That whenever the Paramount front office is anxious to locate Bob Hope or Bing Crosby, they call in David the studio bootblack and Whizz-Bang the maintenance man! These two illustrious gentlemen are the *only* ones who receive postal cards from Ski-Snoot and the Groaner, when they're trouping around the country!

Hearts and Flowers: According to Bob Taylor (who's making "Ivanhoe" in London) those alleged dinner and dancing dates with Joan Fontaine and Elizabeth Taylor are merely the pipe dreams of British press agents . . . Bob Wagner, who's the best table-hopper since Peter Lawford stopped hopping, has a girl friend who looks enough like Judy Garland to make tourists ask for "Judy's" autograph . . . Phil Reed is getting his name in Eastern columns by professing his great love for Barbara Stanwyck, but it *isn't* getting him any place with Barbara . . . Even more than her own personal happiness, Nancy Sinatra wants a trust fund from Frankie that would protect their children's future . . . Marilyn Monroe's florist was once an F.B.I. man, which is why he won't reveal the name of the gent who sends the beautiful blonde those daily dozen red roses.

Light Housekeeping: Tony Curtis did the shopping and Janet Leigh did the cooking. He set the table while she ar-



Patti-Kate is all set to put on her Bikini bathing suit! Kathryn Grayson's small daughter was one of Benjie Gage's guests

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN



Ida Lupino and bride Sally Forrest

Frank wedding and reception. Raul Lezlos, well-known interior decorator, and his wife, staged it beautifully at their Brentwood home, with great elevated vases of pink, lavender and purple asters, blended with blue delphinium spaced about the swimming pool and at the altar at the end of the garden. The wedding cake (six tiers) weighed almost two hundred pounds! And Sally did a fine job of slicing it, all bedecked in her white satin and tulle (lavishly splattered with lily-of-the-valley buds) bridal attire. We had a brief gab with Adele Jergens (in periwinkle blue net shading to deepest indigo) with Glenn Langan—and boy! Are they in love? Answer, YES! Also with Jim Davis, whose career is happily zooming again, Fernando Lamas and his tall, so attractive brunette wife. Ida Lupino, who was matron of honor (she discovered Sally, if you remember) was limp after being on the "receiving line" for hours, but her lovely dress of two white skirts over three azure blue ones, wasn't!

The Runyon Cancer Benefit at Mocambo was *really a night!* Josephine Baker was star of the show, with George Jessel emceeing. The "show" in the powder room during the evening was just as good. At one point, Janet Leigh, Arlene Dahl, Marie McDonald, Lana Turner (who later helped to hand out the door prizes that went with the \$100-per-plate dinner) were all gabbing before the same mirror. Lana, her hair piled high, in black satin; Marie, in miles and miles of pink net; Janet in the most lovely, translucent shade of pale green net, heart-shaped bodice, tremendously full, floor-length net skirt (at least five skirts!); Arlene, looking like a Dahl in floor-length ball gown of black lace and net.

The other day gapers at the Beverly Hills Hotel had a wonderful time when Rita Hayworth emerged from her bungalow there and strolled to the pool. There was a pleasant gasp as shapely Rita went to her cabin in a slick Jacques Fath sports dress—and another gasp when she waded into the water later with it off—natch! Evidently, though, la Hayworth isn't too, too crazy about her French clothes, because Columbia studio designer, Jean Louis, who's made her clothes (along with delish duds for other stars) for years, got busy the moment Rita arrived in Hollywood, and hasn't stopped dreaming up lovely things for her to wear since!

It's time to think of suits again—from the tailored fall jobs in wonderful new woolens, whose skirts may swirl over a crinoline or cling like a sheath, to the dressiest of dinner suits fashioned from fabulous brocades, heavy silks or velvets. The Hollywoodolls are mad for them. There are also suits of that new fabric, Orlon, which looks like wool, feels like wool, but ain't! What's more, it's uncrushable, holds pleats forever, is washable and doesn't need ironing. Dreamy, huh? (See Photoplay Fashions this month for similar new fabrics.) Joan Bennett and Dorothy Lamour are just "two smart girls" with suits of Orlon. Joan's looks like a hard-finished wool, and its jacket of a soft taupe shade flares slightly over the hips—and also over a deeper shade of taupe skirt, very full. Dotty's is striking, with its black and white checked tweed jacket (bulky above a very slim black broadcloth skirt) and not only the flap pockets of the coat are set diagonally, but it buttons on oblique lines, too. Very slimming.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT



Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger

forming friends that little Miss Lucie Desiree looks exactly like a cross between Desi Arnaz, who is her father—and Winston Churchill—who isn't!

The eccentricity of new boy wonder Sammy Fuller, which comes under the heading of local color. He directed the fabulous "Steel Helmet," wears boots, an officer's cap and startles the actors into action on the "Fixed Bayonets" set by popping off a pistol . . . Sweet Janie Powell's uncontrolled weeping throughout a screening of "A Place in the Sun" . . . George Jessel introducing Tippy and Cobina, fabulous monkey team at Mocambo, as the "new Martin and Lewis."

That breach between Stewart Granger and some of his friends since his marriage to Jean Simmons . . . Nancy Davis conspicuously absent from the Hollywood scene, because she refuses all dates while Ronnie Reagan is on location . . . Peter Lawford and Jean MacDonald, who are no longer supposed to be romantic, sighing by the seaside on the beach at Waikiki.

Celebrating his recovery from a recent operation, Gary Cooper buying a hot tamale for cool, calm and beautiful Patricia Neal, at the Escobar Cafe on Pico Boulevard . . . Joan Crawford suffering in silence and loving every moment of it. Her twins are taking ukulele lessons! . . . Farley Granger breaking his lease when the manager of his Hollywood Strip apartment didn't appreciate the parlor tricks of his French poodle, birthday present from Shelley Winters . . . Saddest little sight of the week: A line drawn through "Mr. Mayer's Chicken Soup," listed on the studio's commissary menu. Up to the time the movie mogul left the M-G-M lot, it was "on" for twenty-seven years!

That lost look on the face of Kirk Douglas since saying a final "Goodnight, Irene," to the Wrightsman girl, his dating June Haver and his desire to date Barbara Stanwyck . . . The impact of grabbing a gander for the first time of Jean Arthur, who's back to make a Paramount picture with Alan Ladd and is almost completely gray now . . . Mario Lanza's heartbreak over that unkind article in a national magazine . . . Lucille Ball in-

INSIDE

ranged the flowers. It was their first dinner in their new apartment, so naturally their first guests had to be good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis. Since his near collapse during a theatrical engagement, the famous comedian hasn't been seeing many people. But Jerry couldn't resist bringing along a catcher's mask to wear at the table—"to protect my beauty against one of Janet's biscuits exploding!" The day he started "Son of Al Baba," Janet gave Tony a leather script cover with his name embossed in his handwriting. What a ribbing he took on the set when Tony showed up with an egg-sized lump on his forehead! Everyone tried to blame it on Janet's rolling pin. Actually, Tony got socked by a surfboard at Malibu, when Howard Duff gave the newlyweds one week's use of his beach-house for a honeymoon.

Show Business: When Mark Stevens called Cal to tell him about the try-out of his night-club act, he was very amusing. The way it happened was anything but funny. When his accompanist got so nervous for Mark, they had to get a substitute on thirty minutes' notice. Then the mike went dead, the lighting system was out of order, all Mark's numbers had to be shouted. "Despite the handicaps, it went over very well," said Mark gratefully. "We tried out in an old resort hotel, steeped in tradition and usually patronized by teenagers and elderly people. The night I went on, the maid came into my room. 'Well,' she said, 'how do you like this hotel for the newlyweds—and the newly-deads!' Believe me—she wasn't kidding!"

News Round-Up: Like it or not and Bing Crosby's beginning to, TV is here to stay! The cautious crooner and associates recently purchased a Salinas, California, radio station, for conversion into a TV broadcasting outlet. Der Bingo is also



Barbara Hale and husband Bill Williams join the Hollywood parade to premiere of "Captain Horatio Hornblower." Barbara has just finished "Small Wonder," her first since birth of second baby



Jean Peters went from "Anne of the Indies," in which she plays pirate, to New Mexico, to co-star with Marlon Brando in "Viva Zapata!" Above, with cameraman

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

part owner of stations in Monterey, Los Angeles, Miami, and has applied for construction permits for TV stations in other cities . . . The neuroses that caused his draft evasion (according to testimony) resulted in six months' imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine for Dick Contino, the bewildered accordionist . . . It was a hernia operation for Gary Cooper and nothing more serious as reported.

Baby Daze: This time the Bob Mitchums, who already have two boys, have ordered a little girl. They'll even accept two baby girls, on account of because there are already three sets of twins in Mrs. Mitchum's family! . . . The Anthony (Valentino) Dexters are so thrilled with their new baby daughter, they wouldn't throw rocks at the stork if he paid them another visit . . . It's win and lose for the dazzling Twentieth Century-Fox star, Micheline Puelle. She is going to have a baby but Mrs. William Marshall ain't going to get that juicy role in "Five Fingers"—and Danielle Darrieux is . . . David Brian, who doesn't appreciate being a "heavy" on or off the screen, was exonerated by a jury which decided he wasn't the father of the child born to his second wife after they were divorced.

Here and There: Their appearance together at Ciro's caused the usual reconciliation rumors for Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan—also the usual annoyance, because they are friends who enjoy an occasional evening out . . . Gloria Swanson finally found a good script at Republic, her first since "Sunset Boulevard." Yes, she plays an actress—for the fifth time! . . . Evidently it's love, love, love between Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling, who flew from New York to San Francisco to share her "Bittersweet" debut . . . Marlon Brando's usual cream and raw eggs send his luncheon companions scurrying in all directions.

Ever hear of Hollywood's ladies in retirement? Well, there's Hedy Lamarr—and Ingrid Bergman—and other movie queens down the years who've announced they'd quit the celluloid. But then the items about pictures they might do pop up in the gossip columns. And sooner or later, they come back.

The latest lady in retirement is beautiful Virginia Mayo. Recently her actor husband, Michael O'Shea, let the secret out that they planned to give up movies in five years and pull weeds on their new ranch in Arizona.

Virginia trekked from the ranch to Hollywood to collect the screams, whistles and envious "oohs" from her fans at the premiere of "Captain Horatio Hornblower."

There I inquired how she could bear to give all this up.

But Miss Mayo insists she's one lady who means it. She says she'd rather be a housewife than a star any day. "I'd rather care for a home and make a career out of that," she said. "I think that's more satisfactory to a woman."

"The ranch is an investment for our future. We're planning for the worst in the career angle. Especially me. After all, a man can go on when he's old and do character parts. But not someone like me."

"And frankly, I'm not that interested in movies. I'd rather have more time for myself and for living. Movie-making is such a precarious business. Your jobs are so dependent on other people. We want a little bit of security in our old age."

"Making pictures is such a tedious job. It takes all day. And I've never really had any vacation. I work constantly."

"I'd love to retire now, but I can't yet. I need some more money. The ranch isn't built up yet."

According to the Mayo-O'Shea five-year plan, they hope to be raising cattle on a paying basis by 1957. Then she hopes to quit, or at least, she hedged, "be a free lancer."

"I like the outdoor life and more leisurely living. I've helped fix up the ranch house and, with our partner's wife, I help with the cooking. I don't know much about cooking," the glamour girl confessed. "But I'm catching up on that."



Virginia Mayo



Greg Bautzer—whose way with the girls is a Hollywood mystery—always seems able to pick up where he left off, took Jane Wyman to big benefit dinner



Bill Holden and director John Farrow went on location with the Navy to make "Submarine Command." After four weeks aboard a sub, Bill says their food and service are best in the world!



The Lady Loves

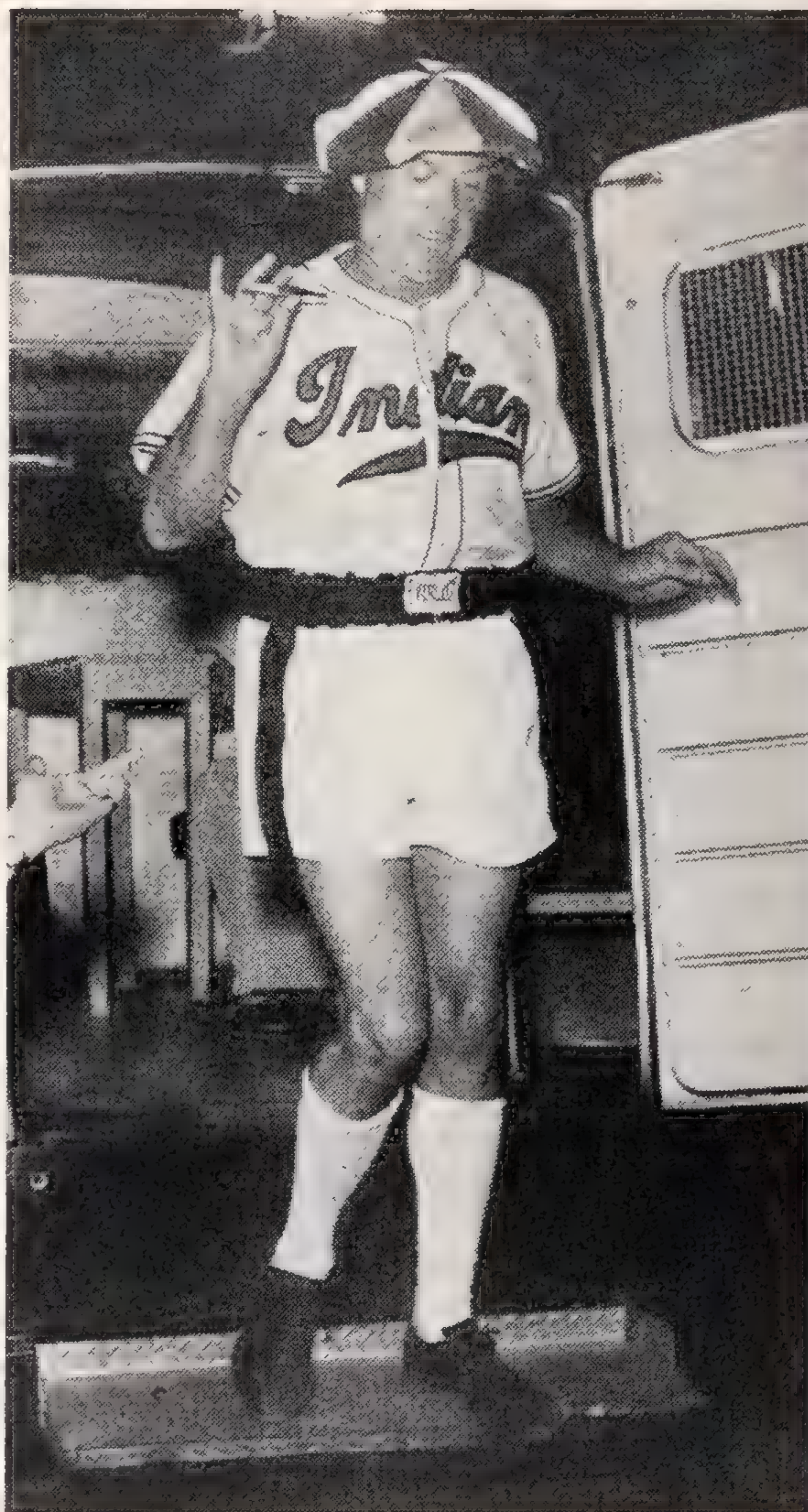
**this wonder pantie—No Bones
about it—Stays up without stays**

Pamper your figure with a "Perma-lift"* Girdle. No bones to poke or pinch—just the smooth stay-up comfort of the patented Magic Inset to cuddle your curves. Wash it, wear it as often as you like—it just can't roll over, wrinkle or bind—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays. At your favorite corsetiere's—\$5.95 to \$15. Get yours, Today.



*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

INSIDE STUFF



When the "Bob Hopefuls" played (Gary) "Cooper's Cutthroats" at fifth annual "Out-of-This-World Series" in Hollywood, Bob Hope arrived in armored money truck! Top, Mickey Rooney pitches woo with bat girl Shelley Winters. Below, bat girls Jane Russell, Marilyn Maxwell give Tony Curtis a lift



Last Fling: Blonde and buxom Denise Darcel told it to a south-of-the-border judge and is now divorced from Peter Crosby, who once "christened" his French *femme* with a glass of champagne . . . Following a two-year tussle, Johnny Johnston signed the necessary papers and Kathryn Grayson is practically a "free" woman . . . Four years from the day she married her handsome Russian, Ann Dvorak was granted a divorce from Igor Dega . . . Diana Lynn who looked as miserable as she felt (especially that night at Ciro's) has succeeded in ironing out those marital difficulties with John Lindsay . . . Terry Moore and Glenn Davis, her football-playing husband, for a long time were forward passing the buck. But their rift was finally verified . . . Outsiders who make sounds like insiders, insist it's all over but the parting for the Errol Flynn.

Behind the Make-up: Now that Jeff Chandler is back with his wife Marjorie and their two daughters, Hollywood still doesn't know what caused the breach last January—and Hollywood won't be knowing. The Chandlers have never believed that it pays to advertise! Even when he was dating Hollywood's loveliest ladies, Jeff never looked happy. For both the Chandlers there never really has been anyone else. We wish them the happiness and the understanding we believe they've finally found.

This-a and That-a: Doris Day blushed like a schoolgirl when Jimmy Gleason came over to her table in the Green Room, introduced himself, kissed her hand and confessed he was "madly in love" with her . . . All-American-looking Gene Nelson, still looking all-American in those sideburns and that mustachio he grew for his role in "Starlift" . . . On that recent Canadian fishing trip with the Edgar Bergens, Dick Powell won a special prize for landing the largest salmon of the season. Junie Allyson won a special prize too, for catching the smallest salmon of *any* season . . . Friends of Jean Pierre Aumont hope to persuade him to return to Hollywood. Since the death in Paris of his wife Maria Montez—especially tragic because she might have been saved had she been discovered sooner after she fainted in her bath—he has been inconsolable.

Nature Boy: None other than the "King" himself gave Cal a preview of his amazingly equipped car. Anyone who knows Clark Gable knows there isn't a moment of the day or a day in the year when he isn't willing to go fishing. With this in mind he has literally converted the back compartment of his car into a piscatorial "arsenal." Uniform racks, shelves and compartments hold a variety of rods, reels, flies—every known device to gladden the heart of the big field-and-
(Continued on page 21)

Loveliness with a Natural Look!

Cashmere Bouquet

Face Powder

So smooth, so naturally clinging—
6 flattering, “Flower-Fresh” shades!

Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there's a fashionable, “flower-fresh” shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. *Plus* texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic “fragrance men love”!

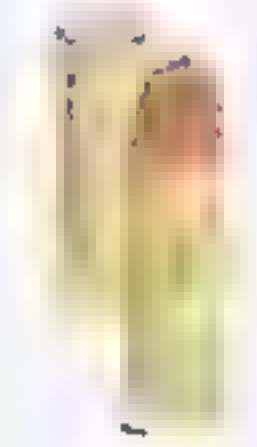
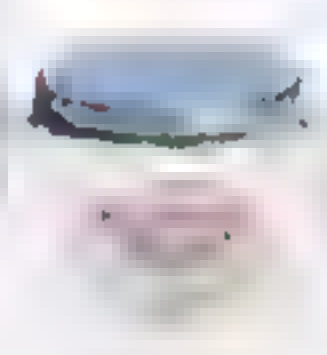
Look your loveliest
with Cashmere Bouquet



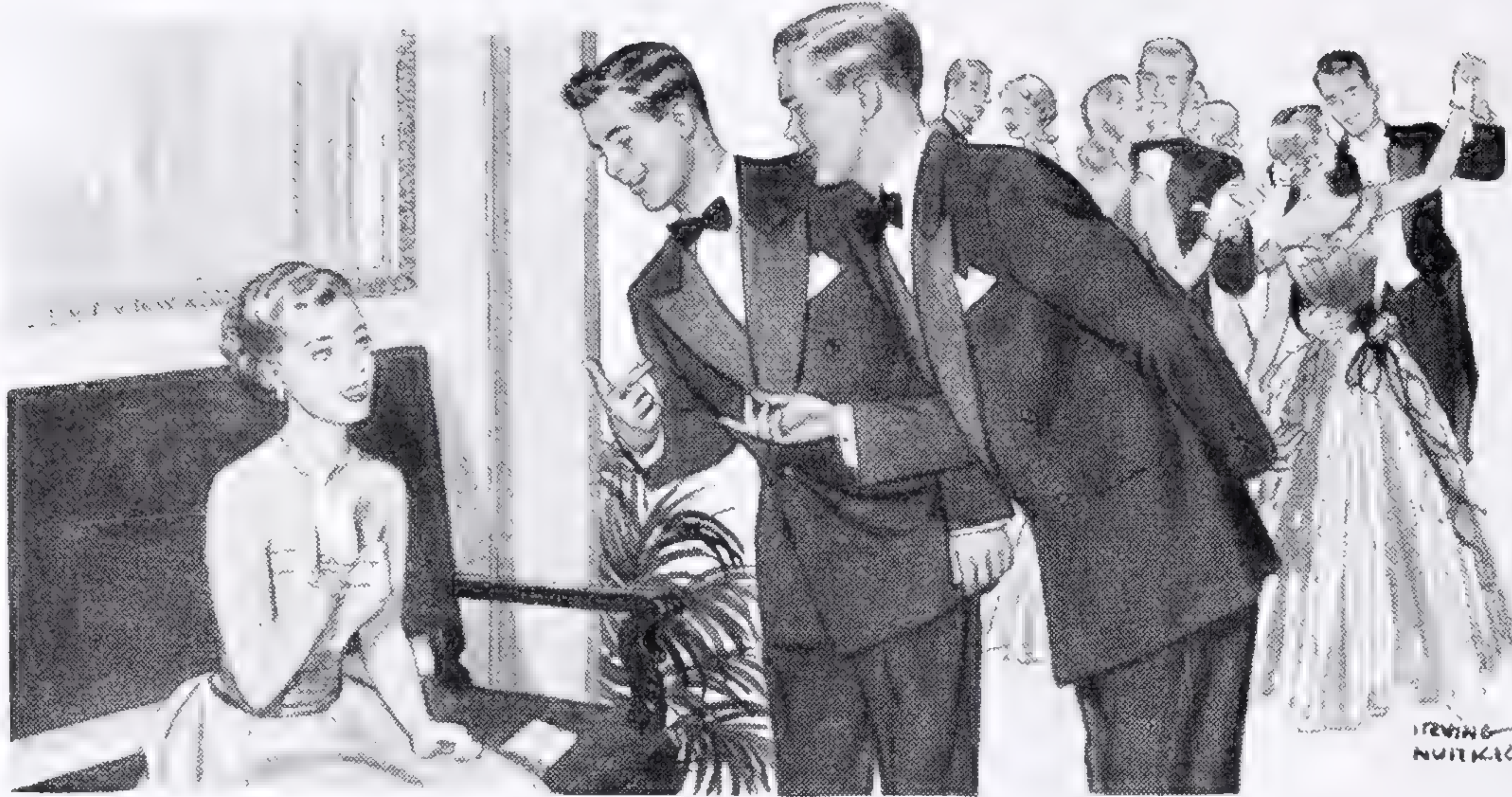
Only
29¢



Hand Lotion
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose
Cream
Lipstick



Are you in the know?



When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

- ☐ The better looker ☐ The lad who asked first ☐ Via the coin-flipping method

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question. Next time your calendar says "Don't go," on date night—speak up; ask for

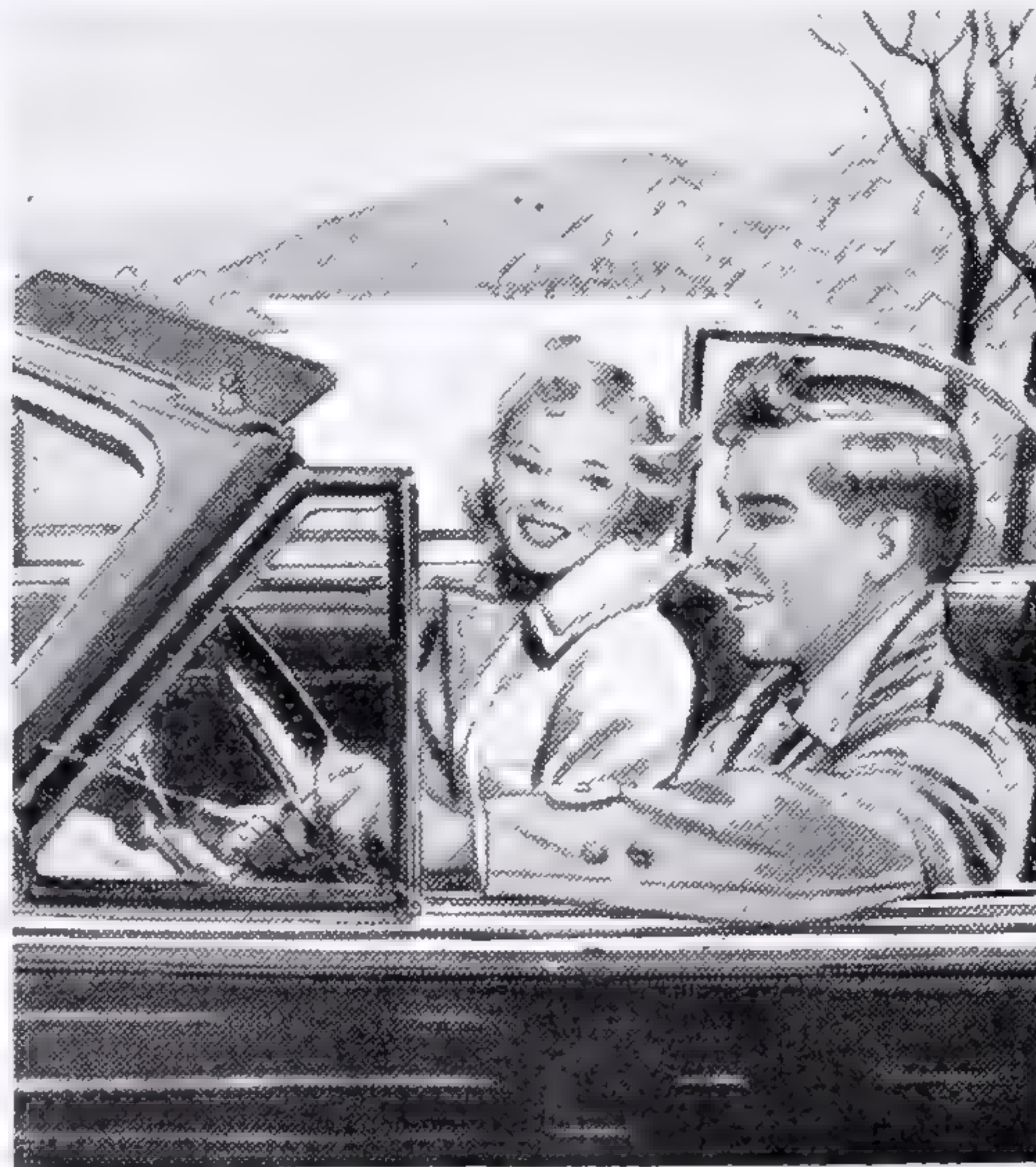
Kotex. Because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines, confidence is sure to follow. And you get extra protection with the special *safety center* and soft, special edges that resist moisture. (Kotex can be worn on *either side*, safely!)



When dining out, would a smart doll—

- ☐ Disregard prices
☐ Wipe the silver
☐ Swipe the silver

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have the right answer...so try the 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!



What type is the best dating material?

- ☐ Fun-to-talk-to
☐ Big time spender
☐ Lover boy

Just being a Good Time Charlie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to; has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with—once you let Kotex help you stay really *comfortable*. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape.



More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S.

Have you tried Delsey*? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

Readers Inc.

Cheers and Jeers:

I want to praise Roy Rogers and Dale Evans for not cuddling in public (or at least not getting pictures of it plastered all over magazines). We teenagers like our actors better if we don't see them making love to other women. As an actor, I think *Bugs Bunny* is better than Roy, but as a person he seems to have a lot of common sense. Congratulations!

MISS N. R.,
Glendale, Calif.

Every movie review of "Take Care of My Little Girl" that I have read describes Jeffrey Hunter, the fraternity man, as so very good looking and very talented, while they hardly mention the real outstanding discovery, Dale Robertson. This guy has got "It." He is very handsome and has a terrific masculine appeal.

MARY ANN ZEMAN,
So. Pasadena, Calif.

I am a soldier serving in Korea and I recently received a package from home containing two copies of Photoplay. I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I and my buddies enjoyed your stories, pictures and articles. A front-line soldier's life is much of the time dull and drab and Photoplay's freshness, color and gayness is surely a welcome treat.

PFC. JAMES E. GILLEN,
A.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

I just cannot get over Sally Forrest's performance in that Waterfront Lowdown dance she does in "Excuse My Dust." I thought Vera-Ellen and Cyd Charisse were good but Sally takes the cake with the whipped cream and the candles on it.

GUS PATSIS,
New York, N. Y.

Casting:

How about letting Audie Murphy play a romantic part opposite his wife, Pam, instead of the "Billy the Kid" pictures. They are so deeply in love the parts would come natural and it would really make a humdinger of a picture!

CLAUDIA CAMPBELL,
Homestead, Fla.

When are my two favorites, Janie Powell and Mario Lanza, going to co-star in a movie? I'm sure all their other fans would flock to a movie in which they were the young lovers.

MRS. ROBERT CHELLEL,
West Barrington, R. I.

Readers' Pets:

I have seen Richard Greene in several pictures lately and I don't see why we don't hear more about him. He is a much better actor than Farley Granger or John Derek. Those beautiful blue eyes make him perfect for Technicolor, not to mention his dimple.

MONA FORD,
Auburn, Calif.

Why doesn't somebody take notice of Richard Jaeckel? So far all he has done is to play either a dirty-faced soldier, a juvenile delinquent or a bad man. And in all but one picture he has ended up in a
(Continued on page 20)

*You're the
prettiest
girl at
the party!*

Fiesta

new ultra-feminine look in
make-up by **woodbury**

The newest, most appealing look yet . . . fresh, sweet . . . and deliberately pretty! All yours with *Fiesta*, a luscious cream-of-pink delight . . . the Woodbury Powder shade that gives your skin the delicate prettiness of a Romantic Beauty! And how men love it!

— **and how you'll love** that heavenly Woodbury Powder with the special foundation-cream ingredient! Fabulous satin smoothness with no "powdery look!" Plus longer cling . . . lingering fragrance. Woodbury holds its magic for hours and hours!

new **woodbury liquid make-up** natural looking color that smooths, tints and glorifies your skin. Makes any fashion color you choose becoming! Completely wonderful in itself! Or twice as lovely with perfectly matched Woodbury Powders. In "Fiesta" and 3 other glamorizing shades. **59¢** plus tax



new.. big **50¢** box
other sizes 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00
plus tax





How I Changed My Personality With Mennen Baby Magic



Diaper rash had me howling,
Wailing and yowling,
My skin was so sore 'twas tragic!

Mummy said: don't you cry,
I know what we'll try,
That wonderful thing that's called Magic!

Now my skin feels divine,
So soft, smooth and fine.
I'm gay as a bird in a tree.

I'm fresh as the dawn.
Diaper problems? All gone!
Baby Magic worked magic for me!

**the only skin care that checks diaper odor
and diaper rash ... in nursery-safe,
unbreakable Squeeze Bottle**

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magic, to get a superfine powder, too. None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented. Helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Rattle ... Mother Goose pictures on sides—at no extra cost!



MENNEH
BABY PRODUCTS

(Continued from page 18)
heap on the floor. All I can say is, "A guy as cute as he is deserves to live a long time."

MARILYN REEVES,
Stillwater, Okla.

Who was the little boy who played Doris Day's brother in "On Moonlight Bay"?

SUE BASS,
Madison, Wisc.

(He was Billy Gray, thirteen. Has been in fifty pictures since he was six. Between pictures attends Emerson (Cal.) Junior High School. Naturally blond, his hair was dyed auburn for above picture.)



Question Box:

I have just come from seeing "Show Boat" and seeing that pair, Marge and Gower Champion. I would like to know if they are married or brother and sister.

CONNIE DIETZ,
Easton, Pa.

(The Champions were married in 1947.)

Could you please give me some information on Neville Brand? I saw him in "Halls of Montezuma" and "Only the Valiant." He's a wonderful actor.

JEAN EICHMANN,
Milwaukee, Wis.



(He was born in Kewanee, Ill., 29 years ago; 6 ft. 180 lbs. Fought with British Commandos. Also U. S. Army. Fourth highest decorated soldier in U. S. First picture, "D. O. A."; next, "The Mob.")

What has happened to Johnny Sands? I haven't seen him since he was in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."

BETTE JOHNSON,
Ivoryton, Conn.

(Johnny's made several pictures since. Last released was "Target Unknown." He just signed a long term contract and is co-starring with Pat Medina in "Aladdin and His Lamp.")

Could you please tell me the name of the song played by Loretta Young in "Half Angel"? It has a haunting rhythm.

P. NORDA,
Cleveland, O.

(The title is "My Castle in the Sand.")

Would you give me the name of the young man who played Rhual, Michele Morgan's sweetheart in "Fabiola"?

DOROTHY GUDAT,
Hillside, N. J.

(His name is Henri Vidal, and he's a reigning favorite with the film-going public in France. He married Michele Morgan while acting in "Fabiola.")



Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

stream man. Any time he sees a body of water, all he has to do is stop and bait. About work and no play, Clark was so fond of Vincent Sherman and his direction of "Lone Star," they're searching for another script to do together.

At the Moment: The news of another rift in the Lana Turner-Bob Topping household didn't surprise Hollywood. He was out of town when the story hit front pages and past history proves that where Lana goes Bob goes, unless they're sailing on troubled waters . . . Until local lovelies heard Russell Nye, of "Call Me Madame" fame, give out with the sweet notes, his loud laugh practically startled them out of their sequins . . . With that face, figure and popularity, Esther Williams has nothing to worry about—which means she ain't a-worryin' because Vivian Blaine's role in "Skirts Ahoy" may make her the same sensation she was in Broadway's "Guys and Dolls" . . . If Betty Grable's contract with Twentieth is being cancelled by mutual agreement (as rumored) guess which studio and what actress know nothing about it!

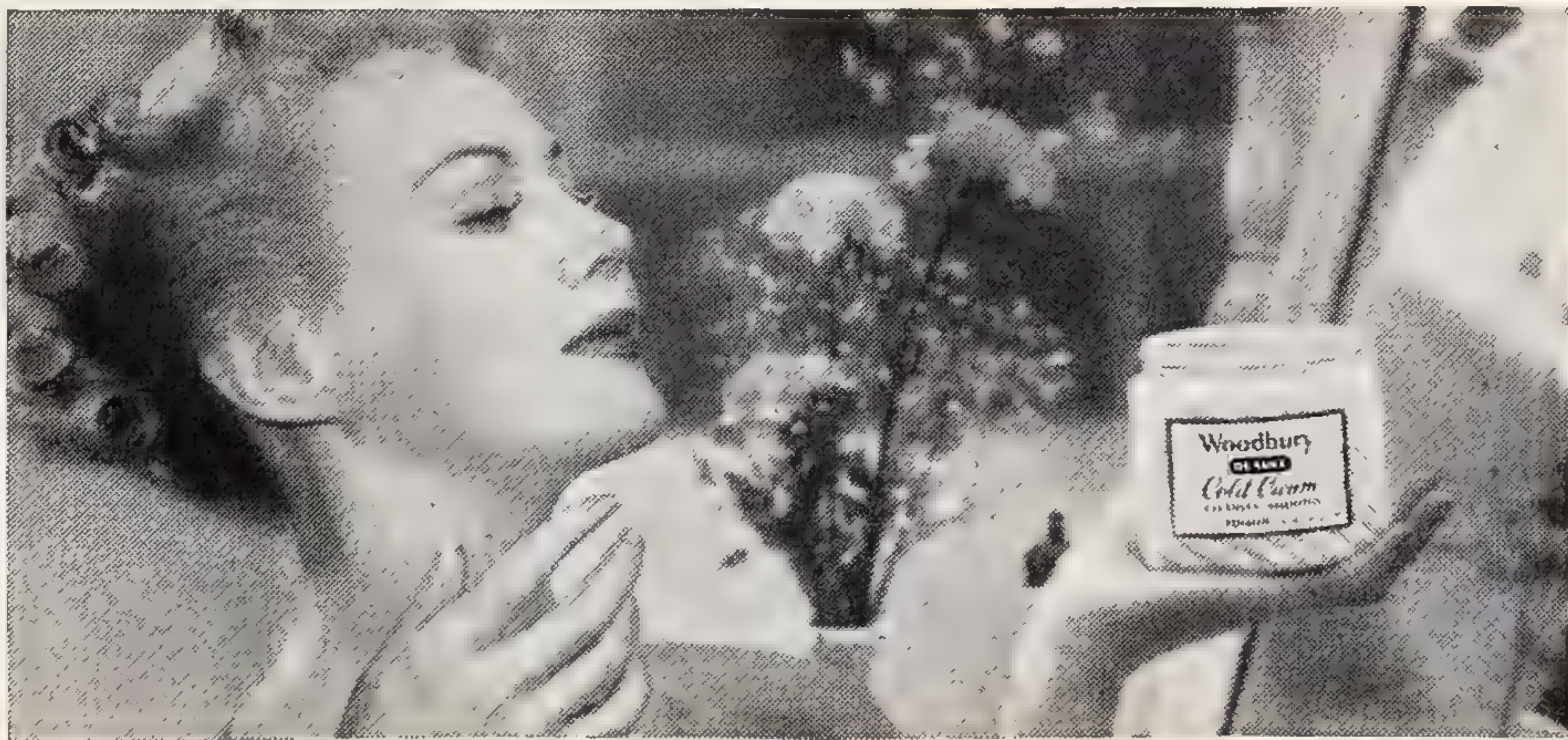
Palpitating Princess: Like everyone else, it's difficult for Cal to believe in miracles. But here was a pint-sized one in the form (and what a form!) of Rita Hayworth. Even Norma Shearer was there, a guest in her own rented beach house. The David Selznicks (Jennifer Jones) were entertaining and everyone was chatty and gay—everyone except Hollywood's most publicized titled lady. For hours Rita, quiet and unimpressive, sat like a mouse. Then, as the music started playing, she slowly began to sway. Suddenly she became transformed. Lips parted, eyes shining—Rita forgot her problems and danced with an abandon that held the fascinated attention of every eye in the room. Hollywood believes Rita is glad to be home again!

According to Cal: The new blonde beauty of the ex-Mrs. Kirk Douglas makes her more stunning than any Hollywood divorcee . . . C. B. De Mille looks like fifty on his seventieth birthday—he's the King of color and excitement—the last of the imaginative movie monarchs . . . Great foresight has Roy Rogers who's shooting thirty-five TV films on



Barbara Stanwyck entertains Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg at Air Force Association convention

How to prove Penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream



cleanses
deeper

Virginia Mayo proves Woodbury's exclusive new miracle ingredient, Penaten, actually penetrates much *deeper* into pore openings, lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen *every* trace of grime and make-up.



softens
better

Lovely co-star of Warner Bros.' "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" (Color by Technicolor), shows how Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt so it's easy to wipe away. And Penaten takes the rich oils so *deep* your skin feels velvet-soft.



leaves you
lovelier

A touch tells how Penaten *smooths*! Prove to yourself how radiant the extra-deep cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin—how adorably *soft* it makes it feel! Only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

You'll
want
to
read
this
ad
again!

Who says



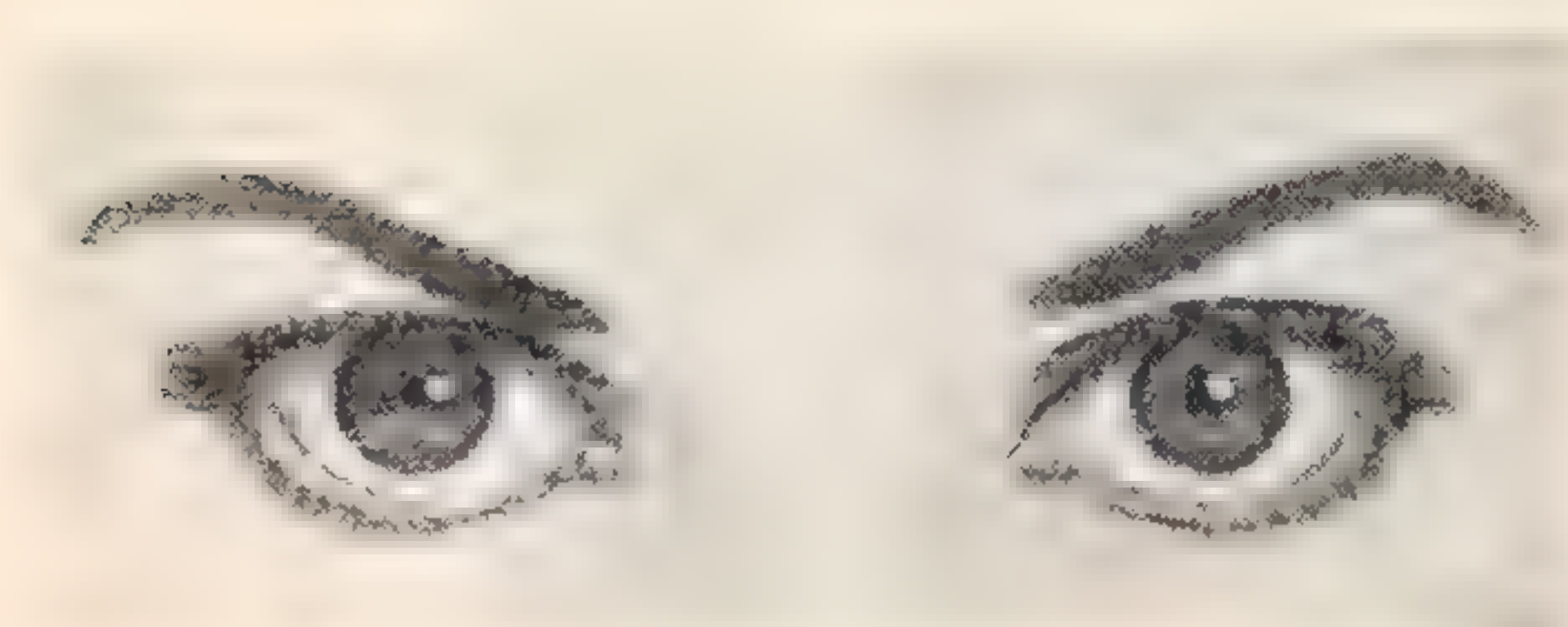
you can't wear



eye make-up?



Of course you can!



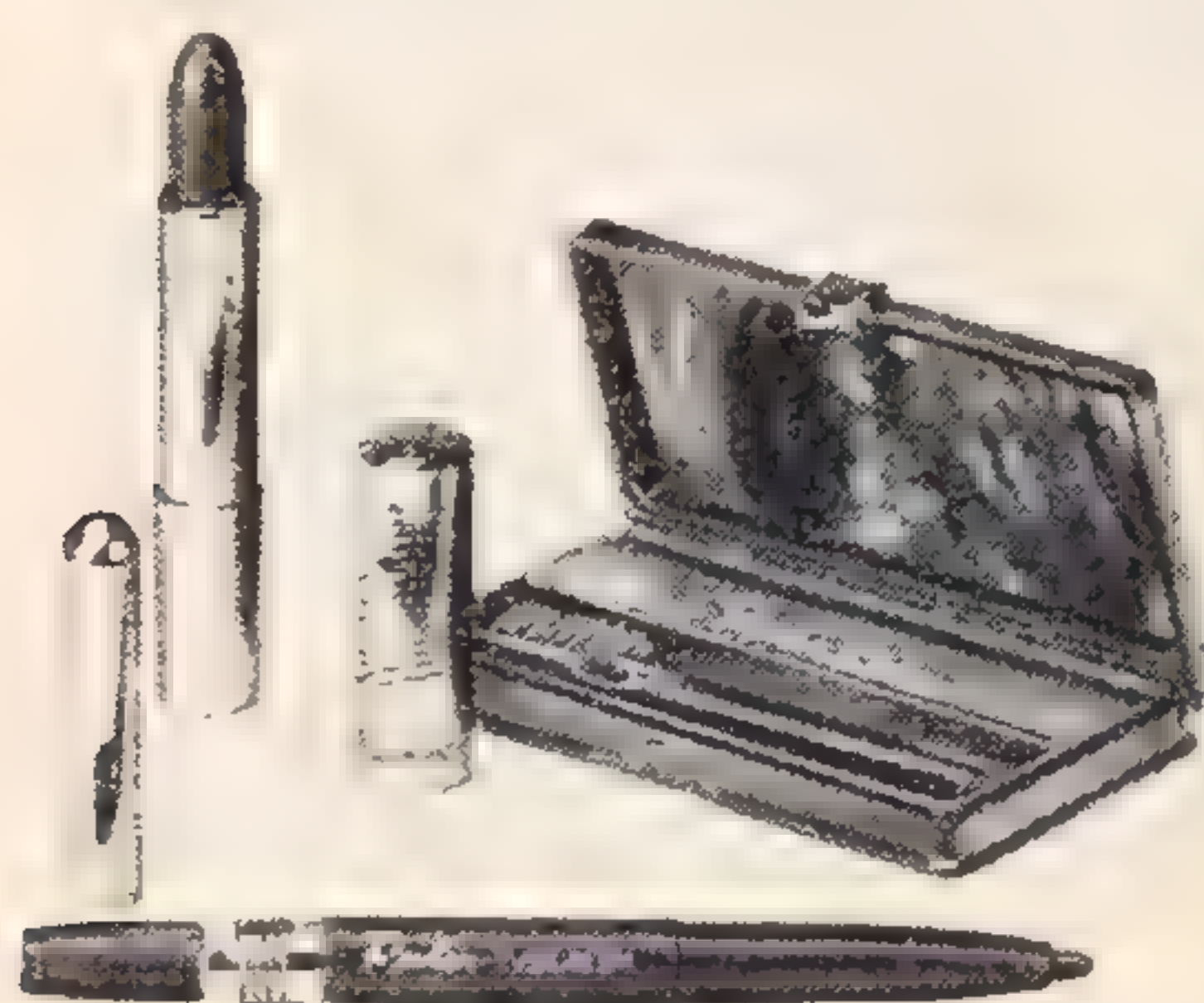
Revlon's

sweet-and-subtle new

DREAMY EYE

MAKE-UP

looks so naturally lovely
you won't believe your eyes!



Mascara—11 mist-soft colors... tortoise-plastic case
...1.10*

Eye Shadow—12 dreamy shades... gold-tone "stick-
type" case...1.25*

Eyebrow Pencil—6 inspired hues... tortoise-plastic
"swivel stick"...1.10*

*PLUS TAX

INSIDE STUFF



Having an old-fashioned time at box social given by Don DeFore are Don, Gale Storm, Mona Freeman, Corinne Calvet. Proceeds went towards Sunday School for Westwood Village Church

the Goldwyn lot, to reach all the kiddies at home who are too young to go to the movies . . . An excited Farley Granger is planning to show Shelley Winters all his favorite haunts in Europe and has a Hillman-Minx car waiting for them when the boat docks . . . Bravo for the endless interest of Bette Davis in the talents of Betty Lynn, who was discovered singing and dancing in a New York musical but never allowed to tap a tootsie in Hollywood. The little Lynn is now in Eastern TV. On her way home from London, Bette invited Betty to her New Hampshire farm, where they spent the weekend planning her future.

Hollywood Premiere: At the gay and gala premiere of "A Place in the Sun"; Dorothy Lamour at the mike introducing the handsome ladies and gentlemen of the evening . . . Study in contrasts, the Oriental beauty of Anna May Wong in jade green, sitting next to taffy-haired Jan Sterling in all-black . . . Hopalong Cassidy tossing good-luck coins to frenzied fans who lined the street for blocks . . . Jeanne Crain, the Bob Hopes, the Gordon MacRaes, endless others. Janet Gaynor (one of the greatest silent stars) slipping in unnoticed, while the shrieking Shelley Winters posed passionately in the arms of Farley Granger (see page 10) . . . Jerry Lewis standing right in back of them, looking cross-eyed at the battery of cameramen!

On the Town: Marion Davies and her memorable afternoon party for famous stars' kiddies and enraptured orphans: Hopalong Cassidy in person and cakes in the shape of a circus tent to go with the greatest show on earth . . . Rory Calhoun previewing the dancing act of Lita Baron (his lovely wife) and Billy Daniel (his charming friend) with a cocktail party held in director Mitch Leisen's studio . . . Richard Widmark initiating his "economy size" swimming pool with a dunking party for the pinafore set, who are buddy-buddies of six-year-old daughter Ann . . . Complete with dusters, bustles, fascinators and high button shoes—the

Don DeFores throwing a Sunday box-lunch social for such gay blades as the Donald O'Connors, Jane Russell, Ann Sheridan and Jacque Mapes, Marie Wilson, the Eddie Brackens and the other fugitives from a barber-shop quartet.

Blyth Spirit: The phone call came in while Cal, along with Joan Leslie, Jane Withers, Dick Clayton and June Haver helped Ann Blyth celebrate her twenty-second birthday. "I'm going to play opposite Gregory Peck in 'The World in His Arms.'" Ann's eyes danced with excitement as she made her announcement. Here's the story behind the story. When she appeared in "Our Town" in Greg's La Jolla Playhouse, Ann's sweetness won the hearts of everyone. "Some day we'll make a picture together," the appreciative Peck promised. He didn't forget when U-I gave him a choice of any available leading lady. There's only one hitch to the happy ending. Ann, who is five feet two, has to do all her love scenes with Greg, who is six feet three—standing on a platform!

Saint or Sinner: Good or bad, it doesn't take long to gain a reputation in Hollywood. Mario Lanza is a shining example. Temperamental and tempestuous he is, but aren't *all* the great and talented ones? Currently, the terrific tenor is being accused of everything but murder. One story playing the Hollywood gossip circuit insists he piled on that poundage because he didn't like "Because You're Mine," his next picture. Recently it was Cal's pleasure to dine with the charming Ray Sinatras (he's a distant cousin of Frankie's) and Ray should know because he conducts for Mario's weekly broadcast. "The Lanza legends are a mystery to me," Ray insists. "He's kind, considerate, almost childlike in his appreciation. He's been in our home and we've been in his. Mario is always a wonderful host and a perfect guest. My wife and I know him to be a warm-hearted, very lovable person." Cal says: Hollywood could use new personalities that are colorful and exciting. Long Live Lanza!

YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO



FARLEY GRANGER

ALL BECAUSE OF

SHELLEY WINTERS



IN BEHAVE YOURSELF!

A
JERRY WALD • NORMAN KRASNA
PRODUCTION

with WILLIAM DEMAREST • FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN
MARGALO GILLMORE • LON CHANEY and "ARCHIE," The Dog



—AND WHAT
HAPPENS TO ME
SHOULDN'T HAPPEN
TO A MAN!



Screenplay and Direction by GEORGE BECK



Gene Kelly dances his way into Leslie Caron's heart in a harmonious blend of Technicolor, Gershwin and ballet

✓✓✓ (F) **An American in Paris (M-G-M)**

BEAUTY, wit, charm and tenderness merge in this story of an ex-G.I. in Paris and *le tout ensemble*—Bingo! Terrific! Wonderful sights and sounds, delicious nonsense and incredible dances mount and explode into a color-mad ballet (too long, alas, too long). In plain American this is some movie. Kelly plays an ex-G.I. who remains in Paris after the war to become a painter. Oscar Levant, his friend, is there on a scholarship to study music. French actor Georges Guetary is their mutual friend. And Leslie Caron is the French girl both Gene and Georges love. An odd little bodkin she is, too, with long dancing legs and the face of a gamin. Gorgeous Georges is an *ooo la la Monsieur* type. Nina Foch, as Gene's patroness, is very attractive. And Levant, conducting and playing every instrument in a symphonic arrangement of Gershwin's "Concerto in F," is tops. The music of Gershwin is a perfect background for the bright spontaneity of a movie we so happily recommend.

Your Reviewer Says: Wonderful!

Program Notes: From the day actor Gene Kelly, producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli got together with the idea of "An American in Paris" an entire year went by—with each of them planning ideas and details. Kelly traveled to Paris to absorb atmosphere and discovered his leading lady, Leslie Caron, dancing in the Champs-Elysees ballet. It was natural of course that they should think of Oscar Levant when Gershwin music was decided upon, Levant and the Gershwins having been friends for years. And who better to play a charming French actor than that charming French actor, Georges Guetary, a top romantic singing star in Paris and the winner of the Critics' Award on Broadway last year in "Arms and the Girl." Kelly did his own choreography for the dances and the ballet that consumed the greater part of a sound stage. Dialogue coaches worked overtime with Georges and Leslie. The results were charming.

SHADOW

✓✓✓ **OUTSTANDING**

✓✓ **GOOD** ✓ **FAIR**



When Eleanor Parker sets her cap for millionaire Fred MacMurray this comedy becomes a mad and merry whirl

✓✓ (A) **A Millionaire for Christy (20th Century-Fox)**

AZANY little thing, this one, created for no other purpose than to spread cheer and promote giggles. The premise is a bit silly and the people involved act sillier. Eleanor Parker, legal secretary in a law firm, has financial troubles due to a parasitic family. So, when she is sent to San Francisco to inform Fred MacMurray, a corny radio philosopher, that he has just inherited two million dollars she decides to marry him sight unseen. But there are complications. Fred is about to marry wealthy Kay Buckley, who is loved by Richard Carlson, a psychiatrist. Believing Eleanor slightly deranged Fred rushes her off to Carlson's clinic, meets with an accident en route and the two spend the night in a boxcar with Mexicans who believe them newlyweds. Next day Eleanor confesses all to Carlson. They enter into a conspiracy that backfires. From then on things just grow berserker and funnier.

Your Reviewer Says: Go on, laugh. What can you lose?

Program Notes: This is the first picture Eleanor Parker has made in association with husband Bert Friedlob. They loved every minute of it. There were some things, however, Eleanor wouldn't do—even for her husband. She wouldn't pose for cheesecake art. The picture had three title changes. Everyone loved "No Room for the Groom" but felt it would conflict with the Crosby picture "Here Comes the Groom." Bing incidentally is represented in the film. He co-authored the old song hit, "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance with You." Fred MacMurray, who has remained devotedly at the side of his wife is now ready to resume his career full speed ahead. For Lillian, after a lingering illness, is on her way to recovery. Fred, among other things, will do a radio series "Bright Star" opposite leading lady Irene Dunne.

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

A—FOR ADULTS



Douglas Dick, Audie Murphy, Bill Mauldin and James Dobson in screen version of Stephen Crane's Civil War novel

✓✓ ½ (F) The Red Badge of Courage (M-G-M)

AUDIE MURPHY proves himself almost as good an actor as he is a soldier in this dramatic picturization of Stephen Crane's classic of the Civil War. Audie plays a frightened young farm boy who'd rather hear birds singing than cannons roaring. As a grass green recruit in the Union Army, poised for attack along the Rappahannock in Virginia in 1862, he loses his courage in the heat of battle and runs away. Rejoining the remnants of his company that night he pretends he fought bravely and was wounded. The shame within him is great, however, and the next day when the Confederates strike he fights like a man. With the exception of *The General* the film is well cast. Bill Mauldin, of G.I. cartoonist fame, plays *The Loud Soldier*, Royal Dano plays *The Tattered Soldier*, John Dierkes *The Tall Soldier*, and Douglas Dick *The Lieutenant*. Adapted and directed by John Huston, the picture stresses realism and simplicity. No glamour. No cuteness. Whether it will be box office is something else again.

Your Reviewer Says: A war picture that's different.

Program Notes: Some Hollywood folk have objected to "The Red Badge of Courage" as a picture title because of the word "red." Stephen Crane wrote this Civil War classic over fifty years ago. It has no communist implication. The title means a wound suffered in battle . . . This picture was shot at Keystone, director John Huston's huge ranch near Calabasas, California, and at Chico, California, some 200 miles north of San Francisco. More than 700 extras were used in the battle scenes. It was an uncomfortable location for several weeks, as millions of wasps, residents of the Sacramento River, moved in. "The South must have sent them," said Audie . . . Audie, as everyone knows, was the most decorated soldier of World War II. This is Audie's best screen break to date and should do wonders for the kid.



\$75,000 is a laughing matter to the audience—but a problem to Frank Sinatra, Groucho Marx and Jane Russell

✓✓ (F) It's Only Money (RKO)

THE news concerning this picture has to do with Frank Sinatra who plays a straight role and a bang-up job he does. More news has to do with Groucho Marx. He's almost as funny, too, in this more or less straight role of a cafe waiter. Jane Russell, the bank clerk Frankie loves, seems a mite overwhelming next to her lean and less up-holstered boy friend. But who pays attention to such minor details? Answer—just everybody with two bulging eyes, that's all. The mix-up begins when Frankie, a meek bank teller, comes to the rescue of a stranger about to be beaten by two hoodlums. The stranger turns out to be a bookie who rewards Sinatra with \$5,000 which he then pyramids into \$75,000 on fixed races. Frankie is accused of stealing the money from the bank which that day shows an enormous shortage. Frightened, Frankie turns over the money to Groucho who instantly gives up waiting on tables to behave like a millionaire. The plot thickens when Jane is accused of stealing the money by Don McGuire, the boss's son.

Your Reviewer Says: Relaxing and amusing.

Program Notes: With Groucho around, more fun went on behind the camera than in front. In more than one scene Groucho broke up Frankie—who had to take time out to recover. For the first time in his career he wears a real mustache in place of a painted-on job . . . Frankie was handed a cable from Gene Kelly in Paris which read: "Dear Frank. Love this place. They think Sinatra is a breakfast food." Cables flew thick and fast between Frank and Ava Gardner who was then in Spain making a picture. Great excitement prevailed when Jane's husband, Bob Waterfield, rode his Christmas gift from his wife right onto the set—a high powered motorcycle . . . Incidentally, Groucho smoked 168 cigars during the shooting. RKO wasn't exactly counting but, after all, they did go on the expense account as "props."



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✓1½ (F) **The Golden Horde (U-I)**
POMP, pageantry and history, gone a little tipsy on the wine of imagination, flow across the screen as we travel back to the dark days of the Crusades and the mighty Genghis Khan. Action centers around Samarkand, ancient capital of Persia, when Sir Guy, played by David Farrar, and a small band of crusaders, warn the Khan to stay out of their territory. Anyway, all problems are forgotten when the Princess Shalimar steps into view. Ann Blyth plays the Princess who is the most unbelievable character ever planted in a movie and, good little actress that she is, she should sue. Handsome David Farrar is wasted on this movie. Handsome Richard Egan as Gil, ditto. Marvin Miller is the Genghis and a professional clown, "Poodles" Hanneford plays Friar John.

Your Reviewer Says: All it did was mix me up.

Program Notes: 250 battle axes, 400 cross bows, 1,600 arrows, 200 suits of armor, four battering rams and fourteen gallons of synthetic blood were used in the making of this movie. David Farrar, whose suit of armor weighed eighty pounds, had to be hoisted onto his horse. Walking across a long rug to bow before the Princess, David touched his sword with his chain glove and Whoops! over he went backwards, Shocked! Electrified! Sparks flew in every direction. After that he wore a rubberized outfit under his mail . . . Marvin Miller, a radio announcer when he isn't playing an Oriental, couldn't wear the red beard history tells the mighty Khan wore because in Technicolor it looked "sissy." That peculiar sound is Genghis whirling in his grave.

✓1½ (F) **Painting the Clouds with Sunshine (Warners)**

AS corny as its title and twice as old hat! Good old Warners have cast still another musical in the old familiar mold and what will happen? People by the carload will pay good moola to see it. Because it features such favorites as Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Virginia Mayo. The latter with Lucille Norman and Virginia Gibson play a sister singing act in a night spot that features Dennis Morgan, singing off key as usual, and Gene Nelson, a hoofer. Dennis, in love with Lucille, refuses to give up gambling. So the girls decide to heck with love, they'll marry millionaires. Just like that. Off they go to fulfill an engagement in Las Vegas where Gene, the hoofer, really turns out to be a millionaire. S. Z. Sakall plays the owner of a gambling-motel joint and Tom Conway is Nelson's stuffy uncle. What or who Wally Ford was supposed to be was never quite clear but whatever it was, it was awful.

Your Reviewer Says: Now please! Something more plausible or else—

Program Notes: Lucille Norman, one of radio's top favorites, danced for the first time since childhood and on the screen, yet. "What girl couldn't dance with LeRoy Prinz for instructor and Gene Nelson as a partner?" Miss Norman asks. Answer—I couldn't. Las Vegas, all Technicolored up, was the site of most of the action . . . While working in Hollywood, Miss Mayo daily wrote out two menus for her cook. One was her own health food diet and the other a man-sized meat-and-potato affair for her husband, Michael O'Shea. Gene Nelson, whose good looks and fine dancing have shot him starward, works out on the horizontal bars each day with his friend, Burt Lancaster, at the studio gym. Dennis Morgan was proud of his

new slimness and credits it all to long walks before breakfast. His wife claims it was strictly a no-dessert-and-soft-drink routine.

✓1½ (A) **The Strip (M-G-M)**

WELL, well! Mickey Rooney's quieted down. A little, anyhow. Of course, every once in a while he lets off steam beating the daylights out of a set of drums, but in between "The Mick" is refreshingly subdued as the ex-G.I. who sets out to seek a job in Los Angeles, carrying with him the set of drums given him by his hospital buddies. James Craig, big time racketeer, carelessly runs Mickey off the road, ruining his car, his drums and his hopes. In reparation, Craig takes Mickey into his bookmaking ring on the famed Hollywood Strip where everything can happen and does. In a police raid Mickey escapes, meets up with Sally Forrest, dancer in a Strip night club and becomes so enamored, he quits Craig and takes a job as drummer to be near the overly ambitious Sally. Introducing her to Craig, who promises her a screen test (that again!) Mickey suffers heartache and eventually arrest when the whole business ends in m-u-r-d-e-r. Glimpses of familiar places along The Strip—Mocambo, Ciro's, Little Hungary—plus the guest appearances of Vic Damone and Monica Lewis lend a certain enchantment to the view.

Your Reviewer Says: An inexpensive way to go night-clubbing.

Program Notes: M-G-M spared no expense to get together the best possible Dixieland music, if you care for that sort of thing. Together in one band are trumpeter Louis Armstrong; trombonist Jack Teagarden; clarinetist Barney Bigard; drummer Cozy Cole; pianist Earl Fatha Hines and bass violist Arvell Shaw. Kay Brown, the teen-age TV and recording star, who plays a cigarette girl, gives forth with a catchy song in a small voice.

✓✓ (F) **Darling, How Could You! (Paramount)**

THIS cozy, warm and happy little comedy of family, children and parental confusion was adapted from Barrie's play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Joan Fontaine and John Lund are husband and wife, with John, a physician, and Joan returning from Panama (the canal, you know) to greet their three children, Mona Freeman, fifteen, David Stollery, ten, and baby Mollie. The young son rejects all emotional advances. The baby is annoyed at Joan's fussing. And daughter Mona regards her mother as an elderly lady who needs understanding. When Mona misinterprets her mother's relationship with an old friend, Peter Hanson, the fun really gets going with everyone comically mixed up.

Your Reviewer Says: Chuckly.

Program Notes: Joan Fontaine was anxious for a holiday, having made "September Affair," "Something to Live For" and this one all in a row. No one dreamed her vacation in Europe would make headlines linking her with Aly Khan. Least of all Joan . . . Mona Freeman, the mother of a three-year-old daughter, had a wonderful time as a teenager. David Stollery has quite a background. Playing Judith Anderson's young son he was stabbed nightly in "Medea." He also was Arnie in the stage version of "I Remember Mama." Peter Hanson was discovered while working in a Pasadena Laundromat and hasn't been idle a day since. Peter is a graduate of the Pasadena Playhouse.

IT'S ONE JUST WONDERFUL COLORFUL HIT!
FIVE TOP STARS! NINE TOE-TAPPING TUNES! AND **FUN!**



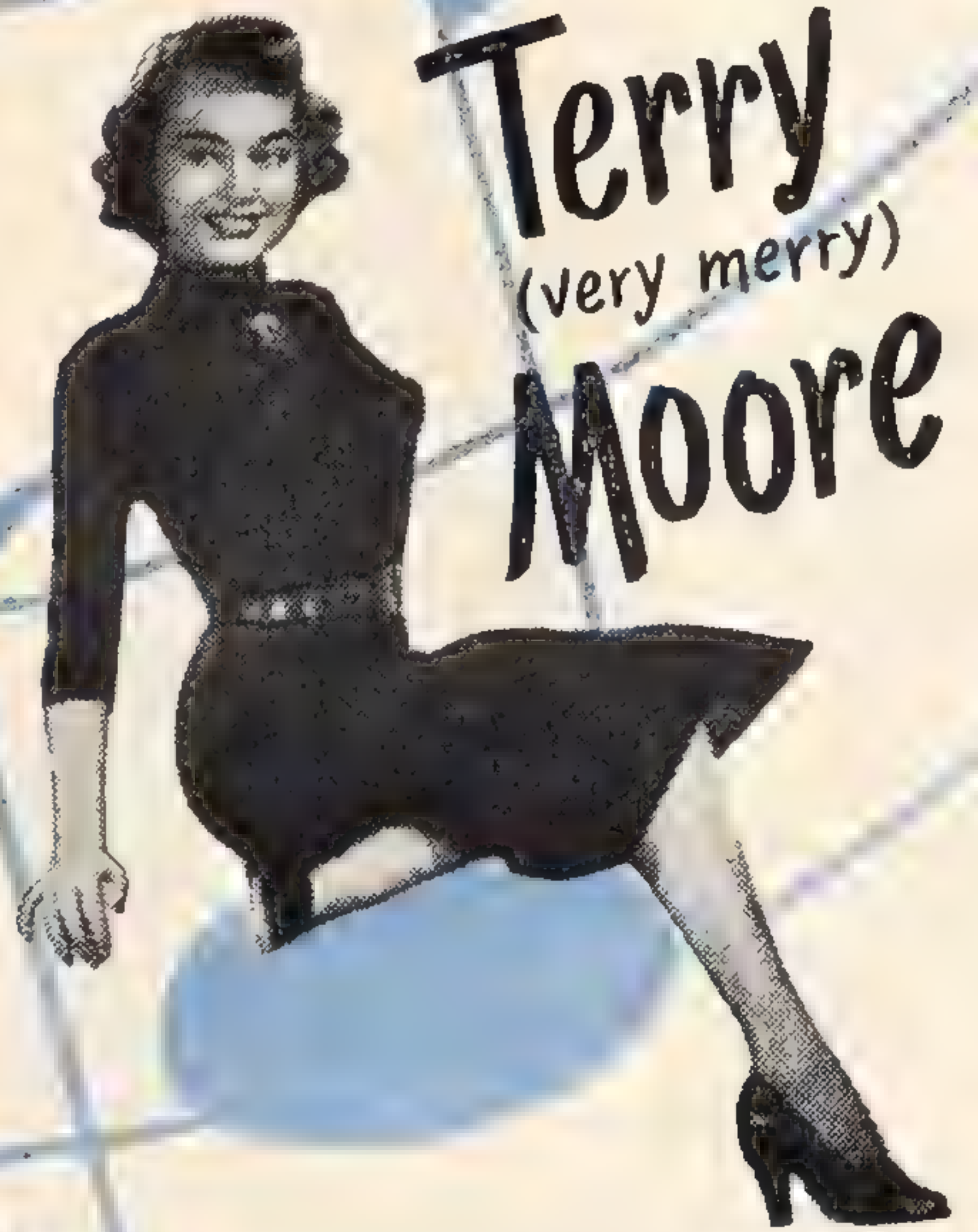
Frankie Laine
(swingin' down that)



Billy Daniels
(no stoppin' his boppin')



Jerome Courtland
(get him, girls)



Terry Moore
(very merry)



and
tune
Toni Arden

Just
direct
your
feet
to
the

SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

in SUPERcineCOLOR

Here! Here! HEAR!

Too Marvelous For Words
I Hadn't Anyone Till You
I May Be Wrong • Sorrento
I Get A Kick Out Of You
Let's Fall In Love • I'm Gonna
Live • Love Of A Gypsy
Sunny Side Of The Street



A
COLUMBIA
PICTURE

with AUDREY LONG • DICK WESSON • LYNN BARI • Screen Play by LEE LOEB • Produced by JONIE TAPS • Directed by RICHARD QUINE



And so it came to pass that David, the Lion of Judah, looked upon Bathsheba . . . and for her, he broke God's own commandment!



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DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

captured in Color by

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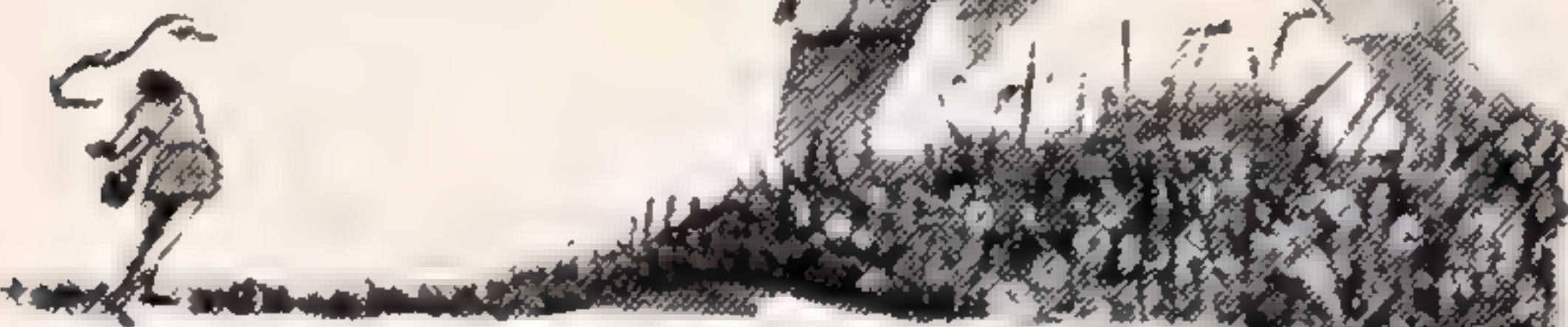
PECK-HAYWARD

with

RAYMOND MASSEY-KIERON MOORE

and a cast of many thousands!

Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by
HENRY KING
Written for the Screen by
PHILIP DUNNE



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COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND 'DAVID AND BATHSHEBA' WRITE TO 'DAVID AND BATHSHEBA', P.O. Box 292, DEPT. FM2, CHURCH ST. STA., N.Y.C.

✓ 1/2 (F) On the Loose
(RKO-Filmakers)

WHEN parents are indifferent and selfish they can be even more delinquent than children. This is the theme of this absorbing little story which should be a "must" for parents of teen-age children. More interesting than most stories with a message, it deals with the problem of a pretty young high school girl, played beautifully by Joan Evans, and her gradual involvement in harmless but cheapening indiscretions. In despair, she finally attempts suicide, shocking her father into complete awareness. Her mother, Lynn Bari, finally sees the light, too, when Joan voluntarily takes the witness stand to clear her father of an assault charge on a youth who besmirched her name. Melvyn Douglas plays the father and Robert Arthur is the boy Joan loves.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat and a treatment for parents.

Program Notes: Joan Evans is lucky to have parents as talented as Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson, who wrote this script for producer Collier Young. And Katherine and Dale are fortunate to have a daughter talented enough to give depth and understanding to their work. To make sure the film would appear authentic in every way, four high school pupils were employed as technical advisers. It became their duty to read the script, make suggestions for corrections and act as linguistic experts, high school students having a language of their own . . . Such steps as the Sheep Dip, Bee's Knees and Cross-floor Wobbles were mastered by Melvyn for a scene with Joan. He insists, however, the steps weren't too difficult to master. After all, he won a Charleston contest in East Orange, N. J., in 1926.

✓ 1/2 (A) Tomorrow Is Another Day
(Warners)

RUTH ROMAN and Steve Cochran, a pair of unsavory characters, meet up in an unsavory dance hall and end up in an unsavory field of lettuce. What happens in between packs considerable action and carries on like a real down-to-earth movie. The pace begins when Steve, an ex-convict, escorts Ruth home one evening and finds her boy friend, Detective Hugh Sanders, waiting. In the melee that follows, Sanders is wounded. He dies the following day. Ruth and Steve then flee together pausing long enough to marry. Their guilt and fear render their life grim and ugly. The climax comes when Steve is recognized. To prevent her husband from committing another murder, Ruth whips out a gun and shoots Steve in the shoulder. There's a turn-about at the end. Lurene Tuttle, Lee Patrick, Ray Teal complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: So live that tougher other half.

Program Notes: Ruth Roman claims she all but froze to death making the outdoor, all-night scenes. She and Steve wrapped themselves in blankets and hovered over glowing braziers . . . Steve Cochran's mother traveled from her home in Juneau, Alaska, to visit her son while the film was in production. She was shocked at the amount of work and time Steve was required to give to the picture. Like most people outside Hollywood, she thought movie actors only played while "play-acting." The only contention arose when Steve refused to shave his chest for an open-shirt scene. Director Felix Feist lost the argument when Ruth declared she didn't care and didn't see why women in audiences should either.

✓✓ (A) People Will Talk
(20th Century-Fox)

"A STRANGE comedy" they call this. Frankly, it's a bit too strange for credulity or entertainment. And yet, there is merit, intelligence and sound thinking underlying its basic theme: medicine *versus* the soul and the ego. Briefly, it tells of a doctor, Noah Praetorius, who marries a patient, Jeanne Crain, who is pregnant by another man. Neither the good doctor, you see, played by Cary Grant, nor Jeanne, can bear to tell her failure of a father the crushing truth. Once married, Cary and Jeanne are extremely happy until Dr. Praetorius is brought to an investigation by a mean little professor, Hume Cronyn. He wants to know why the doctor at one time during his practice ran a butcher shop and, who is the man, Shunderson, who trails him around. We were on Cronyn's side. We wanted to know, too. Anyway, it's all revealed in time for Cary to conduct a symphonic orchestra and if you're as confused at this moment as we suspect, take two aspirins and go to bed. Walter Slezak seems the only real human being in a cast including Sidney Blackmer, Finlay Currie and Basil Ruysdael.

Your Reviewer Says: Psychosomatic medicine doled out with wry humor.

Program Notes: After his "All About Eve," producer Darryl Zanuck gave director Joe Mankiewicz a free hand in choosing his next. He chose this story whose facade is humor and whose foundation rests on a serious contemplation of the medical profession today . . . Cary Grant, chosen for the lead, gave his role serious study, constantly asking advice on certain bits from his own physician. For his side role of symphony conductor, he took instructions from Alexander Steinert, switching from his natural left-handedness to waving the baton with his right hand.

✓✓ (A) The People Against O'Hara
(M-G-M)

THEY talk characterization in this story but do not portray it. Spencer Tracy, according to the testimony of several cast members, is a lush who dares not imbibe a drop stronger than rainwater. Character undermined by strong drink is hinted as reason for his bribery of a witness. But Mr. Tracy is too healthy and normal, too manly in his approach to life to have you believe any such thing. Yet this is a good story, and in many ways worth seeing. Tracy plays a criminal lawyer who when his health breaks under the strain turns to civil practice. He turns again to a criminal case, however, when Jim Arness, the son of old friends, is accused of murder. The result you must see for yourself. Diana Lynn plays Tracy's daughter; John Hodiak, the assistant district attorney; Pat O'Brien a detective and Bill Campbell the cantankerous witness, Frankie Korvac.

Your Reviewer Says: Absorbing, despite story weaknesses.

Program Notes: Tracy and his old friend Pat O'Brien, who were inseparable pals when both were battling for a foothold on Broadway, are teamed here for the first time. The reminiscences exchanged on the set were something to hear . . . Diana Lynn was on a personal appearance tour when the offer came to play Tracy's daughter. She grabbed it by long distance telephone . . . John Hodiak, who was expecting his first child, received all sorts of advice from Tracy and O'Brien, both fathers themselves. These bits of caution were carried home by Hodiak to his wife, Anne Baxter.

Today...
tonight...
tomorrow!

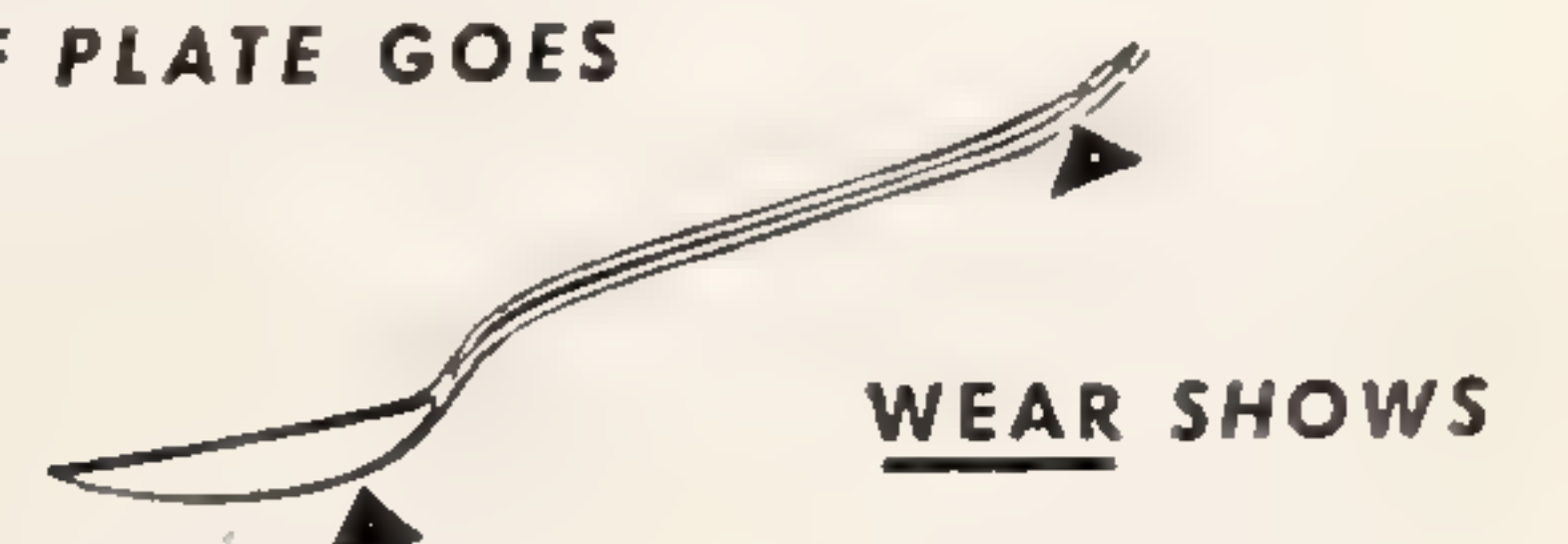
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Stays on longer! Creamy! Non-Drying!
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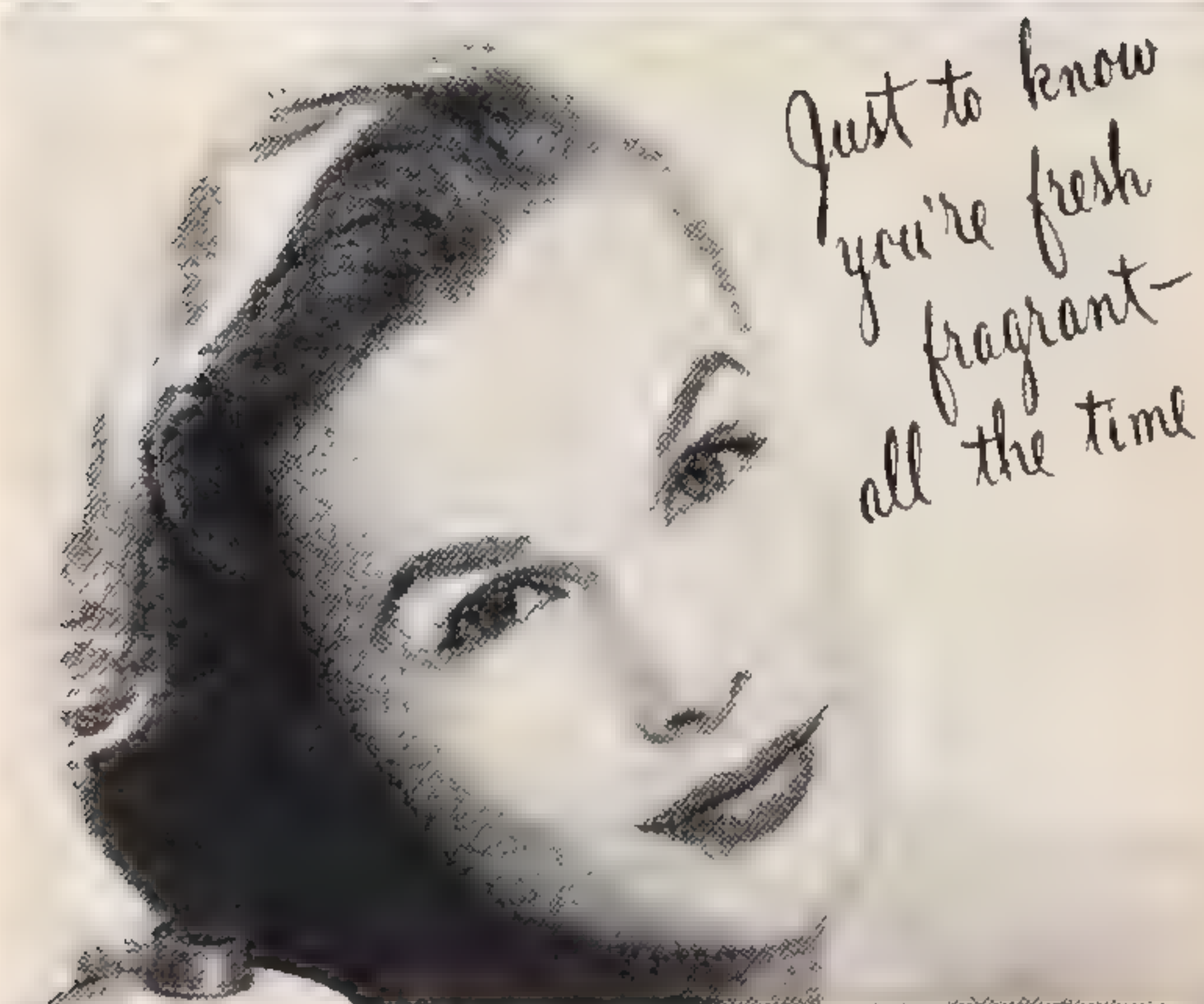
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with **DIER-KISS**
(DEAR KISS)
TALCUM

Smooths and sweetens your skin
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the fragrance that whispers "Kiss me, dear"

✓ (F) The Tall Target (M-G-M)

THIS movie, supposedly based on a little known episode in American history, tells of the work of a New York detective, Richard Powell, to prevent a planned assassination of President Lincoln during his inaugural address. Most of the action takes place on a train traveling between New York and Washington with a stop-over in Baltimore. Aboard the train are Adolphe Menjou as a Zouave Colonel, Florence Bates as a novelist, Marshall Thompson as a young Southerner, his sister Paula Raymond and her slave, Ruby Dee. After getting through a message of warning to the President, it becomes Powell's duty to ferret out the schemers. In so doing he all but loses his life. In view of the dire event that actually happened later on, one has the feeling Mr. Powell should have stayed right on the job. Not that we hold Dick in any way responsible for the foul deed.

Your Reviewer Says: A case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Program Notes: Authentic 1861 decorations, costumes and customs have been so faithfully adhered to, one instantly gathers the feel and atmosphere of the times. The engine, of 1861 vintage, was overhauled and repaired so that it could travel under its own steam over two miles of track. Hooked to the engine were ten cars of the exact period... Adolphe Menjou became so enthused with this historical mystery, he cut short a lecture tour of 200 colleges, universities and women's clubs to return to Hollywood for the role. Dick Powell grew his own sideburns and was very proud of them.

✓ (F) Meet Me After the Show (20th Century-Fox)

MACDONALD CAREY, playing a Broadway producer, dolefully observes, in part, that this is the greatest achievement of his career and after this there's no place left to go. There he errs: The first place to go, for instance, would be to the man responsible for this claptrap. And whether this did or did not precipitate Betty's studio walkout, we don't know. She plays a "refeened" dame, made over into a Broadway star by her producer husband, Macdonald Carey, who can't be true. On her way to the law courts, Betty suffers a slight accident that results in amnesia so, forgetting all, she goes back to her old dive singing in Miami. She is finally tracked down by Carey who discovers she is faking the amnesia but, knowing a good thing when he sees it, Carey grabs off a chunk of amnesia for himself and nobody knows who anybody is. Eddie Albert behaves as if he'd wandered into the wrong picture and couldn't find his way out. Rory Calhoun and Lois Andrews are glimpsed here and there. The songs are fair.

Your Reviewer Says: A Grable musical and that's that.

Program Notes: It takes over 300 men, brave and true, to keep Betty Grable's feet dancing and her voice singing, so says her studio. In this one 317 men worked in the wings alone. It took thirty-seven composers and arrangers to put the songs on paper and ninety musicians to accompany her. Then, the studio insists, on the stage where Betty danced, there labored thirty-two carpenters, twelve painters and one plumber. Technicolor experts, hairdressers, dressmakers, shoemakers, Georgie Jessel, dancers, actors, extras comprised the rest. For the first time in ten years Betty appears in a bathing suit, wrapped, for some reason, in more garments than a Hindu. Male customers should sue

... Macdonald Carey paid for his own singing lessons and is now studying dancing and ballet.

✓ (F) The Lady from Texas (U-I)

DO you believe petite, dainty and so pretty Mona Freeman could be a cook for a bunch of Texas cowhands? Even in Technicolor could you believe it? Could you swallow the idea that Howard Duff, a hardened cowhand, wants to protect Josephine Hull (for free, too) who has become so downright pixilated in this one as to be ridiculous? Or wait, here's another one. Do you think Gene Lockhart looks like a little pig, or that a skunk chooses the exact time and place to let fly? If so, you deserve to see this utterly preposterous Western that has Miss Hull completely off the beam, living in decayed elegance off the bounty of Miss Freeman, with Duff her reluctant guardian. At a court trial, brought by conniving Craig Stevens, who wants her land, it is decided Miss Hull is as sane as you and I. So pack your bags, kids. I'll meet you at Bellevue.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, come now, you're a big, grown-up studio!

Program Notes: After eight months at home with a broken leg, Howard Duff returns to the screen in this one, of all movies. When word was given out that Duff was the loneliest man in Hollywood, his fan mail ripened with offers from hundreds of women anxious to alleviate his condition... When the studio first introduced Miss Hull to the skunk, she inquired timidly, "Has it been defrosted?"... Barbara Knudson, who plays Craig's wife, is the daughter of a Las Vegas high school principal. This is her first movie. When Gene Lockhart was told to look as much as possible like the little animal Miss Hull thinks he resembles—a piggy—he batted not an eye. Fifty years in show business has taught him many things.

✓ 1/2 (F) Sunny Side of the Street (Columbia)

MMUSIC, good, popular and lots of it! Such favorites as Billy Daniels, who pours a ton of emotion into his songs and Frankie Laine, current favorite, pad out a little story until its mother wouldn't know it. But wait. Guess who else gives forth with vocal music—and not too badly, either? Jerome Courtland! Actually the story revolves about Jerome who wants to sing on television. His ambition meets the approval of his girl friend, Terry Moore, who wangles him an audition with Frankie Laine. Jerome then is on his way up, the hard way, when who enters the plot but Audrey Long, daughter of a prospective sponsor. The usual happens. Jerome courts Audrey to please two weary writers who promise him a star spot on the show. Terry hears about it and all sorts of misunderstandings ensue. Toni Arden plays herself in a tuneful, liltful little musical.

Your Reviewer Says: Teenagers will love it.

Program Notes: Frankie Laine has two fan clubs in far off Baghdad and thinks it's wonderful. Claims it proves his voice has no national barriers of understanding. Jerome Courtland, on the other hand, complains even his next door neighbors won't believe he does his own singing. "Come on, Jerry," his friends say, "you're among friends. Who did your dubbing for you?" Frankie Laine married Nan Grey, ex-screen starlet, just before the picture began... When a studio publicity blurb described Terry Moore as a cross between June Allyson and Janet Gaynor, she moaned, "I wonder how I'd look if I looked like myself?" The answer? Not bad at all, not at all.



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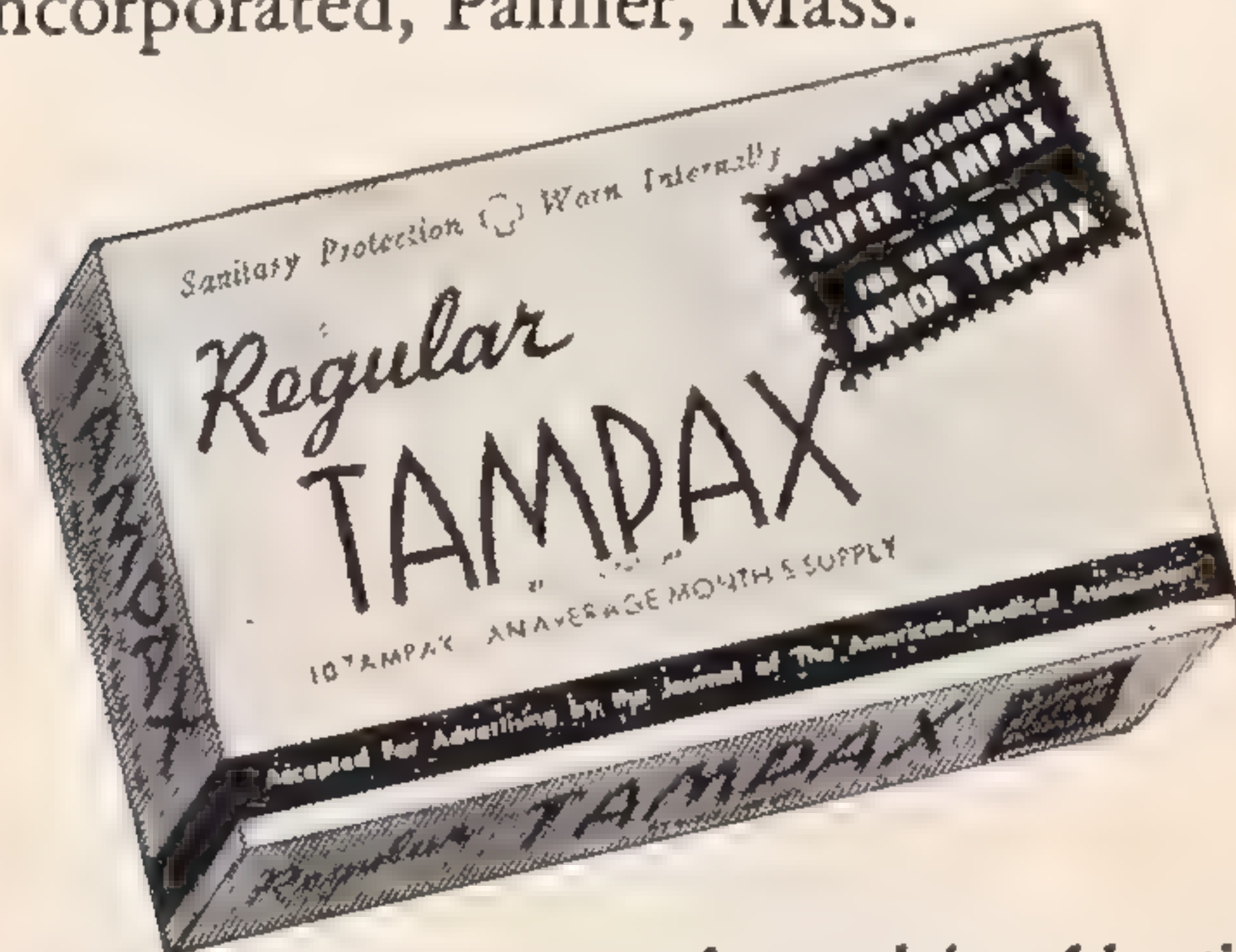
When Girls become young women



Maturity is not measured in years alone. It varies by countries and by climates and it varies still more among individuals... But one thing is certain—it's an important milestone in any girl's life. It deserves serious thought, especially with regard to the method adopted for sanitary protection at the monthly intervals.

For this purpose, dear Young Lady, consider the claims of Tampax. It represents the modern, youthful way of doing things as opposed to the traditional. It's very popular in leading women's colleges. It's scientific, too—doctor-invented, a favorite among nurses. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs internally, and it's so tiny it can be inserted quickly by dainty disposable applicator. *Wearer cannot feel it.*

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

✓✓ (A) The Desert Fox (20th Century-Fox)

THIS is the story of German Field Marshal Erwin Eugen Rommel—"The Desert Fox" of the African campaign of World War II. His story is told impartially, even compassionately, and whether or not one holds with the idea of dramatizing an enemy, the fact remains that the picture is both strong and absorbing. The story opens when the tide of battle has turned against the ailing field marshal, played by James Mason. Rommel, whose astuteness as a soldier won him the respect of the men who fought against him and even a tribute from Winston Churchill, is faced with the problem of obeying a stupid and cruel command of Hitler's or of using his own judgment and withdrawing his forces. He does the latter. It is the beginning of the end for an officer who, finally, through the firm conviction his country would best be served by Hitler's death, joins the ill-fated assassination plot. Mason is outstanding in the role. Jessica Tandy is his wife, William Reynolds his son. Leo G. Carroll is Field Marshal Von Runstedt, Sir Cedric Hardwicke is Dr. Karl Strolin and Luther Adler plays the *Fuhrer*.

Your Reviewer Says: An intelligent and inside approach to Nazi insanity.

Program Notes: Producer Nunnally Johnson flew to Germany to collect additional data from Frau Rommel in Wurttemberg. She turned over her husband's famous dress baton and binoculars, which were used by Mason in the story. Hitler's own 10,000 pound bullet-proof Mercedes-Benz, powered by a 230-horsepower engine, was rented from its present owner, Christopher Janus, for use in the film. The desert site in the Anza desert of Southern California has just such a terrain as North Africa. It was in the Anza desert that General Patton trained the American soldiers who later joined the British in driving Rommel out of North Africa... With this picture Mason begins a new seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox... Jessica Tandy was the envy of every actress in Hollywood when chosen to play Rommel's wife, being the only woman in the entire cast.

✓✓ (A) Force of Arms (Warners)

THE war again portrayed with such reality that seeing this movie we must appreciate the hardships, sacrifices and the valor of men and boys caught in it. Against the grimness of the campaign through Italy, the locale of this film, there exists a tender love story between William Holden (just about the finest young actor on the screen) and Nancy Olson, a WAC lieutenant. Meeting by chance in a cemetery, they see each other briefly while Holden, promoted to a lieutenantcy, and his men are on leave. The pair discover suddenly they are deeply in love and, after a bitter campaign in which Holden's commanding officer (Frank Lovejoy) is killed and Bill is hospitalized, the lovers are married at the home of Italian friends. A haunting feeling that he may have saved Lovejoy, sends Holden back into the fracas. When he is reported missing, Nancy, refusing to believe him

dead, begins a long, heartbreaking search

Your Reviewer Says: Tenderness against backdrop of horror.

Program Notes: Most of the battle scene were filmed in the rocky area of the Santa Susana mountains in California. The territory was so inaccessible Warners had to build an entrance road and then grade the mountain trails to permit the heavy equipment to move through... Holden sustained so many cuts and bruises he looked like a walking band-aid ad... The Department of Defense loaned Sgt. Wm. J. Crawford, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, to Warners to act as technical adviser.

✓✓ (F) Flying Leathernecks (RKO)

THIS is a story of the Marines during the siege of Guadalcanal in World War II. It is overly long, sometimes repetitious, but a powerful lot of movie for all that. John Wayne plays Major Kirby, a seemingly ruthless officer who takes command of the Marine squadron which Robert Ryan, as Captain Carl Griffin, had hoped to get. Friction develops between the officers, who later embark together on the dangerous mission of covering ground troops with air protection. Don Taylor plays "Texas," Jay C. Flippen Clancy and William Harrigan Dr. Curran.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard-hitting realism.

Program Notes: For six months the company worked within Camps Pendleton and El Toro, famous bases near San Diego. Within the gates of Pendleton the crew erected a landing strip, the exact replica of the Henderson Field strip on the canal from which a handful of Marine planes desperately fought off unceasing Japanese attacks during those dark days of 1942. Actual wreckage of our planes scattered on Henderson Field were shot and duplicated in the film... Between scenes Wayne studied to pass his examination as an amateur radio "ham." Slim Houghton, the sound engineer, taught Wayne the International Code for his new hobby. All members of the film company were placed under Marine Corps security restrictions during their location at the Marine camps. They were passed in and out by guards by showing their passes.

✓✓ (A) His Kind of Woman (RKO)

HERE'S a story teeming with oomph and sex, laden with sultry over- and undertones, lightened with dashes of humor and with Bob Mitchum and Jane Russell the warmest pair of lovers this side of the furnace room. Mitchum, a gambler fresh out of money, is offered \$50,000 to go to Mexico and find out what he's to do to earn the dough. Meeting Jane, a singer posing as an heiress, Mitchum suddenly finds himself wading knee deep in murder. Tim Holt plays Mitchum's friend. Vincent Price is outstanding as a movie actor.

Your Reviewer Says: Bring an asbestos fan. (Continued on page 98)

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With sons Mike and Bob Jr.

FAREWELL to a fighter

The confused heart is still
but Bob Walker's spirit is
not forgotten by friends

"I know you will understand what I mean," Robert Walker confided to Ida Lupino, shortly before the sudden swoop of the grim reaper that shocked all Hollywood. "I am thrilled about my work in 'Strangers on a Train' and 'My Son John,' with Helen Hayes. My career has never been as stimulating. I think this is going to be my *best year!*"

Ida did understand, because she has always understood and befriended the lost ones, the strays, the bewildered.

Life was rich in experience and achievement for Robert Walker but his confused heart came into this world literally bursting with loneliness, a loneliness he had to fight all his life. His marriage to Jennifer Jones in 1939 (she's now the wife of Producer David O. Selznick), his two sons, his second marriage to the daughter of director John Ford, an annual salary reaching six figures—none of these compensated for the troubled mind that served as his traveling companion. Bob was painfully shy, terribly tender. He wanted so desperately to be liked—and *everyone* liked him. It has been said that his sensitive nature and his intuitive distrust of most people created his own barriers.

Bob was an unmitigated sentimentalist. His library in his home near the beach held school books—books like "Wizard of Oz," because—"I've saved them for Bobby and Mike—kids today get too mixed up with 'Superman' and there's so little escape left."

Bob hated his own "baby face" (he thought) but he loved his sons and literally lived for the three months when they were in his custody. Despite his sojourn in the famed Menninger Clinic, there obviously was no escape from his inner confusion. "Death was due to natural causes," it said in the papers. His "best" year was the last year for Robert Walker. The peace he never knew is with him.



"I made the big play at the Army game!"

"Jim and I'd been dating since his Cadet days. So when he invited me back for a football weekend, I thought, 'Nancy, this is your chance'... We watched the game in a freezing rain. Even without gloves I didn't mind. I had my Jergens Lotion to soften my hands for the dance that night.



"When we went walking, the wind was icy. But I knew Jergens Lotion would smooth my chapped skin in a jiffy.



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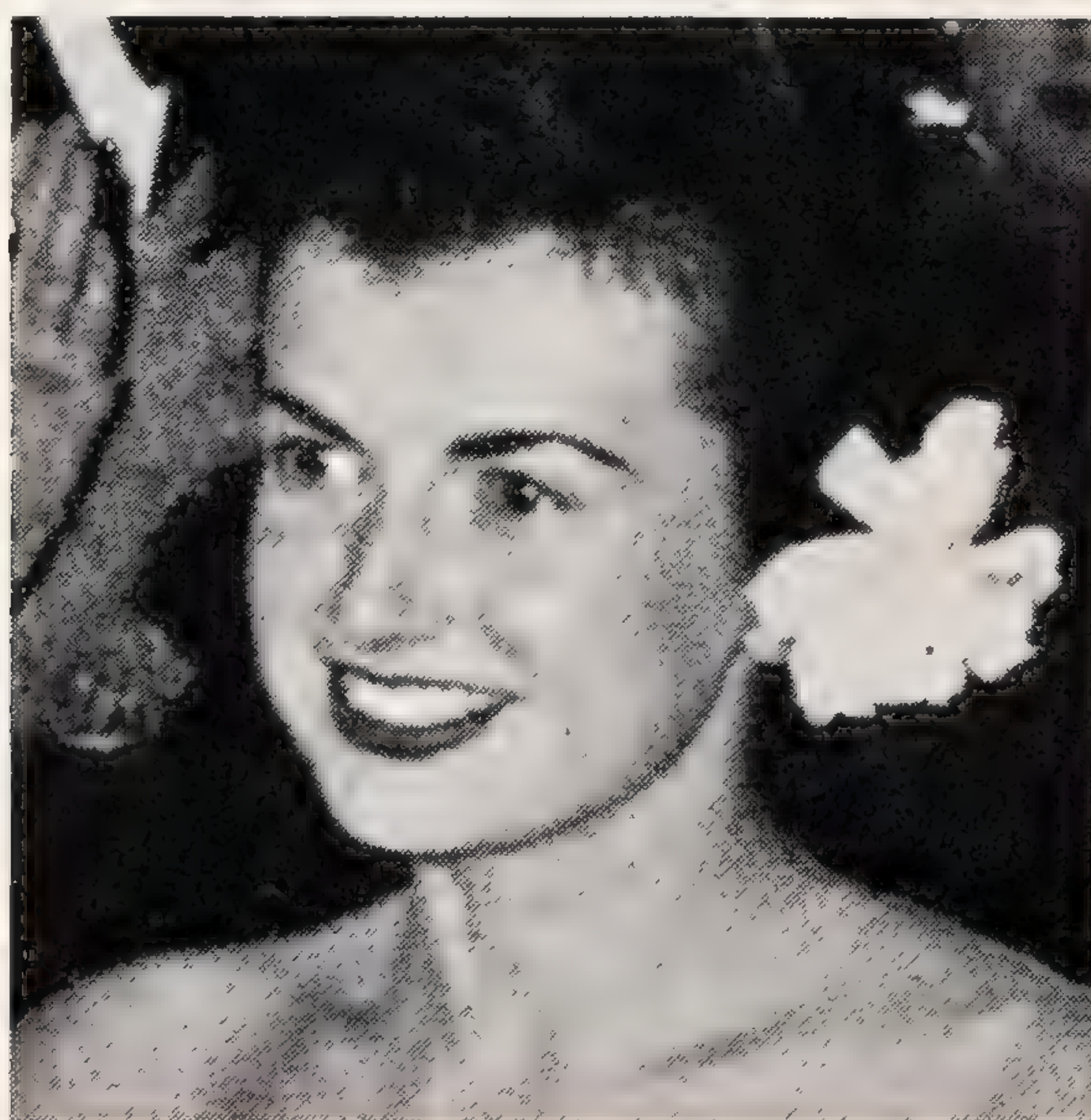
"At the dance Jim kissed me and whispered, 'you're such a softie—could you stand the life of an army wife?'"



Try Jergens Lotion—and see why more women use it than any other hand care. It's still only 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.

THE FINALISTS

of



Joyce McLeod, 22, of Providence, R. I., knows she'll be famous—her stars say so!



Bridgeport's Virginia McGuire, 21, kicked off shoes—went into her act



Rachelle Mendlovitz, 21, of Texas; Board said, "Emotional depth beyond years"

Three to go—
for the final
test that will
give one of these
girls Photoplay's
great prize

The country-wide auditions are over. The three finalists are at the Pasadena Playhouse where the final audition will take place. The judges—Bette Davis, William Holden, Stanley Kramer, Joseph Mankiewicz, Dean Thomas Browne Henry, and Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay—will not find it easy to make a choice. For throughout this contest the runners-up always have been close behind.

Our congratulations go to the three finalists who have started on the journey that well may change the course of each of their lives. The winner, whoever she is, already has been promised a screen test by Twentieth Century-Fox. If successful in this test, she will be given a contract starting when she completes her studies at the Playhouse. Runners-up will be interviewed by casting directors at Twentieth Century, Warners and Paramount.

Joyce McLeod from Providence, Rhode Island, just turned twenty-two, attends Emerson College in Boston. She is vice-president of her sorority and last March was voted Junior Prom Queen. Joyce



Chicago: Audition board Doug Johnson, Mary Hartline, Larry Gutter, Helen Bolstad, standing, Doris Arden listen to contestant Marjorie Evans

the Photoplay scholarship contest



New York: Elizabeth Arabian, Betina Young, Pat McKane (back to camera), Ruth Jung and Mary Grace Troy await their turn before audition board



Los Angeles: Auditions were held in lush atmosphere of Charles Morrison's Mocambo. Some contestants relaxed—others feverishly rehearsed lines in whispers!

is convinced she someday will be famous because the moon in her astrology chart is prominently placed under the sign of Leo and Leo rules the theatre. Joyce well may be famous someday; maybe because of Leo, maybe because she has done everything she could to further her acting career. At college, she talked her way into every role possible and once played "Cinderella" over a local radio station. The board which auditioned Joyce at the Boston Summer Theatre, was conducted by Lee Falk, producer and managing director; Jack Woods, stage manager of the theatre, who this winter will manage the Metropolitan Opera House; Eliot Duvey, of the Drama Department at Northeastern University; and Miss Rosalind Roulston of Boston. Of Joyce's talent, they said . . . "she is poised and intelligent. She read with understanding and warmth and displayed flexibility both vocally and bodily."

Virginia McGuire, from Bridgeport, Connecticut is twenty-one. Virginia, who came down to New York City for her audition, overwhelmed the board completely. She walked into a room filled with name people: actresses Coleen Grey and Judith Evelyn; talent scout Jesse Landau of Universal Pictures and two other talent scouts who have asked that their names be withheld. She kicked off her shoes and went into a scene

from "The Trojan Women" as though she auditioned before such boards every day of her life. "That girl has it!" was the verdict. Virginia studied at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh and at the Yale School of Drama.

Rachelle Mendlovitz, twenty-one, a native Texan, was graduated as valedictorian from New Braunsfels High School. Later, at Ward Belmont Junior College in Nashville, Tennessee, she was voted "Belle of Ward Belmont," an honor bestowed on the girl most representative of the ideals of the college. Last year she went to New York to study dramatics and stayed several months working as a receptionist at CBS television. Auditioned in Houston by a Board composed of Mrs. B. R. Hennes of The National Thespian Society, Mildred Stockard of the Houston Chronicle and Ted Hills of radio station KXYZ, she was immediate choice for first place. "She has unquestionable ability," the Board reported, "a sensitive feeling for characterization and an emotional depth beyond her years."

The choice of the winner now rests in the gifted hands of the judges, people whose very names are synonymous with all that is the best in the theatre. Next month we will announce the winner, the girl, who for two years, will be Miss Photoplay at the Pasadena Playhouse.

IT'S JIMMY-

as you've never seen him—
as you'll love him most—
in Nevil Shute's unusual
suspense-filled story of
drama and romance
28,000 feet above
the sea!



JAMES
STEWART
MARLENE
DIETRICH

NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY

20th
CENTURY-FOX



with
GLYNIS JOHNS · JACK HAWKINS · JANETTE SCOTT
Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON Directed by HENRY KOSTER
Screen Play by R. C. SHERRIFF, OSCAR MILLARD and ALEC COPPEL
Based on the Novel by NEVIL SHUTE





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MEN

1	ANTHONY DEXTER	12,975
2	JEFFREY HUNTER	8,673
3	ROBERT WAGNER	5,045
4	GOWER CHAMPION	2,866
5	ALEX NICOL	2,830
6	KENNETH TOBEY	2,422
7	FERNANDO LAMAS	2,201
8	ROBERT SHERWOOD	2,054
9	CHARLTON HESTON	1,700
10	ROBERT CLARKE	1,659

WOMEN

1	MITZI GAYNOR	9,151
2	JANICE RULE	4,119
3	PIER ANGELI	4,050
4	MONICA LEWIS	4,016
5	JOYCE HOLDEN	3,665
6	ANNE FRANCIS	3,297
7	POLLY BERGEN	3,003
8	MARGE CHAMPION	2,852
9	BARBARA RUSH	2,711
10	SUSAN CABOT	2,304

The leaders stood pat from the first. But in the runners-up class, favorites changed overnight. Never before has our "Choose Your Star" contest been so exciting to follow

ONCE again the readers of Photoplay have chosen their favorites among the new stars. Once again more votes have been cast than ever before. Once again the two winners took first place with the first count and never relinquished it. . .

To Anthony Dexter and Mitzi Gaynor, go our congratulations!

Tony has been seen in only one motion picture, "Valentino." The critics threw no bravos into the air over the picture or Tony's performance in it. But, from the beginning, audiences were enthusiastic.

Mitzi Gaynor has been seen in two movies: "My Blue Heaven" and "Take Care of My Little Girl."

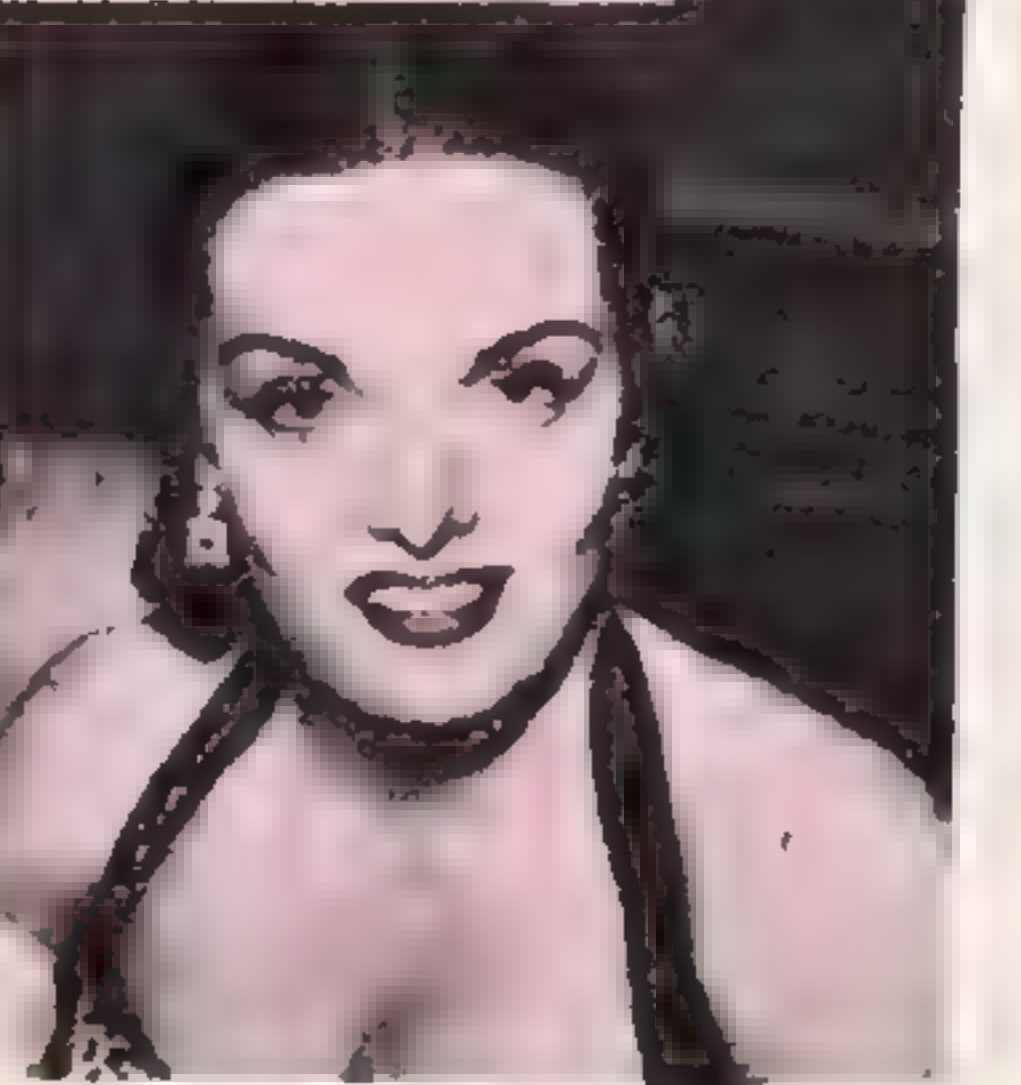
Among the other girls and men there was a constant race for a higher place. For weeks Jeffrey Hunter and Robert Wagner seesawed

between second and third place. And it was not until the final tabulation of votes that Pier Angeli and Janice Rule finally nosed Monica Lewis first out of second place and then out of third place.

The most dramatic rise of all, however, was that of the Champions. As soon as "Show Boat" had a national release, Marge Champion began moving up from fourteenth place, which she occupied in the beginning, to eighth place. And Gower Champion, originally in the ninth spot, rapidly moved up to number four.

Once again, too, the producers at the Hollywood studios have watched this contest with the greatest interest. There are brilliant plans ahead for those who number among the top ten, plans which—together with new color portraits—will be reported in the December Photoplay.

They're on the march—your favorites!



*Marilyn Monroe
Barbara Stanwyck
Joan Crawford
Mitzi Gaynor
Jane Russell*



*Eleanor Parker
Corinne Calvet
Ruth Roman
Marie Wilson*



THIS JURY CHOOSES

MALE PIN UPS

By RUTH WATERBURY

When the girls start rooting for these men you can be sure they're adding up more than the figures!



KIRK DOUGLAS

Smith



ALAN LADD

Schafer



Smith



TONY CURTIS

Pink and Smith



JEFF CHANDLER

Pink and Smith

• Hollywood's girls vote Burt Lancaster their favorite chunk of male scenery.

That forty-four-inch chest and that thirty-inch waistline, along with his pleasant altitude of six-foot-two, really impressed itself on our glamour jury. Apparently these girls have eyes like sculptors' and minds, in this instance, like adding machines. (Continued on page 70)

BURT LANCASTER

Shea



She used to tremble when men whistled and leave a dance floor pale and shaken. But that was before Ann Blyth went to Europe and returned—leaving her fears behind her

ONE MORNING last July a Hollywood agent phoned Jerry Wald, producer at RKO, and spoke his piece.

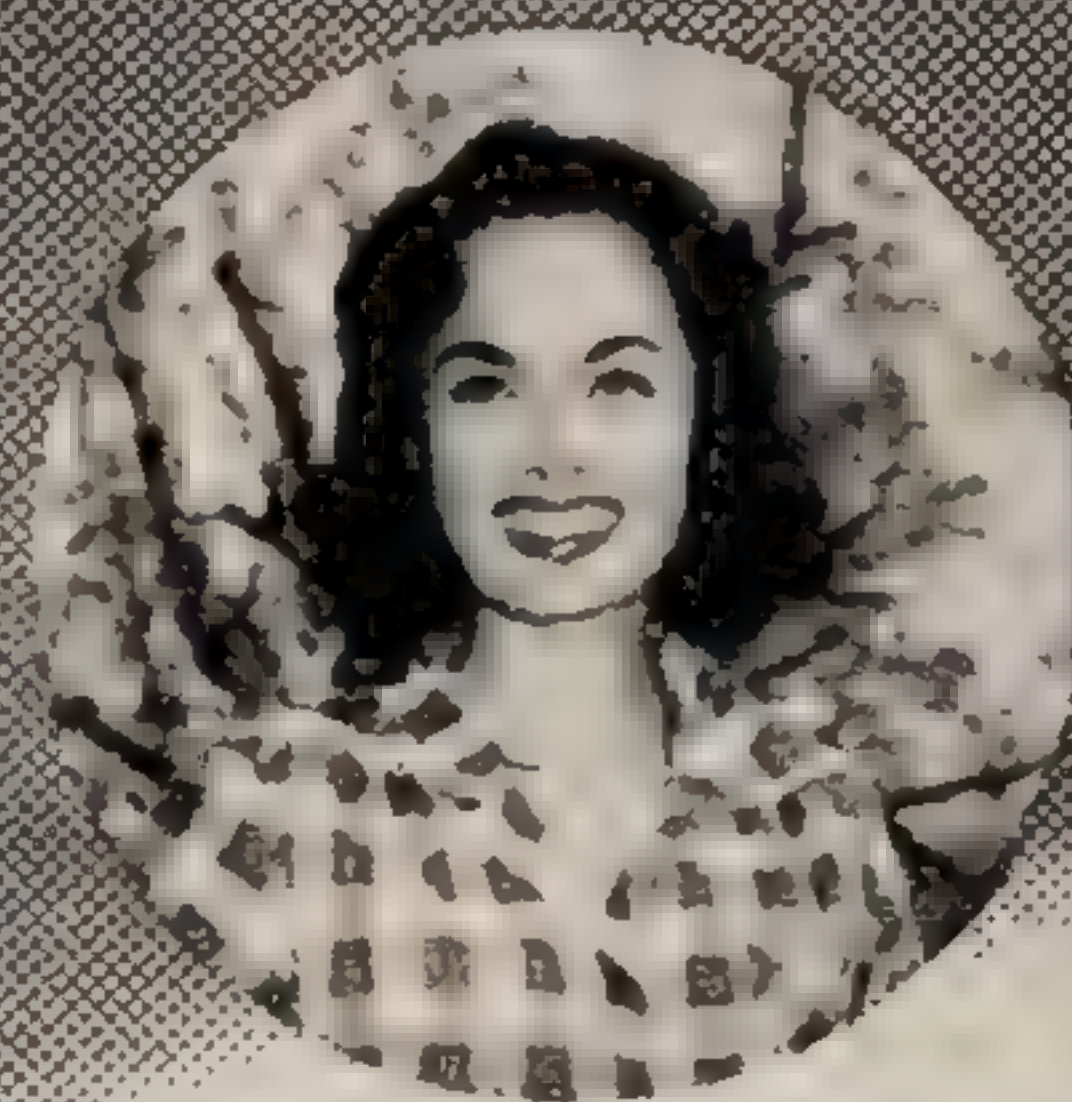
"Big news, Jerry," he said. "Ann Blyth just returned from Europe. Four months there making 'Man of Two Worlds' with Ty Power. You won't recognize her. She's changed. She's grown up. You oughta see her."

Every agent in town calls Jerry Wald these days. He's got more pictures on his mind than the Metropolitan Museum has on its walls.

"I couldn't bear to see her," said Jerry morosely, "if she has changed. If you tell me she's wearing plunging necklines now and using four-letter words I'll go right out and cut my throat. I've just had one of *those* in my office. I'm fuming the place. Anyway, I don't think Ann has changed."

"Oh no, Jerry," laughed the agent, doing a neat retreat. "Nothing like that. It's just that she has—well—matured."

"Ann for my money is a great (Continued on page 100)



SHE'S A

NEW

WOMAN

BY LIZA WILSON

Sweet mystery: Ann Blyth

Engstead



WHY NANCY SINATRA GAVE



This reporter, so close to the heartbreaking

facts, uncovers the chain of events

that led to Nancy's change of heart

FRANKIE HIS FREEDOM

By Hedda Hopper

● When Nancy Sinatra declared, "I'm going to give Frank his freedom," even her lawyer was stunned. For a long time Nancy had stood like the Rock of Gibraltar against a divorce, though Frankie had begged for one.

Several months earlier, when Nancy had filed suit for separate maintenance, the couple had reached a property settlement, usually a prelude to a final curtain on marriage. Under its terms, besides a share of the personal belongings, Nancy was to receive each year a third of the first \$150,000 earned by the crooner and ten per cent of the second. She was guaranteed at least \$1,000 a month for life or until such time as she remarried.

But still she had said, "No divorce."

"But why?" I remember asking her at this time. "Your marriage is finished and everybody knows it."

"I don't think a divorce would be good for Frank," she replied. And beyond this vague, evasive answer she would not elaborate.

The reasons, however, were obvious to those who knew her well. Being a Catholic, she didn't believe in divorce in the first place. Still in love with Frank, she thought that deep in his heart he still loved her. There (Continued on page 90)



Ava, weary of criticism, is reported to have demanded that Frank get a divorce or call off their romance. Right, on arrival in Mexico City



With All My Love....

by Mitzi Gaynor

IT'S A little difficult for a girl to answer the question: "How did you fall in love? Where? When? Why?" The people who always ask those questions are strangers—waiting with pencil and paper to write the story. You don't know them; they don't know you. How can you possibly go into details with them and expect them to understand—to know exactly how you felt when all this was happening?

I didn't anticipate that one day Photoplay would ask these questions of me—but just the other day when this happened, I did have a few answers ready. They were in the letters I had written, but never mailed, to the one person who *would* understand. . . .

June 9, 1948

Dear You:

For seventeen hours I've been wondering who you are. I caught my first glimpse of you at eleven o'clock last night, and it is now four in the afternoon.

I want you to understand that it is not my custom to stare into the world of stage flies, ropes, backdrops, and skeleton stairways leading to dressing rooms that make up the backstage panorama of Los Angeles' Philharmonic Auditorium. I just happened to glance up and there you were, on the landing outside the dressing (Continued on page 85)

"... Now I'm twenty and we only have one more year to wait before we can be married. During this year I'm going to make some changes in myself, and don't be saying, 'That'll be the day!'"

Fink and Smith

*Sixteen letters, never mailed
—which will go to Mitzi's husband on their soon-to-be wedding day—telling the story of her young love, with all its doubts and fears and wonder*





To say they live like the average family would be silly. They have more house, more help, more income. But their way of life is typical of all the homes that are the heart of America



HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST FAMILY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

PHOTOPLAY FEATURE ATTRACTION



June would like to stay home and work at the same time! Above, Dick, June, Pamela and Ricky

Photographs by Engstead

• "You know why we're happy? Because you think I'm an idiot—" Gazing at Dick, June's eyes become doves' eyes. "Darling, I'm so glad you think I'm an idiot."

"Darling, not only that, you're a genius at it. And whom, may I ask, do you think you're kidding?"

"Who?" (Continued on following page)



June and Dick made her adoption a dear and familiar story to Pamela. To her it means love. "I'm adopinated," she confides

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST FAMILY



The advent of Ricky was a miracle—June and Dick were planning to adopt another child. June's in "Too Young to Kiss"

"Not me. Remind me to tell you 'about it some dull afternoon."

Banter at the Powells' is often less casual than it sounds. Under the froth lies bedrock. They've been married six years, and the sharpies gave it six months. To arrive at the wrong number was fairly simple. Actor-and-actress combinations are poor marriage risks. All you had to do was add up the Hollywood clichés. All you had to leave out was the human equation of June Allyson and Dick Powell. The sharpies didn't know them very

well. They didn't know, for instance, that June was an idiot.

She's the kind of idiot who can wrap herself around a man's heart while wrapping the man around her little finger. She thinks her guy's the best, the smartest, the kindest in the world and tells him so. Unlike many actresses, she's simple-minded enough to value him high above her career. She's a ninny, feminine as Eve, who caters instinctively to the masculine ego, thus managing to get her own sweet way. She's (Continued on page 75)



The minute she's home from work, June makes a beeline for the nursery. Ricky knows her footsteps—starts cooing like crazy



Given plenty of love but not allowed to run wild, Pamela, past three now, is a merry, friendly child, sure of her place in June's heart

"Holy mackerel, he looks just like Dick," announced the doctor when Ricky was born. Both Powells adore their kids—but Dick knows that with June he'll never play second fiddle. His next film is "The Tall Target"





LOOK

WHO'S

HERE

*They're giving Hollywood a new look—and
yesterday's favorites an exciting
run for their money—these bright young stars*

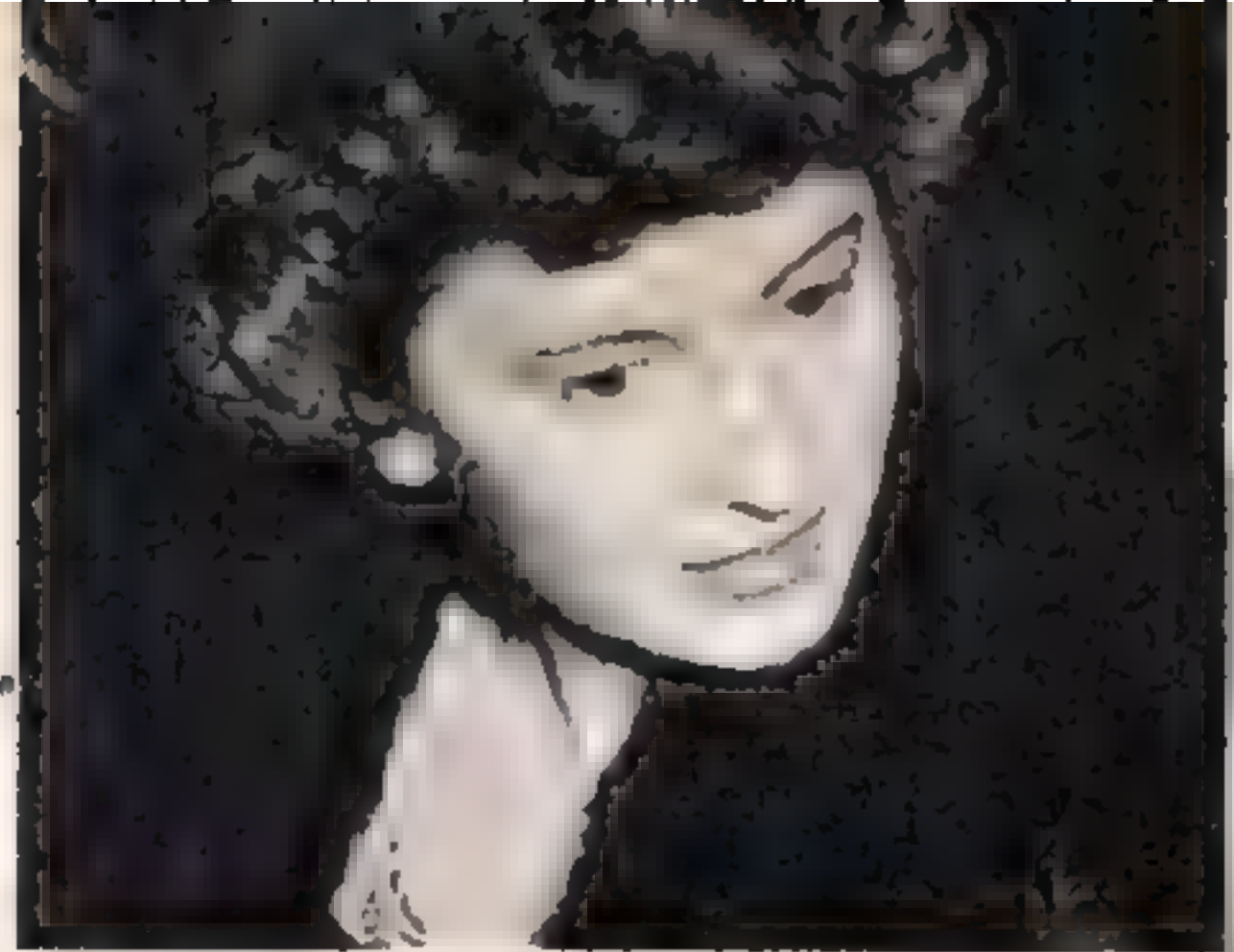
BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



WHEN Tyrone Power appeared unexpectedly in the Universal-International cafe, I said to the Very Important Producer with whom I was lunching, "What's Ty doing here? Is he going to make a picture?"

"What do we need Ty for," the producer asked bluntly, "when we have Tony Curtis!" Whereupon I realized, forcibly and suddenly, that something new has been added in Hollywood. The old order is changing, yielding place to youth. The long-established middle-aged stars are gasping for their lives on the movie ropes, wondering what hit them, while a new generation is climbing into the ring—quietly but also confidently, very confidently, in fact.

(Continued on page 94)



Barbara Stanwyck:
Has a weakness
for "Jungle Gardenia"



Farley Granger:
Has many
enthusiasms

ARE YOU

There was much conversation at a luncheon recently over Betty Hutton's five-day engagement to producer Norman Krasna—complete with newspaper pictures, diamonds like fireworks, and varied public demonstrations of affection.

"These movie stars!" sighed a pleasingly plump, fiftyish woman. "They're so sophisticated!"

A better description of such didoes, of course, would be provincial or childish. To be sophisticated is to have ideas and tastes that have changed as a result of education, worldly experience or both. Sophistication, in its early stages, sometimes produces artificiality. This happens when persons who are just beginning to find their way around feel insecure and so pretend to be other than they are. But, with the acquisition of true sophistication, such pretense and artificiality disappear. For those who are truly sophisticated are at home in the world, wise for themselves and equal, with graciousness, to all occasions.

Are you sophisticated? On your way to being sophisticated?

Test yourself with this Hollywood star quiz. When you think a star's behavior, as reported, is sophisticated, indicate with a "yes," when you think it unsophisticated indicate with a "no."

All right! On your mark—get set—go!

1. Soon after her marriage Janet Leigh ordered an exquisite white chiffon party dress, quite décolleté, with a full skirt, under which she wore a crinoline petticoat. She wore this dress for the first time to a dinner party which preceded a big premiere. During cocktails another guest spilled a Martini on her skirt. "No harm done."



Pat Neal: Wants to
see Paris and Sweden—for
very different reasons



Bing Crosby: His
friends have to
consider his cook

Don't decide until you've pr

said Janet, giving her skirt a quick whisk to shake off the excess liquid. And, for the rest of the evening, she proceeded to enjoy herself exactly as if nothing had happened, although that part of her skirt where the Martini had landed remained limp and bedraggled.



Ruth Roman:
Experiments with wo

2. Elizabeth Taylor cannot cook even a simple breakfast.

3. Lucille Ball changes her stockings three or four times a day. Moreover, she insists upon washing her stockings herself.

4. Loretta Young will ask you to explain any statement which she does not understand.

5. A family feud began when Olivia de Havilland's husband, novelist Marcus Goodrich, arrived at Joan Fontaine's Beverly Hills home—to which he had been invited for an informal Sunday supper—wearing a black homburg and striped trousers. (Other garments, too, of course!)

6. Ava Gardner calls the most casual acquaintances "Sweetie."

7. Patricia Neal hopes to see, of all places in the world, Paris, because of its reputation for wine, women and song. And Sweden, because of its individuality in war and peace.

8. Betty Grable gets the mopes, so she

James and Pamela Mason:
Their guests don't
have to like each other



SOPHISTICATED ?

yourself to the test with this Hollywood star quiz

BY ELSA MAXWELL

says, when she is not hard at work. —

9. Everybody knows Van Johnson by his loud laugh. —

10. Ruth Roman is determined to have a large vocabulary, often uses words when she is not certain of their meanings. —

11. Reginald Gardiner says he has no favorite authors, musicians or playwrights, that his tastes depend upon his moods. —

12. Tony Curtis, unable to remember names, carries a little black notebook. After he has met a new person he writes down the name, date, place and some distinguishing fact about that person. He does homework on his little black book also. —

13. Mark Stevens has a quick sly wit. He directs it at his own foibles more often than he directs it at the foibles of others. —

14. James and Pamela Mason invite to their home, groups of those in whom they are interested, temporarily or otherwise, with no thought as to whether or not these people will be interested in each other. —

15. Esther Williams and Ben Gage never stay "put" when they go to a restaurant. They are forever on the go, greeting all of their friends and acquaintances. —

16. Marlon Brando wears anything he chooses, also says and does whatever he pleases—at all times. —

17. Joan Crawford is meticulous in

her discipline of her children, even disciplines them in front of guests for the least misbehavior. —

18. Shelley Winters, if she feels like it, wears slacks to the elegant restaurant, Romanoff's. —

19. Ann Blyth, disliking modern art, refuses to try to understand it, says if she understood it she might dislike it more. —

20. Bob Hope, when working, chews gum constantly. —

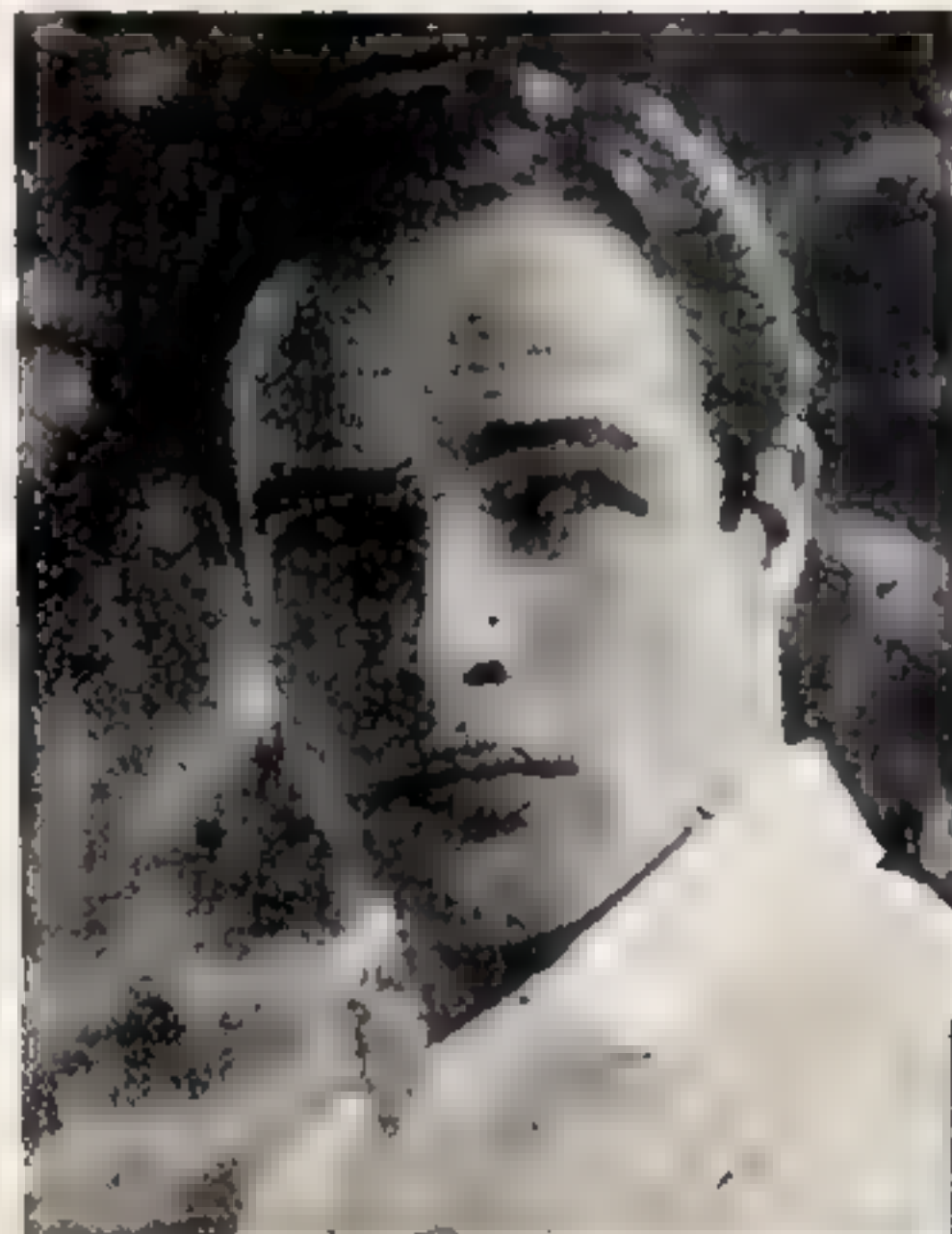
21. Jean Peters refuses to listen to any conversation which criticizes anyone who is not present. —

22. At Bing Crosby's ranch at Elko, Nevada, those who do not get up when the morning gong sounds go without breakfast. —

23. When Penny Singleton is not working she does all of her cooking and marketing. —

24. Ray Milland prefers the Encyclopedia to any other reading. —

25. Farley (Continued on page 84)



Marlon Brando: He
does as he pleases



Gregory Peck:
Avoids first person
singular pronoun

Doris Day: Doesn't
like night clubs,
cocktails or cigarettes
Valeska



JANET'S

AND

TONY'S

Janet and Tony have a one-bedroom apartment in Westwood. Liz Taylor lives in same building

HOME, SWEET HOME

Bedroom furniture consists of a bed, special chest of drawers! Couple have been so busy with studio work they haven't had time to shop



Breakfast is a quick cup of coffee when they both have early calls at their studios. Some day Janet hopes to have a maid

MARRIAGE, so far, has been a mad scramble for Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Immediately they returned to Hollywood, Tony was rushed into production and Janet was sent out on a personal appearance tour. Nevertheless, they're having a wonderful time keeping house between picture chores. Soon they're going house hunting; may rent, may buy. But, in the meantime, their one-bedroom apartment is their idea of a Hollywood heaven!

All photographs by Ornitz



JANET

AND

TONY

**don't know much about housekeeping —
but they're willing to love and learn**



JANET'S AND TONY'S HOME, SWEET HOME

*A day off gives Janet chance to play the lady of the house, bid Tony a leisurely goodbye! Other days they have to dash—Tony in his black Buick convertible
← Janet in her blue Buick convertible*



On rare evenings at home they look at television. Set is wedding gift from their good friend, Jerry Lewis.

Since Tony's father had a heart attack, Janet and Tony try to have dinner as often as possible with his mother

Reflection of happiness: Janet already has had her checks and stationery personalized with a prominent "Mrs. Anthony Curtis" →



*They each have large wardrobe closets to hold their clothes. When Tony went on a personal appearance tour he bought an extensive wardrobe. Janet's trousseau fills her closet! Tony's in "Son of Ali Baba," Janet, in —→
 "Two Tickets for Broadway," "Angels in the Outfield"*



Janet wants to try her hand at cooking dinner for her family and Tony's but hasn't had a chance yet. So far, they take their parents to a near-by restaurant



Photograph by Engstead: Ava is in "Lone Star"

AVA GARDNER *Torch song by moonlight . . . corn pone and caviar . . .
Aphrodite in a Paris gown . . . rubies on black velvet . . . beauty with
a searching heart*

MONTY CLIFT *The lonely cry of a sea gull . . . dreams etched in steel
... Hamlet in old tweeds . . . snow-capped mountains against a
spring sky . . . romance in modern verse*

Photograph by Dirone; Monty is in "A Place in the Sun"



They wanted a den but building costs whittled it down to this alcove off the living room. Marsh made pedestal table

Red quarry tiles, natural pine cabinets in kitchen are easy to clean, Barbara discovered. Because of limited light, floor linoleum is in a gay yellow spatter print



• "When I think that when Barbara and I were married, we didn't even know what a lease was," Marshall Thompson shook his head, "I marvel at our complete ignorance." He speaks with the wisdom of one who has just built and moved into his own house.

Here's a young couple who knew what they wanted from the very start. And that's the way to do it. Make up your minds as to the type of house you want eventually, and from the day the minister speaks the binding words, aim towards that house. Let every piece of furniture you buy have a part in your envisioned final plan.

Marsh and Barbara love the warmth and friendliness of Early American furnishings, perhaps because they're friendly people. Every purchase they made for their apartment was of cherry wood in Early American style, and they bought a piece at a time. "We'd rather do without," Marsh said, "than buy (Continued on page 74)

bought and

The Thompson living room—a warm and friendly place. The furniture, mostly from their apartment, was bought with this house in mind. Marsh is in "The Tall Target" and "The Basketball Fix" →

Photographs by de Gennaro

A fireplace in their bedroom makes up for the lost den! Marsh made lamp table from their old bed. Room, in green, white, red, yellow, is paneled on three sides

*When the Marshall Thompsons enter their home,
they're on familiar ground. For the home they built
is the happy result of everything they dreamed*



planned for

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios



I WAS

Their wedding day



*"Look at the forehead—
aloud. "And those shoulders—
nurse couldn't hear a word, but she smiled. She knew that
Geary was talking the language of all new fathers*



A first date

THE elevator door opened. Geary Steffen, waiting with other fathers in the maternity wing of the Queen of Angels hospital, turned expectantly.



Heading for a honeymoon

For the thirty odd minutes we had been there, that automatic elevator had really been in business, bringing down doctors with outstretched hands and hearty, "Congratulations; you're the father of a fine nine-pound boy . . . or a seven-pound girl."

In the waiting room there was the hum of many conversations broken by the flipping of magazine pages and periodic rings of the telephone to announce that Mrs. So-and-so had just been taken into the delivery room.



Stork shower for Janie

Thirty minutes ago the call had been for Geary. Dr. Bill Caldwell, calm and assured as always, had said, "We're taking Jane into delivery now . . ."

Thirty-two minutes ago . . . thirty-five minutes ago . . .

Again the elevator door opened and again Geary, talking to Jane's mother and father, jerked his neck abruptly around. I wondered if at this moment he didn't find himself half wishing he and Janie had taken the counsel of

relatives who had advised as relatives so often do: "Wait awhile. You're only young once. Have your fun first . . ." Jane, however, had reasoned differently. "We should start now, while we're young," she had insisted definitely, "If we're going to have four . . ."

Four! Now this was a shuddering thought . . .

Three more hours like this last one, listening for the door of that elevator. Geary looked around at the other men sweating it out with him, slumped in the deep, brown, corduroy-covered easy chairs built for comfort . . . and for time . . .



House for three of them now

One bearded, worn-faced young man had been there twenty-two hours already. Next to him sat a young mechanic who'd borrowed a car from the used-car lot to make a wild dash for the hospital and had come away with no license plate. He kept worrying aloud that he'd be stopped by the cops when he went home.

That morning, at 5:30 A.M.—it seemed years ago now—Janie had awakened Geary with, "I'm getting a little backache." Fifteen minutes later she had had another

"little one." But from all they'd read and been told, they'd have a good (Continued on page 97)



Days of waiting

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

PHOTOPLAY



LOOK! a fabric that's as smart as it's deceiving! It looks like wool and feels like wool—and washes like a dream. This

Kay Windsor adaptation of the dress Charles LeMaire designed for Jeanne Crain to wear in "People Will Talk" is a plaid smarty in Galey and Lord's new cotton and rayon. Under \$11.00, sizes 10-20 at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, Pa., Saks 34th, New York, N. Y. Criterion belt, Parklane bag, Baar & Beard chiffon scarf

Kornman



Above, Jeanne Crain wears original dress in scene from Twentieth Century-Fox's "People Will Talk"



FASHIONS



Swinging into the fashion spotlight is another new fabric that takes to water like a duck! It's Dan River's Dovecote—a nylon and rayon mixture that has the look and feel of flannel. Dress, a striking two-piece, has the new, very full skirt that is ideal over the new crinoline petticoats.

For the one-piece look we added a contour belt by Charm. Blouse \$7.95, skirt \$12.95, both

by Korday. 10-18 in aqua, pink, maize at Stern's, New York, N. Y., H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind. Ciner pin.

Photographed by Engstead on Cyd Charisse, star of M-G-M's "The Wild North"



Photographed by Dirone at Cafe Louis XIV

Denise Darcel of M-G-M's "Westward the Women" models fashion's smartest whim—three little furs for that extra touch of glamour.

- Intriguingly different is the brief little jacket, left, which easily could pass for Persian lamb but really is poodle cloth. With flare back, short cuffed sleeves, it comes in black, gray, brown, beige and white. \$29.50 by Winter Furs at Stern's, New York, N. Y.
- Upper right, the popular stole becomes an elegant cloak for evening. In seal-dyed rabbit, with taffeta lining, seventy-two inches long, eighteen inches wide, in black, navy, brown, gray, green. Around \$39.95 plus tax by Symphony, at Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill., H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, O. Little face veil by Heineman
- Enchanting touch for suits and simple dresses is the little choker of mink tails on velvet ribbon, lower right. Make it sparkle with Kramer's chunky rhinestone pin or simply add a flower. \$12.50, including tax, at Furbelow, 15 West 47 Street, New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 71

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TOPS IN

• PHOTOPLAY PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Exciting news for the girl who likes to sew is this versatile three-piece pattern consisting of a one-piece jumper dress, two blouses. Edith Head designed them for **Rhonda Fleming** to wear in "Hong Kong," a Pine-Thomas-Paramount production. Without the blouses, the jumper is a smart sleeveless dress. For accent, add a good-looking pin. For one blouse, Edith chose a striped jersey. This has turtle neck, dolman push-up sleeves. Equally engaging is the gay print blouse, which has flattering scoop neckline, also features the push-up sleeve.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 71



Photoplay Patterns

Box 229, Madison Square Station
New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please
send me the Rhonda Fleming "Hong Kong" pattern
#4 in size 10 - 12 - 14 - 16 - 18 - 20.

Name..... Size.....

Street.....

City..... State..... Age.....

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five
cents extra for special handling.

YOUR WARDROBE



Photographs by Engstead

- Charm your escort and add zest to your party skirts with the blouses modelled by **Mona Freeman**, dainty star of Paramount's "Darling, How Could You?" Perfect for formal or informal evenings, the black wool jersey blouse, left, creates fashion excitement with its fur-trimmed cuffs, charming portrait neckline. \$10.95, in white or black jersey with black fur trim, sizes 10-16
- Youthful and figure-flattering is form-fitting ribbed wool jersey blouse, right. Intriguing neckline is caught at the shoulders with sparkling rhinestone link buttons. \$9.95, in white or black, sizes 10-16. With these blouses we teamed a black velveteen skirt with cluster pleating that swirls gracefully when you're in a dancing mood. Only \$17.95, 10-16. Skirt and blouses available at all Plymouth Shops in New York or may be ordered direct from Plymouth Shops, 352 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Jewelry on both pages by Ciner

(Continued from page 39) For when we explained we thought it was high time the Hollywood men got into the pin-up act—that this once we would feature men pin-ups instead of girls, as usual—well, the girls, quick as lightning, added Mr. Lancaster up into a lead that practically means a landslide.

Kirk Douglas, coming in second but definitely trailing Burt's vote, really opened up his career when he tossed off his shirt. And Alan Ladd, our third winner, has always permitted the public to peer at that exciting physique of his.

Yet you get another dark—or should I say clothed—horse in fourth place; that handsome smoothie, William Holden. Bill, who started his career showing his chest in "Golden Boy," now rarely appears in anything less than a tailored suit.

Then comes Tony Curtis. At this point let me explain there actually were nineteen Hollywood girls on our jury—not only the nine who are listed.

The other ten dolls—equally famous—asked to be anonymous. They're married—and didn't want their husbands to know what they are thinking. Six of the ten were thinking about Tony. Their consensus concerning Tony, who really threw out his handsome chest unadorned in "The Prince Who Was a Thief," coincides with Eleanor Parker's opinion. Remarks the lovely Eleanor, picking Kirk Douglas first, Burt Lancaster second and Tony third, "I married an athlete, so naturally I like all athletic types when I see them. Both Kirk and Burt look like professional athletes, smooth and knowing, but Tony packs a special wallop because he's still so young."

Next comes Jeff Chandler, Joan Crawford's first choice, incidentally, with Kirk Douglas second and Burt third. The always articulate Joan says that Jeff is purely male, without resorting to any of those muscle "bar-bell distortions" that ordinary "body beautiful" boys feature.

Of Kirk she murmurs, "Kirk's got it. He knows it. And he knows you know it—but what interests me about Burt is that he doesn't seem to know how perfectly proportioned he is, although I'm sure he does. I'll bet anything this casual attitude of his to his own looks is a matter of his being such a good actor, but because of that very fact that he never shows off, he gets added appeal."

AS YOU can gather from these girlish garlands, Lancaster didn't always lead with each individual star. He didn't so much as score with either Marilyn Monroe or Corinne Calvet. But with these exceptions, he did place on every list, way out in front with such diverse personalities as Barbara Stanwyck, Mitzi Gaynor and Ruth Roman, for diverse reasons.

Impudent Mitzi said, "I don't know the man. I've never even been in a room with him, but to me he's just rugged masculine grandeur, that's all. That height! Those no-hips. And he can act, too. It's really too much." Then she sighed. "My next choice is William Holden because of that

body plus his casual refinement. My third choice is Kirk Douglas because there's menace in his frame."

Barbara Stanwyck thought carefully on the subject. "Burt Lancaster first, then Robert Mitchum and Robert Stack," she said. "I guess I choose Burt above the two Bobs, because he is a true professional athlete. When I played in "Sorry, Wrong Number" with him, I wasn't conscious of his physique, probably because he is such a good actor that my attention was completely riveted upon our scenes together. But when I saw him in a charity circus, high on a trapeze, and watched his ease and surety in those dangerous stunts, I felt tremendous admiration." Barbara gives her other two votes to Robert Mitchum and Bob Stack for similar reasons. Mitchum used to be a boxer. Stanny grinned as she said, "Even if Mitchum is wrapped in an old raincoat, as he was in a picture I saw recently, you are aware of his body. I suppose that must be because he's aware of it, though I don't know that personally. But along with that arrogance of movement of his, I like the way he walks." As for Bob Stack, who was one of Bob Taylor's pals, and who is still a good friend of Barbara's, she admires his coordination, particularly at tennis and skeetshooting, as well as his blonde handsomeness.

Marie Wilson phrases it somewhat differently. "Victor Mature," she sighs. "What sigh bait! Then Burt Lancaster—he's like a double Martini. And then Kirk Douglas. He's just plain male wow!"

JANE RUSSELL and Corinne Calvet each showed her good sense in picking her own husband as the best-set-up gentleman in Hollywood.

Corinne said, "My Johnnie Bromfield, he is exactly what all foreign girls dream of, a typical American he-man. Next to him I choose Alan Ladd: Alan is not tall but he is beautifully proportioned. Third, I pick Cornel Wilde. When he moves, he seems to ripple all over and it is quite wonderful."

"The best-built man in Hollywood is Bob Waterfield," says Mrs. Bob Waterfield, otherwise Jane Russell. "Since he's now about to make his first picture, I put him in the star list. I choose Burt Lancaster next to Bob and Bob Stack after him. I like the way a professional athlete looks, the way he moves, the relaxation he has and the coordination."

Interestingly enough, when our all-male jury chose the best feminine legs a couple of months ago, with Betty Grable as winner and Jane Russell, Janet Leigh, Ava Gardner, Esther Williams and Marilyn Monroe as also having excellent underpinnings, these men, too, emphasized this professional element in physical beauty. They liked the girls whose legs were slimmed by dancing or swimming—so perhaps it isn't surprising that the girls see the boys similarly. Note to would-be wolves: to the bar bells, boys, if you want to capture the beach belles.

Marilyn Monroe picked Marlon Brando

twice as her own favorite male to glance upon and followed with another jolt—Richard Widmark. "Whatever made you conscious of Dick's physique?" we queried. "He's sheer male magnetism," said Marilyn firmly.

Photoplay's "silent" vote was all from girl stars who are married and, in two cases only, to other stars. The non-professional gentlemen of Hollywood in this position are naturally sensitive and their happy brides were out to protect their feelings.

Also, these girls seemed to feel a little guilt about not naming their husbands first (non-professional husbands are rarely up to the physical standards of male stars). Also they didn't want their husbands to realize they ever did gaze with admiration on other men. One cutie, who has just had her first baby, phrased it, "Who wants to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight? The sight of Burt Lancaster under the same circumstance would do more to me. Tony Curtis really sends me, because that grin of his, above that V-shaped torso, is really frantic and as for William Holden in a dinner jacket, I just drool."

THERE was almost a feeling of guilt in admiring Jeff Chandler on the part of these married ladies. One very little star confessed, "I just stand and gaze up at him, as I would at the Empire State Building—but my husband isn't so tall, so I don't dare admit this."

Another star, who is very athletic, made a different type of confession. "I always think of Jeff in action, even when I see him, as I have often, merely dining with Annie Sheridan."

But Ruth Roman, a direct and forceful girl, and very recently married, wasn't afraid to express what she felt. "This is living beauty," she said, "and who's afraid of it? I pick Burt Lancaster for symmetry first, Steve Cochran for strength second and William Holden for smoothness third. Now if ever the man is discovered who combines all these qualities. . . ."

So, we give you the Hollywood girls' choice of male pin-ups: 1. Burt Lancaster; 2. Kirk Douglas; 3. Alan Ladd; 4. William Holden; 5. Tony Curtis; 6. Jeff Chandler; with Marlon Brando and Bob Stack for runners-up.

Eleanor Parker will next appear in "Detective Story"; Corinne Calvet in "Thunder in the East"; Ruth Roman in "Tomorrow Is Another Day"; Marie Wilson in "A Girl in Every Port"; Marilyn Monroe in "The Love Nest"; Barbara Stanwyck in "The Man with a Cloak"; Joan Crawford in "That Woman Is Dangerous"; Mitzi Gaynor in "Friendly Island" and Jane Russell in "It's Only Money."

Burt Lancaster's next is "Ten Tall Men," Kirk Douglas is in "Detective Story," Alan Ladd appears in Hal Wallis's "Red Mountain," Bill Holden's next is "Submarine Command," Tony Curtis is in "Son of Ali Baba" and Jeff Chandler in "Flame of Araby."

THE END

YOU'RE OF VOTING AGE FOR PHOTOPLAY'S COLOR POLL!

So check your candidates below and give your favorites a chance to lead in our color pages

AND

Your favorite actor

Your favorite actress

Your favorite pin-up girl

My name

My age

Mail to: Readers' Poll Editor, c/o Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Wherever you live you can buy
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If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

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Symphony stole
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Furbelow mink choker
15 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Plymouth blouses and skirt
352 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.



Detailed
drawings
of the Rhonda
Fleming—Edith
Head pattern
on page 68



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IF YOU

Give your face a lift!

You'd never suspect it from all the sourfaces you see around, but it's actually easier to be pleasant—and therefore charming—than to be an old grouch.

After all—be realistic—it takes forty-seven facial muscles to cook up a frown. And what do you get for all that work? Wrinkles. With only thirteen muscles you can flash a bright smile . . . a charm indispensable.

What gives then, I wonder, with the weepers and the wailers who can't meet you on the street without trapping you with a long saga about how abused and unappreciated they are, who apparently can't put a sentence together without at least one, "I never get the breaks" or, "I guess I'm just jinxed."

We all know people like that. I just spent the weekend with one. Whew!!

Their best friends should tell them that self-pity is a most insidious little charm killer, that it alienates one's friends, ravages one's appearance, and Heaven only knows what it does to the lining of one's stomach.

The lining of my stomach was raw after three days with my bitter friend. She was my house guest—and by noon on Friday I was counting the hours before Sunday night, and escape!

I suggested a swim; she wanted to tell me about her divorce. I maneuvered her out of a chair after three hours of that and took her out to the



*Even the best of friends
find a bitter pill
is hard to swallow*



*Meeting a date? Too tired to go?
Ten minutes like this
and your glamour will show!*

WANT TO BE CHARMING

play yard to romp with the children. I figured my twins could cheer anybody up. But all children, it turned out, made her nervous.

After dinner, I suggested running a picture in the little theatre—but we never got around to it. She started telling me about the big part she missed out on because the producer had it in for her. And she never came to a period.

"Honey," I felt like saying, "I know you're having a rotten time, but it's your own fault. I don't even feel sorry for you. You feel too all-fired sorry for yourself."

All of us have our miserable days, of course. But those are the days, I think, when we should be hypocrites, when we should put on a bright face and tell the little white lie that will keep our friends sticking by when we need them.

The best-intentioned people in the world will start ducking into doorways when you approach if you insist upon being the down-beat kid.

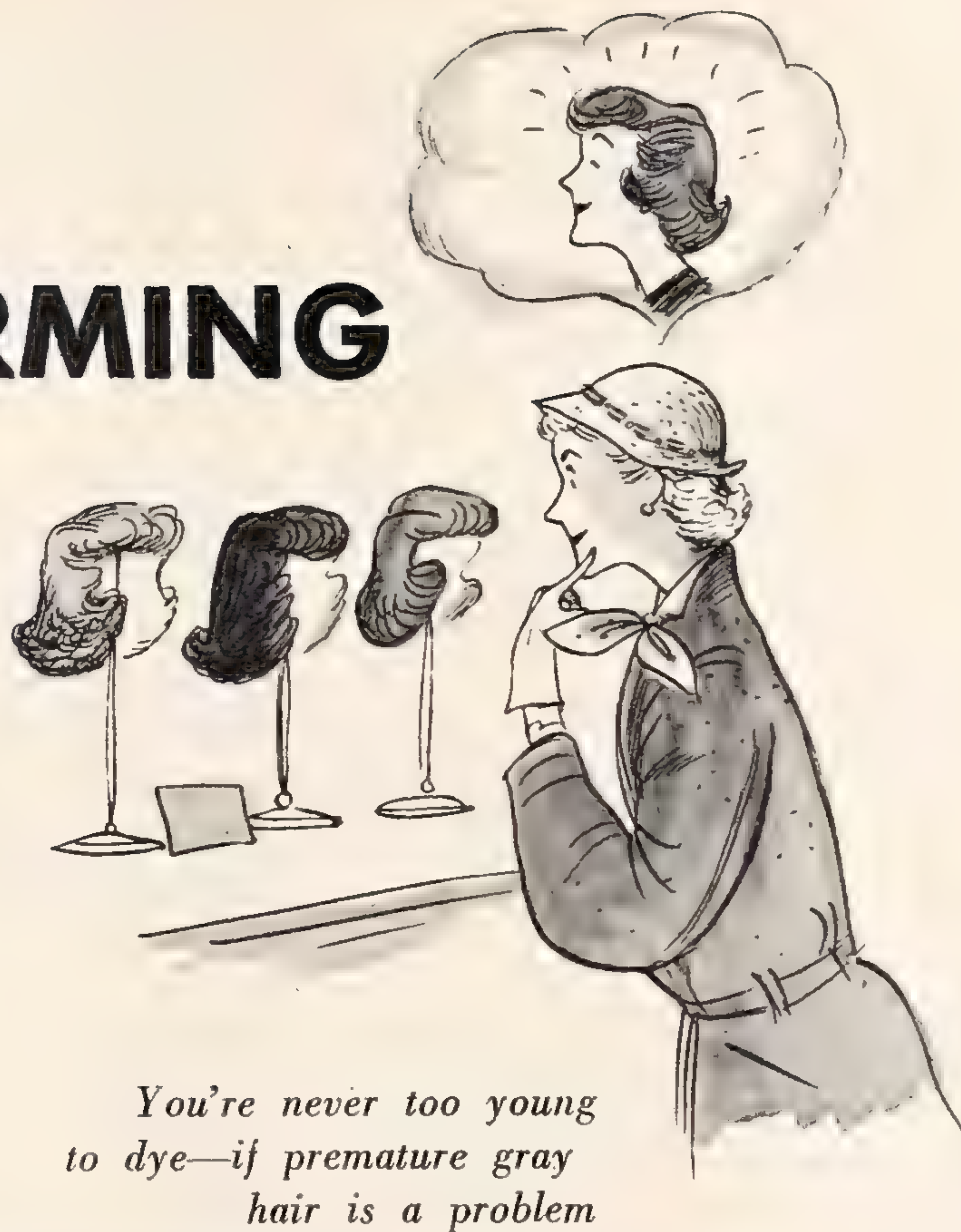
Misery may love company; but unfortunately it doesn't get it.

Are you an artificial flower?

After my lost weekend with Miss Sorry-for-Herself I felt like having some laughs, so I made an appointment for a shampoo at my favorite beauty shop.

My hair-dresser copes with more real problems in a day than my self-pitying friend does in a year, but you'd never know it from her.

She (Continued on page 82)



Act your age! High heels and plunging necklines can change a teenager into a comic character



BY JOAN CRAWFORD

Star of "That Woman is Dangerous"

(Continued from page 60) something just because it cost less."

Every young couple has that big decision to make—whether to spread their money thin and buy complete furnishings of doubtful quality, or whether to invest in a few pieces of really good furniture, that will last a lifetime, adding to it whenever possible. Marsh and Barbara favor the second plan.

Marsh's and Barbara's plan materialized faster than those of most young couples, but, built now or later, the Thompsons' house would be the same, utterly charming, in modified Early American style with loads of used bricks and a shake roof. The motor court in front leads to an attached garage, so the rear yard can be all garden.

They know every inch of it well, for after they worked out the house to fit the site, Marsh and Barbara spent all available time on the premises.

Marsh also had a hand in constructing some of their furniture. With just the usual handy tools that go with every house, he made a simple, hanging, what-not shelf which they use in the living room. For the other pieces, he borrowed the tools and knowledge of a neighbor.

THE living room's to the right of the entrance hall, situated where it doesn't get daily traffic, with large windows on the rear wall that look into the garden, balanced by a massive used-brick fireplace on the opposite wall.

Although Barbara and Marsh had furniture from the apartment, Barbara didn't know where to start on the color scheme. The chintz loveseat wore a Provincial print, mostly dark green with tiny red and blue flowers. Blue flowers blossomed all over the heavy red cotton crash wing chair, and she needed a color to tie all of these together. Then she found the rug, a beautiful silvery blue wool, deep-piled and heavy. She repeated the blue on the painted walls, but chose white for the ceiling, between the beams.

She put white at the windows also, in the Indian Head dutch curtains and, for contrast, used a brown piping trim and brown chintz valance. The brown is used, too, in an antique satin lounge chair, repeated in the brown glazed chintz, with pink, yellow and green pattern, which covers the wing chair in the alcove. The bright red, textured cotton sofa is eye catching, and cheerful.

From the apartment came the pedestal table and the hanging shelf which Marsh had made, the desk and the large cherry-wood hutch. Marsh and Barbara added to these several cherry-wood end tables and a cobblers' bench for the sofa. At Christmastime, Marsh's mother gave them a gay little lamp, a cocky white rooster standing on a red pedestal. It was so perfect for their room, that Marsh bought the matching lamp, a demure little white hen.

The fireplace, though, sets the tone of the living room. It's completely inviting with its raised hearth, the used brick nice against the knotty cedar wall. It's the kind of fireplace that demands a group of people with popcorn and nuts on the hearth and easy conversation flowing around.

Blue is a cold color and usually a blue room doesn't have this friendly quality. However, most of the windows in the Thompsons' living room face south and west, letting in floods of sun all day, therefore the blue is needed to tone it down. Yellow, coral or any of the warm tones would be too much. By contrast, the blue brings out the richness of the cherry-wood furniture and the knotty cedar

panelling. The bright reds, the rich browns and the deep green are set off by the blue, too, so their colors gain intensity and seem more exciting.

If most of the windows faced north, the color scheme would have to be changed. Always consider the amount of sun that comes into your rooms before you choose your colors. Put warm background colors in a room that gets little sun, and cool background colors where the sun floods in.

One of the dreams of the young Thompsons concerned a den. They tried every way to work one into their plans, but had to compromise with a small, panelled alcove at one end of the living room. Cupboards and shelves cover two of the walls, a permanent window looks into the garden,

~~~~~  
★ "Women look at a secret two ways—either it is not worth keeping—or it's too good to be kept!"  
~~~~~

... ALAN LADD

~~~~~  
and the rest is open. There's room for one chair and a table, so Barbara placed her chintz-covered wing chair here, and beside it, Marsh's pedestal table.

The entrance hall ties in beautifully with the living room, for the front wall uses knotty cedar. Barbara chose an exquisite Provincial print paper, white on soft blue. With white stair-rail and white woodwork, it's crisp and charming.

"The dining room's a little disappointing," said Marsh, "for it didn't come up to our expectations, perhaps because we let ourselves be talked out of our own ideas."

"And we can't do anything about it for awhile," chimed in Barbara.

Perhaps the reason they don't warm up to it is because of the wall treatment, which gives the room almost a contemporary feeling. A wainscot of knotty cedar, installed horizontally, travels around the wall but instead of the rich natural finish used in the other rooms, they toned it down with white paint. When white paint is applied to panelling, then rubbed off with a rag, enough stays in the grain of the wood to lighten it and bring out the grain at the same time. It's a wonderful finish, especially when waxed.

Above this wainscot, the wall is painted cocoa brown, and the combination while handsome is more modern than Early American. As soon as a decent interval has elapsed, Barbara vows she's going to put wallpaper on the walls above the wainscot and she's going to use the same blue Provincial paper as that in the hall.

For the floor, Barbara used more of the beautiful, thick blue carpet that's in the living room, and at present she has cotton cottage curtains of a floral print, with blue predominating, hanging at the windows. The Thompsons brought their cherry-wood Lazy Susan table and chairs from the apartment, but to their dismay, the table proved much too small for the area, and there was no way of extending it. Just when they were tearing their hair, Jane Powell and Geary Steffen came up with a suggestion. They had just bought their new house, and the dining table was for sale. Early American style, it was of cherry wood, and perfect for the Thompsons. Marsh and Geary brought it home. The Lazy Susan table takes over at buffet parties.

For most young couples a kitchen is important. Not only does the wife spend a lot of time working there, but guests

naturally gravitate to this center of activity, all of which add up to why a kitchen should be as attractive as the rest of the house. The Thompsons' kitchen certainly qualifies.

They put deep blue quarry tile on all surfaces that get much wear because it's easy to keep clean and is practically indestructible. Natural finish pine cabinets go beautifully with it, are in keeping with the character of the house, and besides, they won't show fingerprints easily. These were all aspects that had to be pointed out to Barbara. She didn't know! Since the kitchen doesn't get much light, they brightened it with gay, yellow spatter print linoleum on the floor, and unbleached muslin curtains at the windows, Dutch style, edged with deep green ruffles.

On the opposite wall there's space for wallpaper, and Barbara chose a chicken pattern, the white chicken strutting around on a dark green background.

If you're saving ideas for that someday when you can build your own house, jot this one down. Instead of having a separate service porch, Marsh put the washing equipment in deep cupboards along one wall, and an adjacent cupboard contains cleaning equipment. A counter with cupboards above, at right angles to the wall, juts into the kitchen and separates the laundry area from the rest of the room. This treatment makes both areas seem larger and easier to work in because there's no solid wall between them.

Even though Marsh and Barbara had to forego their desired den, they incorporated a fireplace into their bedroom, and that almost makes up for the other. It's directly above the living-room fireplace, so that use of the same chimney cut construction costs a little. Knotty cedar panelling covers this wall, and the two features together make it almost a bed-sitting room. Tiny yellow roses bloom on the white wallpaper, white nylon ruffled curtains soften the windows, and the multicord spread, with its quilted top, repeats the yellow, as does the antique satin chair edged with a green chintz ruffle.

The poster bed's really a beauty, the four cherry-wood posts slim and tapering.

Barbara pointed out two more tables which Marsh had made. One's the cherry-wood lamp table, Early American style, which stands beside the bed. The other is quite low, of simple lines, and both Thompsons chuckle when they look at it.

"I made that of wood from our old bed," Marsh explained. "One night I sat on the edge and wham . . . down it came! We slept on mattress and springs for a while after that." It may not have made a good bed, but it makes a fine table.

The hall that leads to the bathroom doubles as a dressing room, its length lined with wardrobes and cupboards engineered to accommodate Marsh's and Barbara's clothing.

Everything's young, the colors, the informality, the freshness of the decoration, and you can tell it's been plain fun for Marsh and Barbara. Marsh put in a lot of time around the place, building brick paths, edging flower beds with bricks, and the next project is a barbecue on the covered porch just outside the living room.

Recently the golf course behind their house was subdivided, with twenty young trees slated to go down before the bulldozer. Marsh took his choice of the group, pressed Roddy MacDowall into service and the two of them vaulted the fence and spent the day digging up trees and replanting them in the Thompsons' back yard. Of such things is a house truly built.

THE END



## Hollywood's First Family

(Continued from page 48) a dope, like thousands of women the world over, whose knowing love builds a haven of warmth for husband and children.

Dick calls her a naive sophisticate. Naive she's always been. Sophistication flowered with emotional security. At a party she used to hang on to his hand till it broke, terrified lest he cast her adrift with someone she might have to talk to. Now you can't shut her up. Leave her alone in a roomful of people, and pretty soon they're clustered around June. Recalling his shy violet of yesteryear, this hands Dick a wallop.

So do her innocent guiles, which she exploits for all they're worth. Dick sees right through them and finds them enchanting. "What a man hates worst is not to be boss in his own home. Believe me, I'm not. But she makes me think I am."

Ask June whether Dick wears the pants, and she turns on you a look of pity and wonder, murmuring gently, "Does any man?"

THE issue involved may be minor, like salad. Dick detests salad before the meat course. "But Richard, you say it's good for me, you want me to eat it. If we don't have it first, I can't eat it at all." So they have it first. He abominates Chinese food. She dotes on it. Every week they show up at the Beachcombers for Chinese food. "If you'd order something decent at least. All you eat is gook."

"Will you take me tomorrow night?"

"No, I have a meeting."

Before the meeting, you'll find them at the Beachcombers, June deep in gook.

They sometimes vacation at Alisal Ranch, American plan. The menu offers four entrees. June ignores all four and smiles at the waiter. "Could I have steak, please?" He tumbles over his feet to promote steak, disrupting the kitchen. Dick contemplates her with mixed feelings. "You're the only girl I know who'd have nerve enough to ask for strawberries at the North Pole. And probably get 'em."

She pats his hand. "Never mind, sweetheart, you can have some of mine."

Her methods seem simple, but they're rooted in delicacy. She doesn't say, "You fix the gin-and-tonics, Richard." She says, "Richard, you fix better gin-and-tonics than I do—" This sounds more charming and saves her just as much work. Spinning her web, she maneuvered the adoption of Pamela.

Not that Dick was opposed to adoption in principle. On the contrary. He didn't have to prove that he loved children. That was demonstrated long since. On the other hand, in the early days of their marriage, responsibility seemed to frighten June. She'd been used to looking only after herself, and shied from household problems like a startled yearling. Yet the doctor's opinion that she might never be able to bear children laid her low. "Let's adopt one then," she pleaded with her husband. "I want children more than anything except you."

"Are you sure, June? Are you sure it's not the romantic thing of seeing yourself with a baby in your arms? That's a pretty picture, but it's not the whole of motherhood, you know."

Of course she was sure, but how could she reassure him? By not pressing too hard, but only hard enough and at the right moment. By letting him see her with other people's children. By asking about his own experiences as a father, and whispering, "Oh, Richard, you know so much. If I handled them wrong, you'd always be there to help me." If he smiled over that little tactic, it didn't matter. He knew she

meant it. In the end, you can tell the genuine from the sham. In the end, they adopted Pamela.

She's past three now, and Dick never ceases to marvel at his wife as a mother. Her patience, her intuitive wisdom, her ability to love without spoiling. "Don't let's ever disagree in front of Pammy, Richard. If I discipline her, and you think I'm wrong, tell me about it later. Else she'll play one against the other."

"Where did you dredge up that pearl?"

"From an oyster who read Gesell. Seriously, though, I've seen too many brats around and I can't stand them—"

He doesn't interfere, unless appealed to. "I don't think Pammy ought to play with that water, Richard. She's just over a cold."

"Darling, you're seven feet away from her and you're her mother. Want me to play the heavy?" Then he relents. "Pam, I believe if you'd be a little nicer and say, 'Mommy, may I just have a cupful?' she might say yes."

Her fear of overindulgence led to their first disagreement on the subject of Pam. At eighteen months, June tried to teach her not to touch things on tables. Dick thought she was too young. "Let her do as she likes."

Next day the house was a shambles. "I let her do as she liked," announced June meekly.

Dick surveyed the scene. "Sure you didn't lend her a hand?"

This restored good cheer, and a compromise was effected.

WHETHER for good or ill, June never breaks a promise to Pamela. If she says, "We'll go to the beach," they go to the beach, though it's pouring. Seeing the dreariness for herself, Pam's satisfied to turn back. June doesn't scold or nag. She hates the squawk of voices lifted in anger, especially to a child. But she believes in spanking, when indicated. One day she kissed a visiting baby. Later Pam climbed into her lap, and dug her fingers into June's cheek till it hurt. Realizing that her daughter was probably jealous, June cuddled her but Pam dug again.

"Pammy, I don't like to punish you, but if you do that once more, I'll have to spank you."

She did it once more, and June took her to her room. "Don't spank me, Mommy—"

"You know I always keep my word."

"Then don't spank me hard."

"I'll spank you the way I think you should be spanked," and she really paddled the fanny. "Now you stay here for a while, and when you're sure you're going to be a nice girl, come to Mommy's room and make up."

It seemed a long time before the feet pattered down the hall, and the head was stuck in. "Mommy, I'm good now, isn't I?"

Given plenty of love but not allowed to run wild, Pam shows the results—a friendly merry youngster—a joy instead of a pain in the neck to all who know her. And she's not jealous of Ricky. But that's a story in itself.

From start to finish, the advent of Ricky was a miracle. They were planning to adopt another child when June found she was pregnant and entered a world of pure bliss, crowned by the baby's birth. "I was in labor for eighteen hours," she crows, "and loved every minute of it—"

"Only an Allyson," says Dick, "could make that statement. I prowled with the usual headache. She came out waving to everyone. 'I just had a boy—'"

"And won five dollars—"

She'd bet Dick five to one it would be a boy and, fully conscious, waited for the

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doctor's announcement. "Holy mackerel!" she heard him exclaim. "He looks just like Dick."

"Holy mackerel!" she heard herself echo. "How lucky can you get!"

Actually, she thinks God was looking out for them. Like Pam, Ricky was an incubator baby, kept at the hospital a week after June came home. All that week Pam had her mother to herself. Nobody took Mommy away from her. Daddy brought the baby in, just as he'd brought Pamela in three years earlier.

This formed a bond, but it was by no means the first. For months they'd been telling her about the coming baby. "It may be a sister or a brother, we're not sure. But we're getting it for you, Pammy. We love you so much that we don't want you to be lonesome." By the time Ricky came, the idea that he belonged to her had been well planted. Dick fostered it with a wise ruling. Anyone who wanted to see the baby was to talk to Pam first and ask, "May I see your little brother?" For the most part, permission is freely granted. To one visitor she said gravely: "Better wait a while. Right now he's crying his brain out because he isn't as pretty as I am."

When one child's adopted and the other isn't, a special problem arises. If God arranged certain matters, as June likes to believe, she and Dick didn't leave the whole job to Him. As soon as Pam was old enough to understand stories, they began with the story of her adoption. How they wanted a baby so badly. How they looked and looked for so long. How they walked into this big building with hundreds of babies till they finally came to the tiniest bassinet where the tiniest baby lay, and she was so wonderful that out of all the children in the world Mommy and Daddy picked her, and what do you think her name was? Pamela.

The story's grown dear and familiar. "Tell me about the baby you found whose name was Pamela." If some kid ever says, "You're adopted," it won't bother Pam. To her, adoption—even though she can't pronounce it—means love. "I'm adopinated," she'll tell you. "Ricky isn't. But Mommy and Daddy love him the same as me."

**O**FTEN, when children enter the life of a deeply maternal woman, friend husband takes a back seat, to the detriment of all concerned. Both Powells adore their kids. But Dick knows that with June he'll never play second fiddle. Which forms another cornerstone of their solid marriage.

As a matter of fact, she's lost without him. Give June her choice, and he'd never leave her side. Under contract to M-G-M, she has nothing to do between pictures but wait for the next. Dick has plenty to do. As a free lance, he must wade through oceans of drivel, hoping at last to turn up a suitable script. Besides, he has other business irons in the fire, and an office where he toils from ten to six. All this is clear to his wife, who likes to ignore it. "Can't you stay home today?"

"Look, my sweet and lovely, lazy wonderful girl, you've got just one fault. Why don't you find yourself a hobby?"

"You're my hobby. Also I play tennis and golf. But will you play with me—?"

"No. Not till you take lessons and learn to play well enough."

"Let's change the subject. What time will you be home?"

If he's later than she expects, she won't whistle. Home means gaiety to Dick. The minute he steps inside, he whistles. June whistles back. When silence answers his call, he goes hunting and finds her curled in a reproachful heap. "You're no fun," says he. "I'm leaving." Before he reaches the door, she's round his neck and swallowed in his arms.

Their companionship rests on something more basic than golf. They have humor and understanding. June regards Dick as the world's funniest man. She's no slouch herself. So long as they can make with the verbal parry-and-thrust, life will never be dull. But ribbing stops short of the sore point and neither needs to be told when that point has been reached.

Dick ribs June about her housekeeping. "You and your beautiful typewritten lists: 'Here's what I'd like to have done—' But do you ever check up to see if it gets done. Good thing we've got some wonderful people with us who know what we like."

"Who tells them what we like in the first place?"

"I do—"

"Who tells the laundress how to launder and where to put the things. I do. Who tells Ora about the time for dinner? I do. And who changes it? You do. You say, 'Listen, sweetheart, let's have a good early dinner—' Then you come home and say, 'Why so early?' because you've got to phone for ninety-nine hours and ruin the roast. Who lays out your clothes—?"

"You do. Once every seven months because you want them out of the closet. Who fires people—?"

"You do. And for all we know, they may be starving in the gutter. How can you, Richard?"

"Because I've been fired a thousand times and learned the technique. Am I starving in the gutter?"

"You certainly don't look it. Besides, I did fire one person."

"Why?"

"Because you bet me 150 to one I wouldn't, and I'm a girl who likes a dollar."

"What was your technique, by the way?"

"I said, 'I'd love to keep you but Richard Powell thinks we'd better part.' She skips hastily on. 'Who worries about you? I do. Who asked you 700 times last night to put on your coat?'"

"You did. And who finally put it on?"

"I did. Because I was cold and you weren't. But I do worry about you, Richard. You're so luscious, I want you around for a long time."

"Let's not get confused. Let's stick to the point. Housekeeping—"

"Confusion's nicer. It keeps us young and healthy. Let's stay confused."

Except that she likes a dollar, June will



*June donned teeth braces to masquerade as child prodigy in first picture since Ricky's birth, "Too Young to Kiss"*

have nothing to do with business. That's Dick's province. He pays more attention to her career than his own. She offers a single monotonous contribution. "Please let me play the girl in your next picture." "The Reformer and the Redhead" was okay with Dick, but he let her do "Right Cross" against his better judgment.

"It's no good for you, June."

"Oh, Richard, please. I learned so much from you last time. It won't hurt me to learn a little more."

He goes through her scripts first, and beats her over the head to read the good ones. "I'll read it in bed tonight—" She falls asleep. "I promise you I'll read it before lunch—" That afternoon she calls him. "The studio just phoned. What'll I tell them?"

"Didn't you read the script?"

"I knew there was something I had to do, but I couldn't think what." She manages to sound penitent, impish and conspiratorial all in one breath. "I've got to call back, Richard. What'll I tell them?"

**I**T'S been rumored that June would like to give up her work. This is inaccurate. She'd like to work and stay home at the same time. Between pictures she spends most of her day with the children. When shooting starts and Pam says, "Don't go to the studio, Mommy," it slays her. Home again, she makes a beeline for the nursery. Ricky knows her footsteps, starts cooing like crazy, grabs his feet and rocks in sheer ecstasy. Though he's a happy, smiling baby, he'll put this performance on for no one but Ma. And she wouldn't trade ten Oscars for it.

"This is the thing," she explains earnestly—it's her usual introduction to earnest speech. "This is the thing. What kind of marriage is it if your husband and children don't come uppermost? But that's not to say I don't love my career. Only maybe not as much as some actresses. To love it that much, maybe you have to be a better actress."

Maybe. The public, who continues to rate her among the top ten, seems to have no beef.

The Powells find their zest for living within themselves. You won't see them at night clubs and rarely at preems. Their idea of nothing is to get gussied up and be stared at. Because he likes comfortable clothes and not meeting important people, Dick sometimes threatens to retire. This is the bunk. To keep his mind alive, he's got to have a thousand things going. But their pleasures are quiet ones. They decided, for instance, that the children needed a bricked play yard to keep them off the wet grass. Instead of calling a man, they built it themselves, building memories with it. The day they dug and dug together, getting filthy dirty and laughing their fool heads off. The day Dick shoveled sand and sank the six-inch edge, with June flittering about as supervisor, looking for trouble.

"Darling, don't the boards fit?"

"Darling, I'm a frustrated carpenter. I'll make 'em fit—" The day June laid bricks and Pam helped after her fashion and Ricky lay on his stomach, a sports spectator. The day it was finished, and how Pam walked straight past the sandpile to the dollhouse in the corner and knelt before it and lifted to them the face of a dreaming child in wonderland. Items like these don't hit the gossip columns. They merely enrich daily living for June and Dick Powell.

After Ricky's been kissed goodnight, after Pammy rides up to bed on her daddy's shoulders, they sit down to dinner. Dick tells June about his day. Not the business details, he gave that up long ago. But he's met some friends or something diverting's hap- (Continued on page 79)



## Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ (F) *ALICE IN WONDERLAND*—Disney RKO: All the beloved characters of the Lewis Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magic animation of Walt Disney. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL*—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley, automatically retired at sixty-five, dyes his beard and cuts up with Constance Bennett—ex-boss Albert Dekker's wife—to prove that there's life in the old boy yet. With Jean Peters, Marilyn Monroe, David Wayne. (Aug.)

✓½ (F) *CATTLE DRIVE*—U-I: Dean Stockwell, stranded after leaving his father's private railroad car, meets up with cowhand Joel McCrea and after a two weeks' trek across the desert becomes a new boy. With Chill Wills. (Oct.)

✓✓½ (A) *DAVID AND BATHSHEBA*—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular Technicolor production of the Biblical love story involving *King David* and the wife of one of his soldiers. With Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward as the lovers and Raymond Massey, Kieron Moore, Jayne Meadows. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *EXCUSE MY DUST*—M-G-M: Fairly entertaining Technicolor musical with Red Skelton, as an inventor who tries to perfect the horseless carriage, providing the laughs; Sally Forrest, the dances and romance; Monica Lewis, the songs and Macdonald Carey some plot complications. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *FOUR IN A JEEP*—U.A.: An unusual movie laid in post-war Vienna with Ralph Meeker, Dinan, Yoseph Yadin and Michael Medwin as the soldiers of four nations who patrol the International Zone together and Viveca Lindfors as the Austrian girl who seeks their help. (Sept.)

✓✓½ (A) *FROGMEN, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews and Gary Merrill star in a spine-tingling tale of men in World War II who faced death in the ocean's depths. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *GUY WHO CAME BACK, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Amusing screen fare in which Paul Douglas, an ex-football star, is persuaded by siren Linda Darnell that his days as a champ and a Great Lover are not over—much to the distress of wife Joan Bennett. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *HAPPY GO LOVELY*—RKO: Vera Ellen's terrific dancing keeps this British-made Technicolor musical from getting too bogged down by that old, tired, mistaken identity plot. With David Niven, Cesar Romero. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *HARD, FAST AND BEAUTIFUL*—RKO: Claire Trevor as a greedy mother who'd stop at nothing to turn her daughter, Sally Forrest, into a champion in this behind-the-scenes story of "amateur" tennis. With Robert Clarke. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *HE RAN ALL THE WAY*—U.A.: Wanted for a hold-up murder, John Garfield hides out in Shelley Winters' home hoping to keep her family as hostages until he can make a getaway. A suspenseful drama. With Wallace Ford, Selena Royle. (Sept.)

✓✓½ (F) *HERE COMES THE GROOM*—Paramount: Bing Crosby returns from abroad with war orphans Jackie Gencel and Beverly Washburn to find his girl, Jane Wyman, about to wed Franchot Tone. The methods he uses to prevent the marriage make this a zingy comedy. With Alexis Smith. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *IRON MAN, THE*—U-I: A dynamic fight film with Jeff Chandler as a hard-hitting boxer whose murderous temper makes him the most thoroughly hated man in the ring. With Stephen McNally, Evelyn Keyes, Rock Hudson. (Sept.)

✓✓✓ (F) *JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN*—Warners: Story of the great Indian athlete which covers his early days in college, his rise and fall as a champion and his eventual rehabilitation. Burt Lancaster, Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter and Charles Bickford. (Aug.)

✓✓½ (A) *KIND LADY*—M-G-M: The classic Shakespearean actor, Maurice Evans, makes his screen debut as a charming and evil ringleader in a plot to take over the home of Ethel Barrymore by convincing everyone of her insanity. With Betsy Blair, Keenan Wynn, Angela Lansbury. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *LAW AND THE LADY, THE*—M-G-M: Lady's maid Greer Garson and black sheep nobleman Michael Wilding form a partnership to fleece millionaires in this sprightly comedy. With Fernando Lamas, Marjorie Main. (Oct.)

✓½ (A) *LITTLE EGYPT*—U-I: There's more conversation than swinging and swaying in this fanciful take-off on the story of the famous turn-of-the-century hooch dancer. With Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens, Nancy Guild. (Oct.)

✓½ (A) *LONG DARK HALL, THE*—U.A.: A British import with plenty of suspense revolving around trial and conviction of Rex Harrison for the murder of Patricia Wayne. Lilli Palmer, Mrs. Harrison off-screen, plays his faithful wife. (Aug.)

✓½ (A) *MAGIC FACE, THE*—Columbia: Even if you won't go along with the theory that Hitler was killed midway in the war and an actor hired to impersonate him, you'll be interested in this unusual melodrama. With Luther Adler, Patricia Knight. (Oct.)

✓½ (F) *MARK OF THE RENEGADE*—U-I: A fast moving adventure film set in olden golden California with Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Charisse and Gilbert Roland. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL*—20th Century-Fox: Clifton Webb pretends he's seventy and enters, along with pandemonium and havoc, an old age home. With Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *MISTER DRAKE'S DUCK*—U-I: A whimsical comedy of events that occur when Douglas Fairbanks and Yolande Dolan, honeymooning on his farm, find one of their ducks lays uranium eggs.

✓½ (A) *MR. IMPERIUM*—M-G-M: Lana Turner loves and loses Ezio Pinza twice—to the call of his country, in beautiful but numb Technicolor produc-

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tion. With Debbie Reynolds, Marjorie Main. (Oct.)  
✓✓½ (A) *MOB, THE*—Columbia: Policeman Brod Crawford secures a job as a dock worker in order to bring himself in contact with the "mob" responsible for the murder of which a fellow officer has been accused. Rugged action drama. With newcomers, Betty Buehler, Richard Kiley. (Oct.)  
✓✓½ (A) *NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY*—20th Century-Fox: Jimmy Stewart, convinced that a certain type of metal can cause a plane to lose its tail, inadvertently becomes a passenger on just that kind of plane. An unusual and exciting comedy co-starring Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns. (Oct.)  
✓½ (F) *ON MOONLIGHT BAY*—Warners: When Doris Day and Gordon MacRae fall in love, they have plenty of trouble coping with papa Leon Ames and kid brother Billy Gray, in this nostalgic Technicolor musical. (Oct.)  
(F) *PARDON MY FRENCH*—U.A.: American school teacher, Merle Oberon, inherits a French chateau and becomes involved with musician Paul Henreid and his five children. (Oct.)  
✓½ (A) *PEKING EXPRESS*—Paramount: Intrigue in the Orient with UN doctor Joseph Cotten. French singer Corinne Calvet and missionary Edmund Gwenn held as hostages by black marketeer Marvin Miller. (Sept.)  
✓✓✓ (A) *PLACE IN THE SUN, A*—Paramount: The three stars give superlative performances in this heartbreaking and modern screen version of "An American Tragedy," with Monty Clift as the confused young man whose ambition and love for Liz Taylor leads to Shelley Winters' undoing. (Sept.)  
✓✓✓ (F) *RHUBARB*—Paramount: Hilarious farce about a spirited cat who inherits a baseball team and \$30,000,000. Ray Milland is the cat's guardian and Jan Sterling Ray's Rhubarb-allergic fiancée. With Gene Lockhart. (Oct.)  
✓✓ (F) *RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY*—M-G-M: When millionaire Wendell Corey takes daughter Jane Powell to Paris, he doesn't count on her meeting her mother, Danielle Darrieux, new beau Vic Damone. With Fernando Lamas, Una Merkel. (Oct.)  
✓✓ (A) *SATURDAY'S HERO*—Columbia: A disillusioning exposé of the college football scene with John Derek, Donna Reed, Sidney Blackmer, Alexander Knox. (Oct.)  
✓✓ (A) *SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford leads Richard Hylton, Zachary Scott and two other fellow convicts to a mountain settlement where they are reluctantly given refuge by Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Barbara Bates and Ann Dvorak. Exciting! (Oct.)  
✓✓✓ (F) *SHOW BOAT*—M-G-M: The third and Technicolor screen version of immortal Jerome Kern-Edna Ferber operetta starring Kathryn Grayson as *Magnolia*, Howard Keel as *Gay*, Ava Gardner as *Julie*. With Joe E. Brown, Agnes Moorehead and that sensational dance team Marge and Gower Champion. (Aug.)  
✓½ (A) *SIROCCO*—Columbia: There's political and amorous intrigue in this not too successful carbon copy of "Casablanca," with Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb. (Sept.)  
✓½ (A) *ST. BENNY THE DIP*—U.A.: Amusing story of three hoodlums who don ecclesiastical vestments in order to evade the police, and how each finds regeneration. With Dick Haymes, Roland Young, Lionel Stander, Nina Foch. (Sept.)  
✓✓✓ (A) *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*—Warners: Neurotic Robert Walker meets tennis champ Farley Granger in a club car, discusses a diabolical scheme for a double murder and then, without Farley's knowledge, carries out his end of it. What happens next makes this a chilling, thrilling adventure. With Ruth Roman, Pat Hitchcock. (Aug.)  
✓✓✓ (A) *STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, A*—Warners: Magnificent screen version of the play about a tragic Southern belle. Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden give Academy Award caliber performances. (Sept.)  
✓✓ (F) *STRICTLY DISHONORABLE*—M-G-M: A light-weight but entertaining comedy filled with complications when middle-aged opera star Ezio Pinza falls for naive Southern girl Janet Leigh. With Maria Palmer. (Sept.)  
✓✓ (F) *THAT'S MY BOY*—Paramount: You'll laugh till your sides split when stringbean Jerry Lewis sets out to be a football star with the help of college hero Dean Martin. With Ruth Hussey, Marion Marshall. (Sept.)  
✓✓ (A) *THUNDER ON THE HILL*—U-I: A tense melodrama in which nun Claudette Colbert tries to prove Ann Blyth innocent of the murder charges against her. With Philip Friend, Robert Douglas, Anne Crawford. (Oct.)  
✓½ (A) *TWO OF A KIND*—Columbia: Routine melodrama in which Liz Scott and Alexander Knox conspire to have Edmond O'Brien pose as long-lost son of a millionaire in order to make some easy money. With Terry Moore. (Sept.)  
✓½ (F) *WARPATH*—Paramount: A rough and vigorous Western in which Edmond O'Brien enlists as a private in the Seventh Cavalry to track down the men responsible for his fiancée's death. With Polly Bergen, Dean Jagger, Forrest Tucker. (Sept.)  
✓✓½ (F) *WELL, THE*—U.A.: A gripping movie about the riots that ensue after a little Negro girl falls into a well and a white man is accused of her kidnapping. With Henry Morgan, Barry Kelly, Gwendolyn Laster. (Oct.)  
✓✓½ (F) *WHEN I GROW UP*—U.A.: Bobby Driscoll plays a dual role in this tender family portrait about a boy, his dad, and grand-dad and problems two of them faced in their youth. (Aug.)  
✓✓ (F) *WHISTLE AT EATON FALLS, THE*—Columbia: A lecture on labor problems with Lloyd Bridges as a union leader who is made president of the factory and is forced to do the very things he had fought against in the past. With Dorothy Gish, Carleton Carpenter, Diana Douglas. (Sept.)



(Continued from page 76) pened and, if not, he can always make it sound diverting. June gives out with fascinating trivia about the kids. Ricky's nurse is English. "Your daughter now pronounces it 'bahth.' Any minute she's going to pick up the phone and say, 'Pam here—' Oh Richard, she called me Mrs. Powell today—"

"Why so formal? She calls me Richard—"

June looks aghast. "What are we going to do?"

"Incarcerate her."

"But I want her to call us Mommy and Daddy."

"Then that's what we'll have to call each other when she's around."

This has grown to be such a habit that June sometimes forgets and calls him Daddy outside. It flusters her. She thinks it sounds real horrid.

To say that they live like the average family would be silly. They have more house, help, income than the average.

Their house, incidentally, is English Colonial, set in about two and half acres of land. Downstairs there are six rooms, including two for the domestic staff—a butler, a cook and a nurse for the children. Upstairs there are six rooms and four baths, Pam and Ricky's suite consisting of two rooms and bath, Dick's combination den and dressing room with a bath, and June's mirrored dressing room with bath, off their master bedroom. Also a guest room and bath. There are no tennis courts, no swimming pool—but the Powells' home has spaciousness, graciousness and a tangible charm.

The razzle-dazzle so often tied up with the name of Hollywood leaves them untouched. Living in Connecticut, their routine would be much the same. They have a group of close friends—the Edgar Bergens, the Justin Darts, the Leonard Firestones. They play tennis on the Bergen courts and swim in the Dart pool. They entertain often but informally. June picks up the phone. "Come on over to dinner."

There's never any shoptalk. June and Dick don't believe in boring their friends. The world is wide and holds many interests. Discussion ranges from politics through golf to babies. They're all vitally concerned with a prospective adoption center, incorporated by the Powells and thirty-three other backers under the name of California Cradle, Inc. Incurably civic-minded, Dick's had the bug in his head for years. Pamela's coming stirred them both to action. The project's still in its beginning stage. Meanwhile they confer with authorities and attend meetings, trying to learn how best they can serve the community.

**H**IS wife's whimsicalities keep Dick in a constant flow of spirits. She's under the impression that they breakfast together every morning. Her husband corrects her. "When you're working, I get up and have breakfast with you. When I'm working I get up and have breakfast—"

"But when you're at a meeting, I can't go to sleep till you're home."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, but it's nice."

For each child she planted a tree—a peach for Pamela, a plum for Ricky. "It'll never grow there," said Dick when he saw the peach tree.

The gardener scratched his head. "What a place for a tree!"

"That's where my wife wanted it."

"Oh." They exchanged glances, and the tree was transplanted.

June glories in it. "See how it's growing, and you said it wouldn't, Richard."

"But, Junie, we moved it."

"That's what I mean, and it's growing anyway. Aren't you glad?"

This kind of thing, which might unnerve a man, brightens Dick's days. He's in any case not easily unnerved, and his equanimity's a source of great comfort to June. Her boiling point's lower. When they tiff, she's usually the one to apologize, because she's usually wrong. "Once I

wasn't wrong. Only I can't remember what I wasn't wrong about." Any uncomplimentary reference to Dick sends her into a fury. She thinks his heart must be broken. He grins, "You're just too emotional. I'm sure it wasn't meant the way it sounds."

She speaks of him as the finest gentleman she knows, and uses the word in its original sense. He's gentle in his relationships with people; and especially with her. It shows up in large ways and small. In gifts, for instance. When they wheeled her from the delivery room after Ricky's birth, he slipped on her finger a duplicate of her diamond wedding band. She has a mania for little pins. To celebrate Pam's coming, he had three small figures designed, star sapphires for bodies, pearls for heads. "The big one's me, the middle one's you, the little one's Pammy." Last Christmas two pearl-winged angels with sapphire eyes lay side by side on their velvet bed—sister and tiny brother.

"Oh, Richard. And all I ever give you are shirts that don't fit and ties you think are awful."

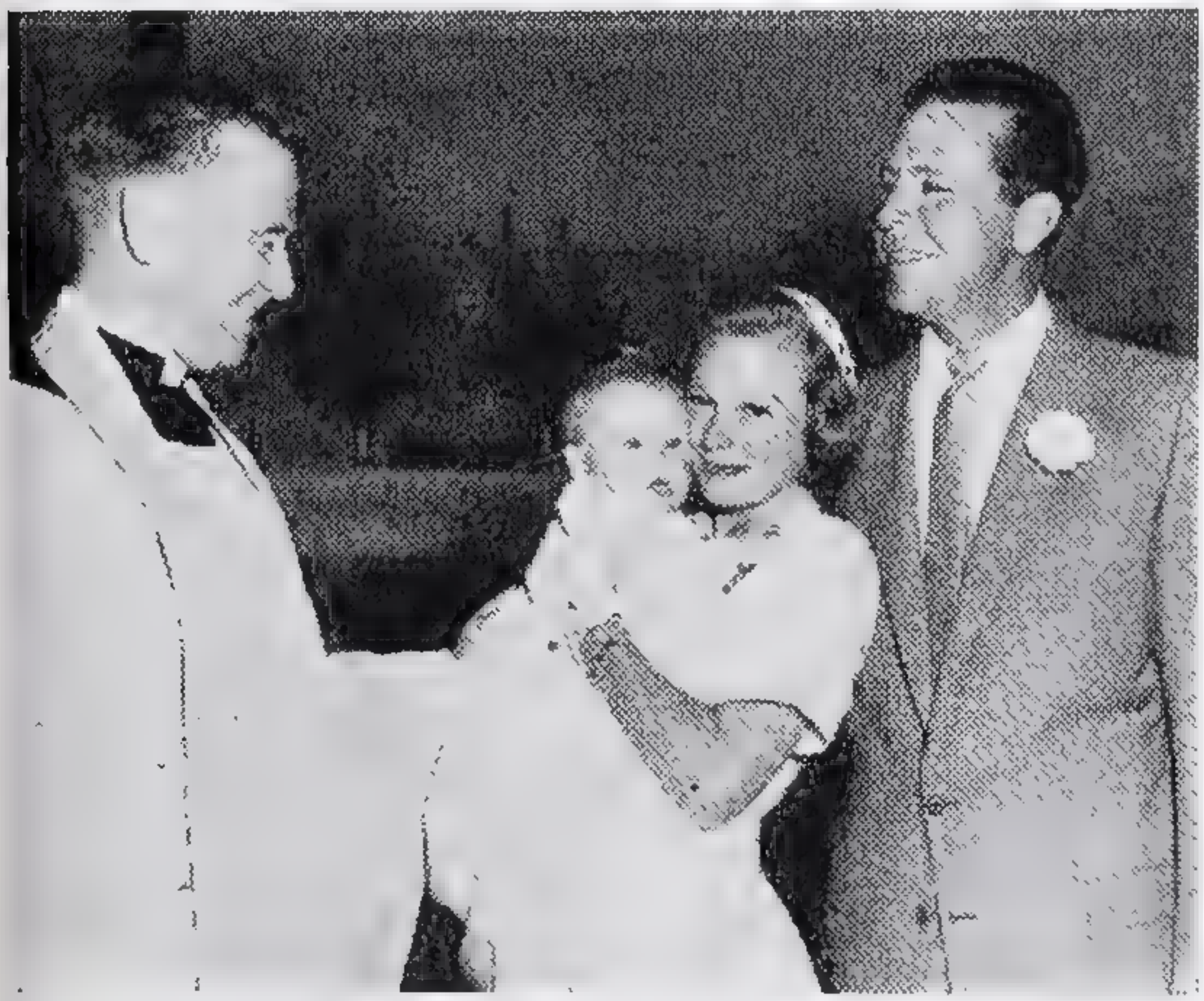
Some Hollywood stars are superstitious about marriage stories. Secure in the strength and sanity of their union, these two have no such qualms.

"We've been married six years," says June. "Not a day's gone by when we haven't told each other, 'I love you—' At least once."

"More often fifty times," amends the breezy Powell, who wouldn't be caught dead on the screen with a line that corny. "Never in my life was I happy till I met this idiot. And she knows it. I'll stick out my neck farther." A grin crinkles the corners of his eyes. "We're the happiest stinkin' couple this side of paradise, and we always will be."

June puts on her earnest face. "This is the thing. What's there to be afraid of when you're sure?"

THE END



Richard Keith Powell accepted his name with blue-eyed wonder. Above, Rev. Kermit Castellanos, June, Ricky, Dick Powell

## the Christening

BY DIANE SCOTT

"ISN'T he just too beautiful?" June sighed, giving a final maternal swirl to Ricky's big golden curl. And "beautiful" was the right word. Thumbing through the family album fifteen years hence Richard Keith Powell probably will hate the whole tribe for his christening ensemble,

a French original, one of his Godmothers, Frances Bergen, brought him from an exclusive shop on the Riviera. . . . She purchased it before Ricky was even born—therefore without knowing whether she was buying it for a boy or a girl.

The Reverend Kermit Castellanos administered the christening rite in the chancel of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. And throughout the whole ceremony Ricky, to put it mildly, was in rare form.

While the Minister read the Ministration of Holy Baptism, he watched with interested wide-open blue eyes—the way a child listens to a fairy tale, ready to send you back to the beginning if you skip so much as one syllable.

When Frances Bergen held him he spied her pearls and all but yanked them right off her neck.

Luckily, at this point the Minister took him and handed him to his second Godmother, Bunny Greene. Immediately he began to chew on Bunny's prayer book. He was making fair progress, too, when, again just in time, the Minister retrieved him and passed him to Godmother Frances again.

Ricky was also pleasantly impressed when the Minister sprinkled his head with

Holy Water. And when he made the sign of the cross on his forehead with his thumb, Ricky could restrain himself no longer. "Oooh—Ooh—OOOhhh," he cooed, really repeating himself.

"It will be so simple," June had told Dick when they had discussed Ricky's christening. "There's nothing to it. I'll arrange for everything."

June was right, it was simple—for her. She just ordered the white carnations for the church and suggested Dick wear his gray and black striped necktie. Everything else was arranged by Dick. At the last minute June, who seldom wears hats, discovered she had no hat to go with her white linen dress designed with insets of Irish linen lace. So her friend, Mrs. Harvey Firestone, loaned her a chic white criss-cross beanie. Pamela, with no appropriate hat either, wore a garland of sweet peas across her hair, the very thing to go with her yellow organdy.

Undoubtedly, Ricky's producer-father was appreciative of Ricky's performance—and glad they have him all signed up for life with no options. But as a parent Dick, I'm sure, was relieved when the christening was completed without any fatalities.

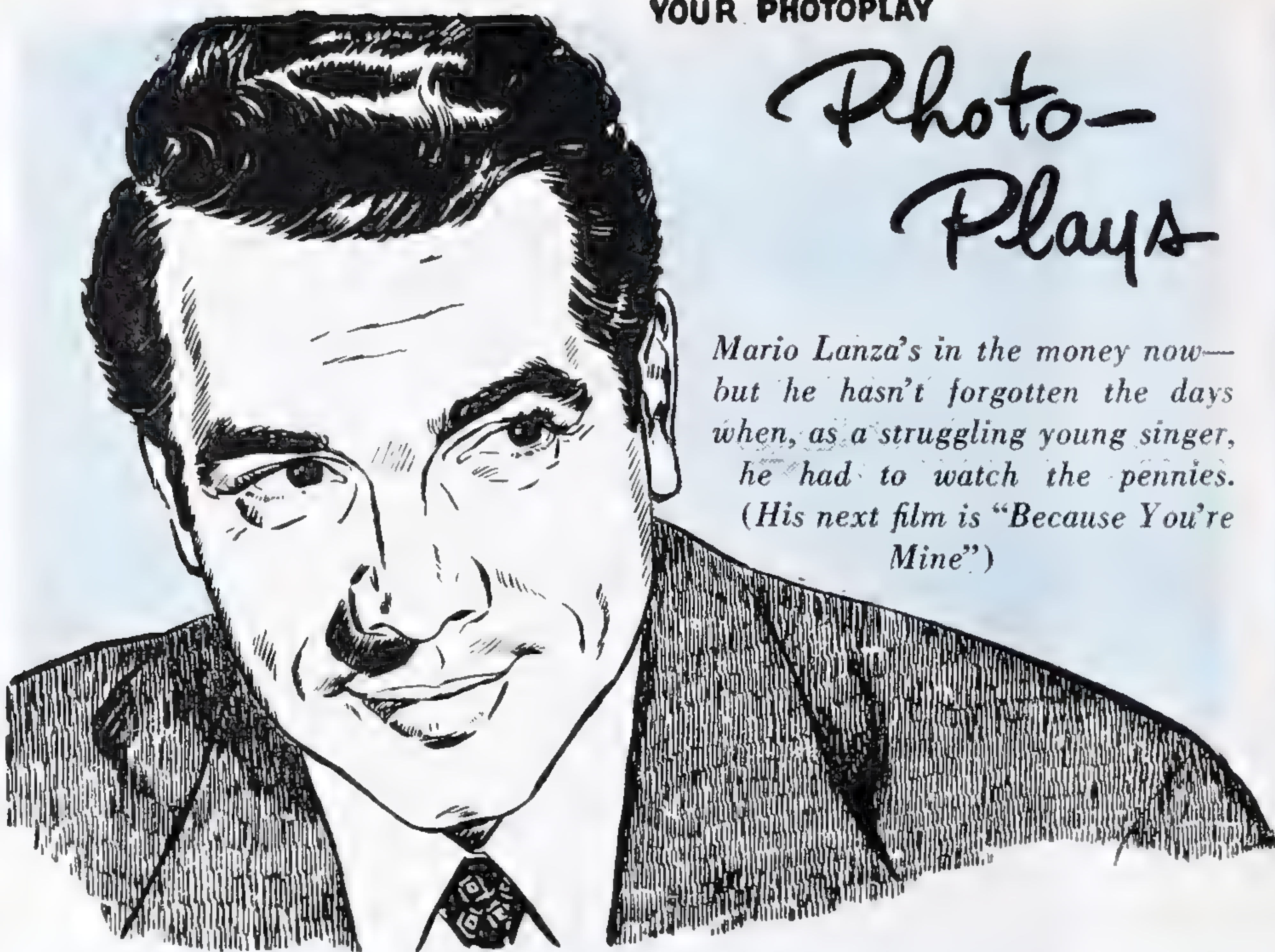
As one Godmother fastened her pearl choker, and the other tried to straighten out the dampened curled edges of her prayer book—I heard June say, "You see, Richard, there's nothing to it."

But I didn't hear an answer.

THE END



# Photo-Plays



Mario Lanza's in the money now—but he hasn't forgotten the days when, as a struggling young singer, he had to watch the pennies. (His next film is "Because You're Mine")



One day Mario and wife, Betty, were going over bills. "I bet you a new hat," he exclaimed, "that if I were running this house I could cut . . .



... those bills in half!" "Okay!" agreed Betty. "Take over!" When Mario let the milkman talk him into buying a cheaper product which she had resisted for months, she didn't say a . . .



... word. She didn't even protest when Mario staggered home with an armload of gadgets he insisted would save time and money—even when most of them didn't work! But she . . .



... really had to bite her tongue when the new economy laundry delivered her best tablecloth—hopelessly torn! Later that same night, she found Mario adding up the bills. She . . .



... peeked over his shoulder—and gasped. Mario looked up—and grinned ruefully. "You get two hats, Honey!" he said. "I didn't cut the bills in half! I doubled 'em!"



## she's Engaged...

Next spring wedding bells will ring for Betty Jeanne Dixon of South Hadley, and Lt. Stanley Marshall Prouty, Jr. They announced their engagement at his West Point graduation. They'll have a military wedding in May—Betty Jeanne will be a *darling* bride.

## she's Lovely

Betty is charming as a Dresden figurine, with blue eyes and an *exquisite* complexion. Her lovely face gives you a provocative glimpse of her delightful Inner Self. Betty Jeanne goes to your heart at first glance.

## she uses Pond's

*"Look  
your prettiest  
and you feel  
more poised"*

... says Betty Jeanne



Betty's Ring



A gay and happy *confidence* bolsters you when you know you look your very nicest.

Betty feels that every girl's first step towards looking her best is clean, soft skin.

"I couldn't skip my nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," Betty says. "It's a beauty routine that really pays off—makes my skin feel superbly *smooth* and *clean*."

Your skin, too, will love the soft smoothness that comes from using Pond's faithfully. Do it as Betty does, every night (day face cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

**Hot Stimulation**—give face a good hot water splashing.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—a *wonderful* reward! That glowing complexion that smiles from your mirror!

It's **not vanity** to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your prettiest self, a captivating confidence sparkles in your face—attracts others to you *on sight*!



Get a big jar  
of Pond's today

Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

Betty Jeanne Dixon has the *loveliest* complexion. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream," she says.



# First Aid For ACID INDIGESTION



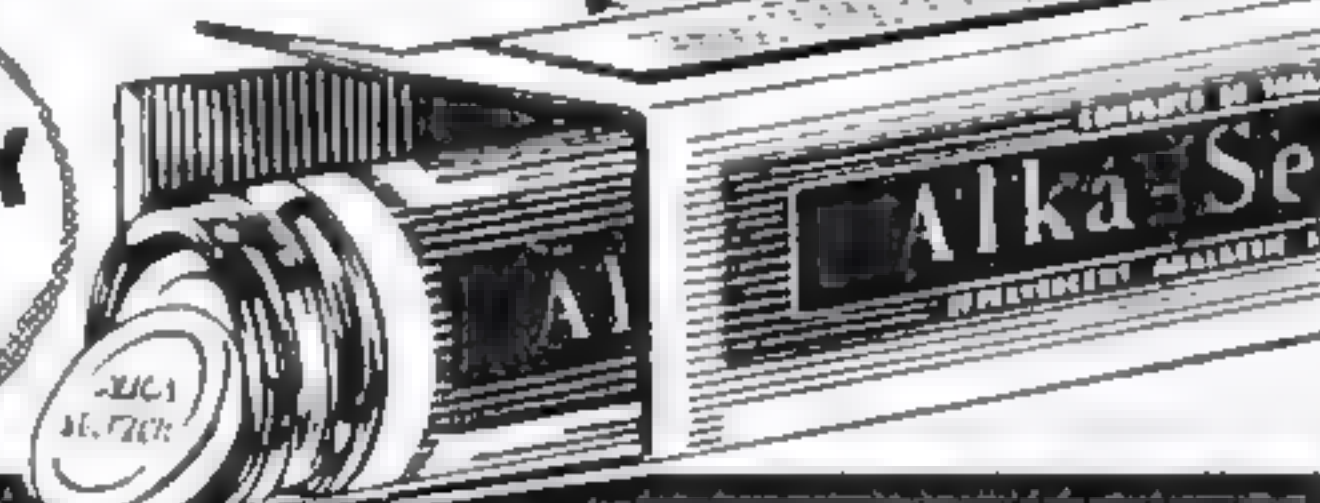
Your  
**BEST  
FRIEND**

Is a Glass of  
Sparkling,  
Refreshing

**ALKA-  
SELTZER**

Dependable  
FAST ACTING  
Pleasant Tasting  
ALKALIZING  
Not A Laxative

ALSO  
RELIEF  
FOR  
HEADACHE  
COLD MISERY  
MUSCULAR PAIN



AT ALL DRUG STORES • U. S. and CANADA

(Continued from page 73) always has one or two new stories, she greets you with a smile so genuine that you feel happier just looking at her—she's busting out all over with what I call charm. "I need a laugh," I said, and she didn't disappoint me.

The client who had just left had seen me come in, and had grabbed the opportunity to ask my operator a question which had been bothering her for years.

"Oh, you do Joan Crawford," she had said. "Tell me, does she wear artificial eyebrows?" Real eyebrows, she was certain, couldn't be so thick.

We laughed so hard over this that everybody in the shop was jealous.

My eyebrows, of course, are my own. As a matter of fact, I doubt if you can buy eyebrows on the open market.

There was a time when I had practically no eyebrows—or eyelashes—to speak of, and I worried enough about their scrawny look to do something about it.

For a year, I stimulated my brows and lashes every night with a good, stiff brushing with a hard bristle toothbrush. Then I applied castor oil or Vaseline—one the first night, the other the next.

The results you can see for yourself.

Luxuriant eyebrows and lashes are a great beauty asset, but just growing them isn't enough. They must be groomed, too.

When I make up before going out, I brush my eyebrows—first in the wrong direction, then in the right—then I slick them into place with a dark pomade. If a single scraggly hair spoils the effect, I get out the tweezers, right that minute!

Our eyes are so important. I feel that tired, tense, bloodshot eyes can spoil the most beautiful face. So I always make sure that my eyes look rested.

Lying down for ten minutes, with the feet higher than the head, with pads soaked in a soothing lotion over your eyes, can make a miraculous change in your appearance on those days when you come home fagged, only to have to make a lightning change and dash out again.

For my lotion, I put witch hazel in a small bowl with a couple of ice cubes. I soak cotton pads in this to place over my eyes. You may find it more convenient to keep the bottle of witch hazel on ice and use the same way.

## You're a Big Girl Now!

A fourteen-year-old reader says her friends are permitted to wear high heels and earrings, and she is miserable because

her parents think them unsuitable for her.

I would agree with her parents unless she is one of those rare fourteen-year-olds who are really grown up.

I think most girls of that age look like little girls playing dress-up games in their mothers' clothes when they doll up in sophisticated accessories.

I can't say flatly that high heels and earrings would be wrong for all fourteen-year-olds because some girls mature more quickly than others.

But I do feel that waiting a little longer is smart. My daughter Christina is twelve now, and more than once has yearned to wear the kind of clothes which are right for me, but just plain silly for a little girl. I've asked her to wait. Christina and all the rest of you girls will have a good long chance to be grownups.

Flat shoes are so pretty, grownups have been stealing them from you youngsters.

And the simple, brushed-until-gleaming hair-dos the young girls wear these days don't need the embellishment of jewelry.

## Look before you dye!

I've had a letter from a reader who is wondering what can be done about prematurely gray hair.

My first instinct—since this girl is still in her bloom years, the early twenties—is to say: Don't do anything. Gray hair, with a young face, is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Just wear it simply—and no blue rinses, please!

Think of the wonderful colors you—and no one else so dramatically as you—can wear: the cyclamens, the purples, the electric blues.

But there is more to this problem, sometimes, than its effect on one's appearance.

Some people with gray hair feel old—no matter how ravishing they look.

And if this is the case—then dye your hair. Only the die-hards (no pun intended) object to tinted hair these days. Thousands of girls change the color of their hair habitually. I do.

If gray hair is making you self-conscious and unhappy, then run, don't walk, to the nearest beauty salon and pick out whatever color of hair you've always wanted; make certain first, though, that it won't fight the color of your eyes, or your skin.

Do not hesitate to write me about your charm problems. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE END



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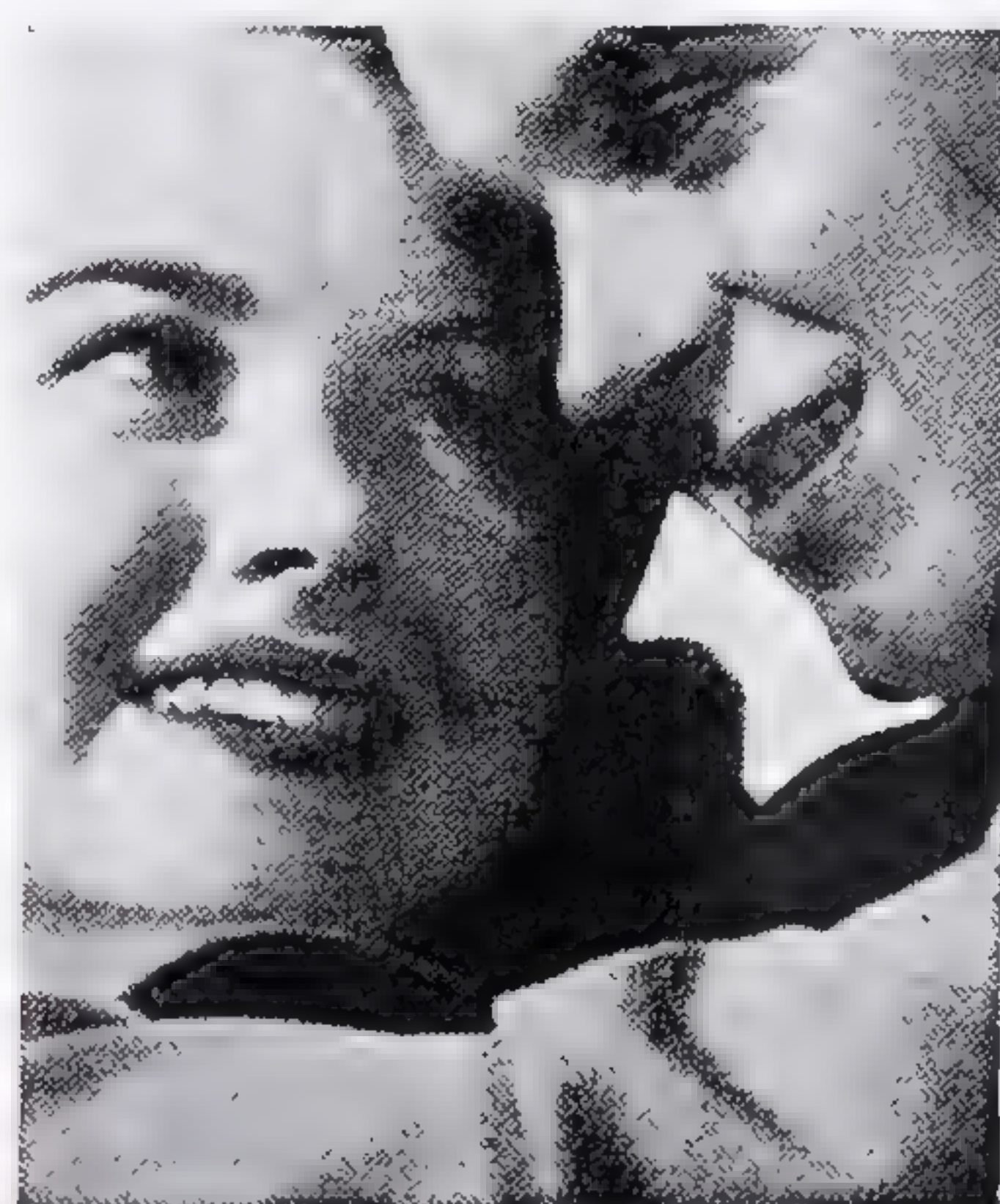
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might well be your reaction to the radio program "My True Story." You see, "My True Story" presents in dramatic form hope, fear, love, jealousy, and many other problems of real people—people who might be your friends or neighbors—might even be you. "My True Story" gives you the problems of real people and their own solutions—direct from the files of True Story Magazine.

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# Are You Sophisticated?

(Continued from page 53) Granger will break out in a radiant discussion over a flash of lightning, a sunset, a new book. —

26. Paulette Goddard hobnobs with world leaders, authors and artists and also with the electricians and stage-hands who work on her movie sets. —

27. Doris Day does not like night clubs, does not smoke or drink. —

28. Bob Ryan will not tell a vulgar story if there are women present. —

29. Rosalind Russell's test of whether or not to kiss is "Know the man quite well, admire his ability, like his looks." —

30. When anyone compliments Janis Carter on a dress or hat or wrap she is wearing, she says, "I think it is pretty too. I'm so glad you like it!" —

31. A star, recently returned from her first trip to Europe, admits she was not too happy over there. "There were," she said, "too many foreigners." —

32. Gregory Peck is rarely the subject of conversation when Gregory Peck is talking. —

33. Mona Freeman will tell you that her husband, Pat Nerney, chooses most of her clothes, that he has a much better style sense than she has. —

34. Dick Powell decided his son was not to be photographed until he was six months old. "Babies do not look like anything before that time," Dick said. He refused to alter this decision, too, in spite of the fact that newspaper and magazine editors, the world over, were clamoring for pictures of June and her baby. —

35. Barbara Stanwyck loves the heavy fragrance of Jungle Gardenia. She uses it sparingly but, even so, frequently asks friends if the scent is too strong for them. —

36. Claudette Colbert maintains a separate home for her mother and aunt. —

*If you are right on from twenty-eight to thirty-six questions, count yourself sophisticated. If you agree with from twenty to twenty-seven answers, you're well on your way to being at home in the world. If you judge from fifteen to nineteen questions right, you've made a beginning. Below that—well, your sophistication doesn't show yet.*

1. Yes. Accidents are unfortunate. But anyone with a penny's worth of experience knows they're also inevitable and so turns philosophical about them. As a guest, Janet had a responsibility to her hostess—not to mar the party. As a human being she had a responsibility towards the guest who was unfortunate enough to spill the Martini—not to make her feel any worse than the accident itself did.

2. No. Food is vital to life. It is nonsense for anyone, especially any woman, not to be able to prepare it.

3. No. The wiser we are, the more acceptance we will have for the fact that while we should be fastidious and clean and groomed we cannot be immaculate every hour of our lives. Any excessive striving for cleanliness is, of course, neurotic. And the more sophisticated we are the more quick we will be to recognize any such phobia and suppress it.

4. Yes. Only those sure of themselves admit ignorance. However, requests for explanations should be as gracious and friendly as Loretta's requests are, never defiant challenges.

5. No. A black homburg and striped trousers, formal attire, are worn by a few on Sundays in the great cities of the world. It is pretentious attire for an informal Sunday supper in a semi-tropical suburb

like Beverly Hills. All of which does not excuse Joan Fontaine's wit about Marcus's attire which is reputed to have precipitated the breach that ever since has existed between her and her sister, Olivia, and her brother-in-law, Marcus.

6. No. Those in show business who call everyone "Sweetie" and "Honey" and "Darling" feel very sophisticated as they do this, I have no doubt. But they aren't at all. For any man or woman who has been around knows it is better to be gracious to one and all but to keep every relationship casual until it has had time to prove itself.

7. Yes. Pat Neal displays broad interests in her appreciation of different cities (different people, too, probably) for the typical things they have to offer.

8. No. There are so many wonderful things to do and see in this world that anyone who lacks stimulation unless she is absorbed in her work is, obviously, very limited in interests.

9. No. A loud laugh is a brash, unsophisticated bid for attention.

10. No. A wish for a large vocabulary is fine and good. But it is dangerous—as well as silly—to use any word unless you know exactly what it means.

11. Not really! All tastes vary according to moods. In spite of this there are, almost always, certain authors, musicians and playwrights who charm, interest or amuse us above all others.

12. Yes. We all have some deficiency. The person who recognizes whatever he lacks and attempts to correct it—especially

★ "Everyone knows the old saying . . . 'Time heals all wounds.' I hope it is also true that 'Time wounds all heels'."

. . . . GLENN FORD

when it is a lack, like Tony's, apt to get in the way of his progress—is realistic and wise.

13. Yes. Only those with a clear perspective see themselves with enough humor to be witty at their own expense. Besides, those who direct their wit at themselves allow—consciously or subconsciously—for the fact that this procedure is rather endearing. Such persons realize too that their wit directed at friends must, in time, make them feared.

14. No. If anyone has a good time at the Masons' parties I would say it was an accident. The whole purpose of parties is to have fun. And when guests are neither relaxed nor happy, certainly a host and hostess cannot be either.

15. No. It is all well and good to smile at friends in a restaurant or to stop to speak to them in passing. But to make a public place a stage for your popularity and good will is another thing. Besides, many friends and acquaintances would prefer to be left alone to enjoy their dinner.

16. No. It is cheating to ignore the laws of nicety which society has agreed are necessary if we all are to live together pleasantly in this world.

17. To discipline children in front of guests hurts children's pride and makes guests uncomfortable. Those who discipline children before others usually are exhibiting, attempting to prove they know better than to allow a child to do such a thing.

18. No. There are many restaurants

which cater to those who do not wish to dress. Romanoff's, however, is designed for those who wish to dress and to lunch or dine amid charming, formal appointments.

19. No. To refuse to understand any form of art—on any grounds—is to have a closed mind.

20. Yes. Many find it relieves tension to chew gum.

21. No. If you do not know the person who is criticized it makes no difference what you hear about him. If you do know the person it may be possible, if you listen, for you to defend him or temper the criticism at least. If you cannot do either it is a good idea to be warned by what is said—until you discover for yourself that it is not true.

22. Yes. At a ranch where there is work to be done everyone must cooperate. Those who do not should take the consequences. Too, a ranch cook most assuredly needs consideration.

23. Yes. Only a fool of a woman would deny herself domestic pleasures—which are very real pleasures to the majority of women—because she thought them out of keeping with her movie star orbit.

24. Yes. Intellectual curiosity can make an Encyclopedia just as exciting reading as a detective story.

25. Yes. To enjoy whatever moves you to the utmost and to be uninhibited in your expression of pleasure is true sophistication. Only those who are afraid of their own tastes and instincts shy away from such expressions, fearful of criticism.

26. Yes. People are people, whoever they are. It is the man himself, not his occupation, that counts.

27. Yes. There is no reason under the sun why anyone should adjust to any pattern of living that does not give him pleasure—even though it is a pattern the majority of his friends and associates enjoy.

28. Yes. Generally speaking, of course, it depends upon the story itself. A story may be risque without being vulgar. Far too many men think themselves worldly when they tell stories before women, which are so vulgar they never should be told at all.

29. Yes. What Roz is saying really is: Don't be careless, at least know a man well; then if you want to kiss him, by all means kiss him.

30. Yes. The unsophisticated remark to end all unsophisticated remarks under such circumstances would be, "This old thing! I hate it!" This retort could only make the person who was trying to be kind feel very foolish.

31. No. In fact, how provincial can you get? *She* was the foreigner.

32. Yes. Only the egotists, who are great bores—because they are interested only in themselves—pepper conversations with the first personal pronoun.

33. Yes. Mona shows an appreciation for an intangible quality in her husband and so dresses more smartly than she would if she were less perceptive or bound by a false pride about her own style sense.

34. Yes. Dick resisted pressure, had the courage of his conviction.

35. Yes. She is aware that what is a pleasant odor to her might not be to others, and she is sensitive enough not to want to offend.

36. Yes. Her mother and aunt, who live near by, see Claudette and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, often. But they can live their lives in their own way. And so can Claudette and her Jack. The pity is that, because of financial circumstances, so few families can have such luxury.

THE END



## With All My Love

(Continued from page 45) room of the star of "Naughty Marietta," Edward Everett Horton.

I'm a big girl now—sixteen. I know there is no such thing as love at first sight, therefore I must have known you "long ago and far away." In the seventeen hours since I first saw you I've been thinking of Venice and Cairo, Paris and New Orleans, and wondering if we walked those distant and fascinating lanes together.

As you stood far above me, you seemed very tall and slender, with good shoulders. You were young.

And what must you be? A young doctor? A writer, possibly? Or perhaps a lawyer. Or a nuclear physicist—blow me down, because I can't even figure sales tax when I run out of fingers. I wonder if I'll ever know what great things you plan for your particular world.

Whether I do or I don't, I am now—this instant—sending you one of those jungle telegraphic messages which only tuned-in ears can understand, and the message reads merely, "Dear You."

June 12, 1948

Dearest You:

You were there again tonight, and—without making like an onkeymay hanging from an eetray—I stared at you long enough to match your reality against the mental image I had been cherishing. You were even better than I had remembered.

I asked someone who you were and was told, "He's a young fraternity brother of Eddie Horton. Horton is a Phi Kappa Psi and this chap belonged to the same house at Northwestern University. I understand he's just graduated from law school."

With splendid nonchalance I inquired, "What might his name be?"

"Might be Sir William Blackstone, but I doubt it. Why don't you ask him?"

It just goes to show how suspicious people are: always thinking you want to know things. Especially when you are dying to know them.

Query: how does a girl meet a man in a subtle, ladylike manner? Life was easier in grandmother's day: she could be as bold as a circus barker because she was packaged in hoops and the constant ability to faint if a gentleman got out of control.

June 21, 1948

Dear Sir:

Okay, so I'm *not* your type. Better for me to find it out after having been in love with you for ten days than to go on through life, caring. Or perhaps *you* don't care for secondhand candy wafers.

Tonight, when our show closed, I spotted you for the third time, standing in your usual place on the balcony. It occurred to me that I wanted an autographed picture of Eddie Horton. In order to get it I would have to pass your vantage point.

There isn't much room on those balconies, so you backed as far away as possible, smiling a little, and I said, "Want a mint?" and handed you the one from which I had just taken a half-moon bite, outlining it with lipstick.

You accepted it as if it were a fried spider.

"Oh, well, if you want a fresh number," I said, and returned to my dressing room for a fresh candy for you. You thanked me gravely—as if I were a grubby juvenile—and that ended that.

Incidentally, I didn't get that autographed photograph of Eddie Horton. But he promised to mail me one, so I left my address, where *you* might see it. Only you gave no indication that you might.

If it's disappointment that builds a great

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says

**Maureen O'Sullivan**

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**The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS**

actress, look out, Madame Duse, because I've started to collect my talent, bruise by bruise.

June 22, 1948

Dear Richard Brown Coyle:

It was nice of you to telephone, just as it is nice of a distant great-uncle to leave thirty-four million dollars to a li'l ole orphan.

When your deep, quiet voice came over the telephone, asking, "Is this Miss Mitzi Gaynor?" I thought you must be at least the governor of some state or a Hooper pollster. Such tones!

And then you said, "My name is R. B. Coyle, and I'm a friend of Mr. Horton's."

"Yes," I said, "I'd love to have dinner with you on Thursday evening." I tried hard not to add, "Hooray!"

And to think that I have only twenty-four hours in which to get ready for this momentous occasion. My mother has just said, "Simply be yourself, dear, and I'm sure he will like you." My mother's voice is soft and sweet; my mother's attitude is sunny.

Egad, I hope she's right.

June 25, 1948

Dear Mr. Coyle, sir:

Oh well—what if you never call again! What does it mean to me!

Just everything—that's all.

It's quite late, but I'm going to write this letter before I put up my pin curls and cast down my empty head on a tear-absorbent pillow. Probably it's the last letter I'll ever write to you.

First of all, I want you to know that I wasn't dropped on my vocabulary when I was a baby. I checked very carefully with my mother.

I know I have said nothing during the past four hours to give you the impression that I am normal, complete with tongue, vocal chords, and smattering of patter. Compared to me, the Sphinx has just become a twenty-four-hour station. All I can remember saying is, "Oh, my!"

Sample conversation:

You: I had quite a time getting up nerve enough to telephone you. Eddie Horton kept urging me.

Me: Oh, my.

You: I've made dinner reservations at Jim Otto's. Do you like the restaurant?

Me: Oh, my, yes.

Oh, my, but I'm a vivid character, bright as a burned match. There is one thing for which I'm thankful—you talked. You told me about school and about the bar exam you must take next spring, about swimming, tennis, music, traveling, pictures. You have given me so much to think about. As for me, I've given you absolutely nothing.

**HELP**... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program Sunday afternoons.

**\$1,000.00 REWARD**

... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. Hear the details about this \$1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries".

**TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations



ing to remember about me except: "Oh, my!"

June 28, 1948

Dear Mr. Coyle:

Thank you for the second chance. Thank you for telephoning this morning and asking me to go to the beach with you. However, as you must be convinced by now, the case is hopeless. Better move for a mistrial. As you say: the doctrine of *res ipsa loquitur* applies.

I'm sorry I lost us in the wilds of Pacific Palisades. I thought I knew the way to the beach via Sunset Boulevard. On the badge of my uncle who was a Boy Scout, I swear that I thought I knew what I was doing when I said, "Turn to the right at the next intersection."

So—the two-lane highway became a one-lane highway and the one-lane highway became a two-rut trail, and the two-rut trail became a one-goat path. You didn't say much; you just maneuvered for twenty minutes to turn the car around on a plateau loaded with sage, mesquite, rocks, and cliffs falling off a thousand feet into a dry river.

On the way home you were nice about it. You didn't say, "What do you think this is, a safari?" You inquired only, "You haven't driven this route very often, have you?"

In a way you seemed pleased about it, as if it proved that I'm not allowed to go out on many dates. Your experience to date should tell you why. Egad, why didn't you leave me in the wilderness?

August 22, 1948

Dear Richard:

I haven't written you one of these letters for over a month. Haven't had time. Seeing you almost every night, and finally getting my voice back so that I can chatter like the valves in a hot rod has used up most of my conversation, but tonight something important happened.

You talked to me about your future as a lawyer. Richard, you speak of law as I've heard returned pilgrims talk about Paris. It turns my backbone to tinsel.

You see, so many of the people I have met have had no clear idea about what they wanted to do with their lives; they aren't in love with the idea of preparing for a profession, working for it, building it, pursuing it, living it. They are expecting "the breaks." They say, "All I need is one terrific touch of luck—one influential person to take an interest in my career and boost me up the ladder."

You didn't utter the words "breaks" or "influence" or "luck." You said, "I'll have to work hard, but I've always liked to roll up my sleeves and dig."

In these days of disillusion, frustration, complexes, and the constant search for security, I was impressed by the conversation of a man who doesn't think of success as a crystal glass to be filled by someone else who happens to be holding a brimming silver pitcher.

September 4, 1948

Darling:

You shouldn't have.

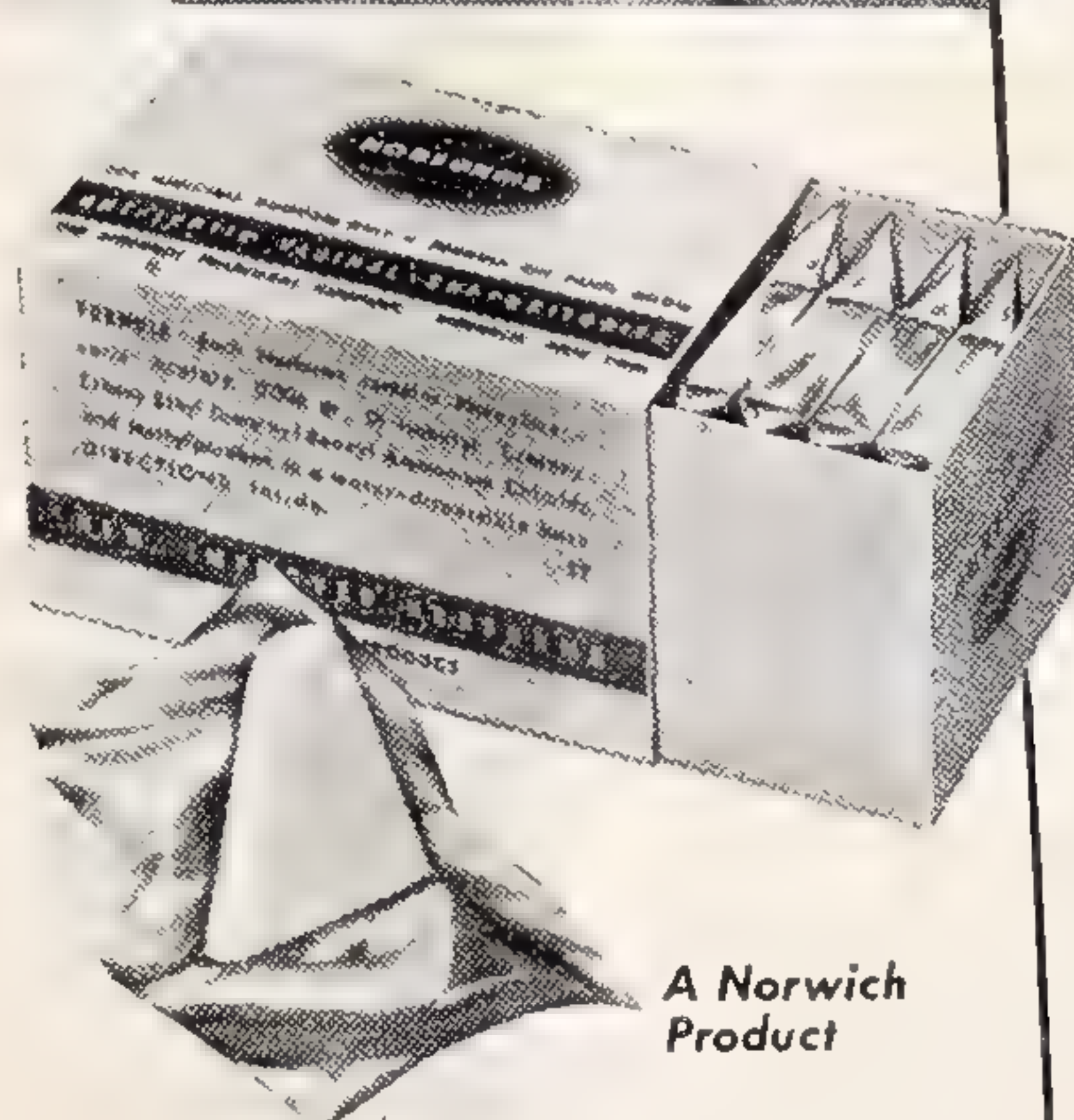
But I'm glad you did.

My birthday gift from you, my friendship ring, is the most beautiful band I have ever seen. I feel like an Indian maiden when I study it because it looks as if a series of flat gold arrowheads had been laid in sequence around a wide gold band and then fused into one perfect circle.

Richy, what a birthday you have given me. I adore being seventeen. I adore being seventeen and in love, and I adore being seventeen and being loved back.

I promised Mother tonight that I wouldn't get married until after my twenty-first

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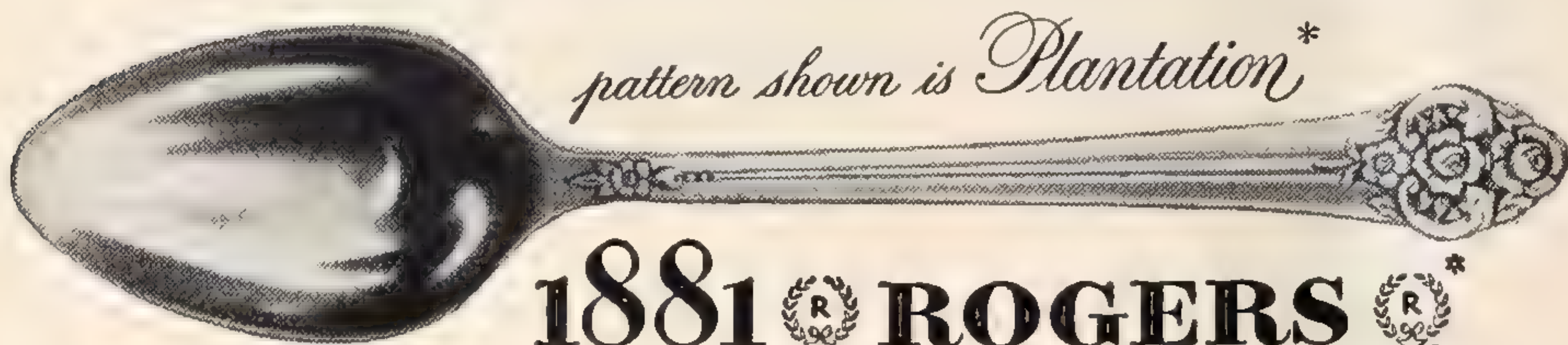


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**On calendar days,** smart girls and women use Meds tampons—and swim, shower, dance with perfect safety, perfect poise. Meds protect you invisibly, comfortably. No pads, or bulk. Improved applicator makes Meds quick, easy to use.

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birthday. That gives me four whole years to plan the wedding; four wonderful years to prepare myself to be a good wife to you.

Incidentally, I'm so grateful to you for saying, "I won't expect you to give up your career. I think you have talent and I believe that talent in this world should be used to the fullest extent."

Talent—maybe I got, maybe not—but I'm going to work harder than a department store elevator on the day before Christmas to prove that there's *something* going on in my head and my feet.

I love you.

December 22, 1948

Dearest Richard:

My heart was just broken when you told me you had to go back to Illinois to study for the bar exam but I shall be strong and brave, I hope.

Richard, I know you're going to meet another girl between now and next March when you are to take the bar exam in Los Angeles. Perhaps, at this instant, you are meeting The Girl on the train.

Oh, Richard! Please don't forget me. Please come back again.

February 12, 1949

Richard, dear:

I've written a happy little note to you (sealed it and stamped it) saying that I miss you, of course, and that I'm keeping busy. I'm to have the second lead in "My Blue Heaven," so I'll be working with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey, a wonderful experience.

But in this, my real letter, I'll tell you I'm blue. It is raining tonight and it has been raining for three days and nights.

Yes, I know: you say in every letter that you'll be back in March. But tonight, in the midst of wind and rain, March seems a lifetime away.

March 19, 1949

Darling:

Now I can laugh about it. Everything seems funny this morning

The big thing is: you are back in Los Angeles. You didn't forget me.

Even yesterday morning seems funny now. I had put my hair in pin curls two days ago so that it would be *really* curly for last night. Glammer—that's what I was acquiring. But when I took my hair down yesterday morning I looked like type casting for a Hottentot.

I flipped my lid. I cried. I stormed, I raged—and I brushed.

I developed a heat rash. I rushed to the patio for a sunbath in hope of covering the heat rash with a quick suntan. When I looked at myself after *that* session, I knew that all was lost. I was rasher than ever, sunburned and fuzzy. How I cried.

Mother assured me, "Just be yourself, dear, and Richard won't notice anything except how glad you are to see him."



Take some one to church this week...

*you'll both be richer for it*



You just said, "Honey!" And I don't think you ever noticed my fuzz.  
What a wonderful world! What a wonderful YOU.

June 19, 1949  
Barrister, I salute you!  
I'm so proud of you, Richard. Sometimes I think I have reversed the proper order of love. Usually a girl begins to notice admirable traits in a man; as these traits stock-pile, she falls in love. I fell in love and then began to discover how wise my instinct had been. Even before the evidence was all in, your honor.  
Probably I'll go on, making more discoveries of the same sort as long as we live.

December 19, 1950  
Darling dearest:  
While cleaning out my desk this morning, I came upon this packet of letters, and decided that it was high time I added another missive.  
It seems impossible that it's only a year and a half since you were admitted to the bar. I've moved ahead a little myself with "Take Care of My Little Girl" behind me and "Friendly Island" and "Golden Girl" set up next.  
We've made progress in other directions, too. We know, in general, what sort of a house we want: English Tudor, complete with fireplaces by the dozen, big, heavy, comfortable furniture—and a radio in every room.  
Speaking of radio, I love murder mysteries. I listen to them all day long when I'm not working, and I have a routine of whodunits that I have to observe at night. I know that you want to hear classical music at night. Whodunits are almost like bringing the office home with you, so they aren't an escape for you.  
I'm going to try to limit my screamers to one an evening when we're together.

September 4, 1951  
To my beloved:  
This has been such a happy, happy day. Now I'm twenty and we only have one more year to wait before we can be married. (And to add to the happiness of the day, I have just learned that the readers of Photoplay Magazine have chosen me as their favorite new actress in the "Choose Your Star" contest. How about that?)  
During this year I'm going to make some changes in myself, and don't be saying, "That'll be the day!"  
I must say there is nothing, no nothing as busy or as exciting as being in love. Everyone should try it. Now.  
THE END



Mitzi with the man who will soon receive her love letters—fiance Richard Coyle

# How a Young Wife can find out the truth she can trust

Full explanation  
in FREE book.  
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No longer need she risk  
married happiness, her health  
and womanly charm!

Once a woman realizes how important the practice of *complete* hygiene (including intimate internal cleanliness) is to married happiness, her health, after her periods and to combat a grave odor at its source—how much happier her life can be!  
And of course, modern, well-informed women have found out about ZONITE—*how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues.*  
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Despite its great germ-killing and deodorizing powers—ZONITE is *posi-*  
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FOR NEWER  
*Feminine Hygiene*  
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*tively non-poisonous, non-irritating.* You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. ZONITE has brought confidence to women by the tens of thousands—dainty, refreshing internal cleanliness without fear of harming the most delicate tissues.

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Joan  
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about  
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## Why Nancy Sinatra Gave Frankie His Freedom

(Continued from page 43) were the children to consider. Also though playing no "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," after parting with Frank, she found no romantic interest in any of the men she went out with, men whom she described always as "old friends."

Speculations on why she suddenly changed her mind were rife in Hollywood although all she said was: "I'm giving Frank a divorce because he wants one so much. After thinking the matter over a long time, I believe it's the only way I can find happiness, as well as he; and it's better for the children."

There was more to the statement than meets the eye. Last spring Ava went to New York for a showdown with Frank. She bitterly denied that she had broken up the Sinatra marriage, as some had suggested; and Frank was vehement in declaring that this was true. He maintained that the trouble between him and Nancy had started long before he fell in love with Ava.

That I believe. Their lives, so close together in the beginning, grew as far apart as the poles during eleven years of marriage. Nancy's interest was the home. Frank's was career—and any attractive female that happened to cross his line of vision. Over two years ago, after spending an evening in the Sinatra home, I told another guest that this marriage couldn't last. Frank's restlessness was evident, even though as a family man he put on a suave, considerate front. And Nancy was openly petulant in her attitude toward him. She must have realized even then that her battle was lost. Domesticating Frank was about as easy as teaching a dog not to eat meat when he's in a packing house.

But the impulsive singer met his match in straightforward Ava Gardner. She came to Hollywood, a shy, sensitive girl from a small town in the South. Ten years in the film capital, however, put iron in her backbone. And no longer can she be pushed around. Her marriages to Mickey Rooney and to Artie Shaw taught her much about men, especially erratic ones, taught her that a girl gets what she wants by demanding and fighting for it.

In their New York meeting, Ava reportedly demanded that Frank either get a divorce or call their romance off. She was tired of living in a half-world. Their



"Now I have time," says Nancy Sinatra, above with Joan Crawford, "I'm going to college to learn. I used not to care"

## Who's your favorite?

**BOB HOPE?**

**RED SKELTON?**

**EDDIE CANTOR?**

**SID CAESAR?**

*They're all in November*



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NOVEMBER

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on sale at newsstands NOW!



association had got her into trouble with her studio, which transferred its wrath via trans-oceanic telephone all the way to Spain when Sinatra showed up there. Some wild reports bordered on dire scandal. And Ava, weary of public criticism, was right in calling Frankie's hand.

I was told that Frank, as a result of her demands, agreed to put special pressure on Nancy for a divorce when he returned to Hollywood in May to make a picture. Ava didn't let him forget it. Previously she had gone out in public only with business associates or with mutual friends of hers and Frank's. But back in Hollywood, she showed up at a night spot with Mickey Rooney, who was shedding his third wife.

If the news disturbed Sinatra, he was to find no consolation from an item that followed. Ava was being seen with her ex-flame, Howard Duff. If there's anything that makes a man take decisive action on matters of romance, it's knowledge that he has formidable rivals and is being edged out of the love picture.

This story, which I got piecemeal before Nancy agreed to free Frank, seems logical to me. And the final sequence adds to its credibility. Not long after Sinatra arrived in Hollywood for his picture, Nancy announced she was willing to divorce him.

What methods he used to produce this unexpected result I don't know; but I have a good guess. When he chooses, Frank can charm birds off trees. Once, after the press had printed a series of destructive stories about him, he dropped by my office to give his version of the yarns. Removing his coat and draping himself over a chair, he talked with the guilelessness of a schoolboy. He went over the incidents, from his meeting with "Lucky" Luciano in Cuba to his 1946 separation from Nancy, and explained they were all

innocent acts, translated by the press into something sinister. I'm a skeptical girl. (One has to be in my business.) But by the time Frank finished his spiel, I was convinced that this poor boy had been a victim of a deliberate campaign of malignment. I wrote him up sympathetically, but before I could break the story, Frankie was in the headlines again.

This time he was in a serious jam, having slugged columnist Lee Mortimer. Frank called me at four in the morning to give me his side of the fight. Again, the way he told it, his action seemed justified. And again I was in Frankie's corner. It was rather mortifying to learn that he apologized and paid damages to Mortimer later.

That fight got the whole Hearst newspaper chain, for which Mortimer worked, down on Frank. And that hex he couldn't shake, though he tried hard. Finally he made the supreme effort. Through a friend, he got in to see the late William Randolph Hearst himself. I don't know what happened between the two men; but I do know that a few hours later an order went out to the Hearst papers to take the heat off Sinatra.

Yes, that conversation got him out of the doghouse. He barked his way out, but he's right back in again. During his trip to Mexico with Ava, he antagonized every reporter and photographer within spitting range. He claimed that the newspapers had nothing to do with his success; and the public had made him.

"And *who*," I asked him, "do you think told the public about you? When you're with anybody as glamorous as Ava, you know photographers will want to take your picture."

"Well," said Frank, "they could snap us on the run."

"They get better ones when you're standing still," I told him.

"Here's what happened," he said. "The guys said, 'Give us a story.' I did. They wanted to know if I'd get a divorce in Mexico. I said, 'No. Ava and I are here on a vacation.' They asked how long we'd stay. 'Maybe a week, maybe longer. I don't know.' Then the questions went on and on, and I got tired. Then after we got home we read this bunk about how Hedy Lamarr snubbed Ava in a cafe down there. That's a lie. We sat at a table with her for an hour. She went on to a jai alai game and we stayed on for dinner. You can't believe everything you read in the paper."

Then he asked me if I'd help straighten him out with the press. That's one question I didn't answer. I know how persuasive he can be.

His persuasive ability was doubtless turned full force on Nancy. But, being made of stern stuff and knowing Frank, she's not easily moved. She had waited on him before. In 1946 they had separated. On this vacation from marriage his name was linked with Lana Turner. But the romance, if it can be called that, was a short one.

It was not naive on Nancy's part, certainly, to believe Frank eventually would get over his infatuation for Ava and return to the fold—as he had before. If he had, I'm sure she would have forgiven him. But when over a year passed and he didn't, Nancy became convinced, along with the public, that Frank was really in love with Ava.

When the Sinatras were first separated, the fans were wholeheartedly in sympathy with Nancy. Even the bobby-soxers who swooned in Frank's presence liked to think of him as a happy family man. Their protests against his leaving home were vehement. One group of girls, for example, wrote me: "We have changed our erstwhile idol's name to Frankie-Not-So-Hot-

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Tra." Enclosed was a piece of shattered  
record on which Sinatra had crooned  
"Nancy with the Laughing Face."

But as the months passed and the  
Gardner romance grew in intensity, the  
public reversed its attitude; Nancy became  
the "heavy," a selfish woman, blocking the  
fruition of true love. "All the world loves  
a lover," one of her own friends said to me.  
"Frank and Ava have convinced America  
that theirs is real."

I think really it was when Nancy real-  
ized that the tide of public opinion had  
turned against her that she gave up the  
battle. Barbara Stanwyck, who'd gone  
through a similar experience with Robert  
Taylor, said to me, "In such a situation a  
lady must maintain her dignity." Certainly  
there was no dignity in trying to hold on to  
a man who obviously didn't want to be  
held on to. Barbara and Nancy, finding  
mutual consolation in each other's com-  
pany, have become the closest of pals. And  
two finer girls would be hard to find.

"I'd call Nancy the perfect wife," said  
one of her friends, a man, incidentally.  
"Having pulled herself up by her boot-  
straps she has lots of solid sense. As a  
mother and homemaker, she's wonderful.  
Yet she's a lot of fun too, and a fine  
hostess. She has good looks and excellent  
taste in clothes. But she realized that she  
couldn't compete with the glamour girls  
with whom Frank in his profession must  
associate. Unlike him, she's unworldly."

As a point of fairness to Frank, it should  
be remembered that ever since the bobby-  
soxers took him over he has been idolized  
by millions of women, both young and  
old. A former associate tells me that one  
of his most taxing jobs was keeping the  
hordes of frenzied females out of Frank's  
hair. The average husband, thrown into the  
same situation, could have doubtless with-  
stood the temptations no better.

With the sudden announcement of di-  
vorce plans, some thought that Nancy her-  
self had become romantically entangled.  
I asked her about this.

"Now really, Hedda," she replied, "what  
man of today would assume the burden of  
a wife and three children?"

"There are plenty of men who would  
adore your family," I said.

"That may be true," she admitted, "but  
I've never met one."

"What about all those male escorts with  
whom you go out to dinner?"

"They're old friends," she explained.

"Even Arthur Loew Jr., with whom I  
see you quite often?"

"An old, old friend," she insisted. "It  
seems I've known him forever. And the

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children adore him. I have no intention of becoming involved with anyone."

Another factor in helping her decide to write finis to her marriage was to get out of the headlines for the sake of her children. "I want nothing more to do with headlines," she said. "I've had heartaches, and will have more, but I think that a woman should keep them to herself."

The night before Frank flew to Reno to keep a night-club engagement (where he later was reported to have taken an overdose of sleeping pills after a lover's spat with Ava) I asked him if he was going to get his divorce there.

"I was supposed to file for it," he said, "but my lawyer may not let me."

I knew Nancy's lawyer was not in favor of a Nevada divorce; but I knew also that she had agreed to one if Frank would pay the cash due her under the property settlement he signed. This I told Frank.

"No," he said. "We've taken care of the money angle." Then he mystified me by adding, "You see, they (meaning Nancy and her lawyer) could get the money and then back out on the other thing (meaning the divorce)." I assured him they'd never do anything like that. But he said, "Well, I don't know."

From this I gathered a mutual distrust lay between the Sinatras. It hinged on finances. Frank didn't want to let go of the cash until he'd received his freedom; and Nancy didn't aim to grant the divorce until he'd kept his promise.

One could hardly blame her. I've never had any financial dealings with Frank; but I've had plenty of experience with him on stories. He's as slippery as the proverbial eel when it comes to pinning him down on facts; and in mood he's as changeable as the weather.

During her long separation from Frankie, Nancy, born to be a mother,

transferred to her children most of the affection and time she formerly gave to her singing husband.

"I'm going to college to keep up with my kids," she said. "Now that I have time, I think that learning to do things the right way, rather than the wrong, is important. I used not to care." Attending the University of California in Los Angeles, she's taking such subjects as Greek mythology and music appreciation, so that she can help enrich the lives of her children.

**I**N this program they are reciprocating. Frank Jr., aged seven, is the mechanical genius of the family. "He's always got his nose in a book; and he's now working on Opus #3," said Nancy.

"Opus #3? What in the world is that?"

"Just that—the world," she laughed. "He's crazy about geography. First he studied America; then the world in terms of maps. From there he went to a wooden globe of the earth. He's written two treatises; the first one on the map of the United States; and the second on the map of the world. Opus #3 is based on his study of the wooden globe. He follows the war in Korea closely, and says if he were in command of the situation, he'd handle it differently. I'm not sure that his way wouldn't be better than the methods we adults are using."

"He could hardly do worse," I said, recalling the Biblical phrase: "Out of the mouths of babes. . . ."

"We have Erector sets all over the house," Nancy continued. "Three times a week the whole family gets together to help Frankie build things. Since he's been seeing space ship films on television, he's getting hip on that subject. The next time you hear from me, I'll probably be halfway to the moon with him."

At least she won't be up in the air as

she has been with Frank Sr. She's planning her life wisely and solidly. The first thing on her agenda is to sell the huge home, which she got as part of the property settlement. "Even in the beginning, it was much too big for us," said she. "Keeping it up costs a fortune; the taxes alone amount to \$18,000 a year. We have two-and-a-half acres in the heart of Holmby Hills. If I can't sell the whole place, I'll subdivide and get rid of part of it."

One of her intimates suggested that Nancy is giving Frank his freedom in the belief that once he has it, he won't want it. I don't agree with this. The fact that she's cutting down on expenses is an indication that she doesn't expect Frank back. He likes luxury and is not overburdened with a sense of finance. Lacking emotional discipline, if he wishes something, he usually gets it, thinking of the fiddler's fee after the dancing is over.

He's laughingly remarked that he expects to wind up running a filling station in New Jersey. That prophecy, made in jest, could turn into something close to reality. He has one prime asset: his voice. If that goes, as it easily could, what would he have left? A memory of the affluent years and perhaps Ava.

Nancy was smart in getting a property settlement before agreeing to let him go. She's not happy over the prospects of being a free woman again—what woman is?—but she has accepted the inevitable and planned her life accordingly. I don't think she would take Frank now if he came back on his knees. However, they're still friends, and he visits the home to see the children.

But the tumultuous years with an erratic, emotionally unstable husband are over. When Frank got a new lease on romance, Nancy got a new lease on life.

THE END

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## Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 51) Every studio today has its stable of young, eager, new stars. At Twentieth Century-Fox, Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Debra Paget and Dale Robertson are warming up in the first round of the stardom stakes—they are the ones who, likely, eventually will replace old-timers like Betty Grable, Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell and Gene Tierney.

At Metro a new team of wonder dancers, Marge and Gower Champion, already have started before Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly want to leave off. Mario Lanza is making singing history where once Nelson Eddy reigned supreme. Kathryn Grayson gets the same roles that used to go to Jeanette MacDonald. Ava Gardner is touted as the new Norma Shearer.

At the same studio, youthful, virile Keefe Brasselle is breathing down Clark Gable's handsome but fifty-year-old neck. Gray-haired Spencer Tracy is happy to play grandpa roles while young Don Taylor and Dick Anderson marry the girl.

Universal-International has its gates wide open to youth—Tony Curtis; Piper Laurie; Peggy Dow—the Bette Davis of tomorrow—Rock Hudson. These are the names you are going to see on the marquee when Gary Cooper and Irene Dunne are rocking comfortably in retirement.

And let's not forget the contribution and opportunity Ida Lupino has given Hollywood's youngsters. "I'm tired of putting make-up on my face and rushing around looking for good pictures for myself," Ida, still comparatively young, told me. "That's why I went into business as a director. I want to give young people a chance."

Of course, not all of the young emoters mentioned here will be as successful as such old-timers as Errol Flynn, Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis *et al.* You have to work hard to be a top favorite for over twenty years, like Gable and Crawford. And times have changed. In 1936, when Lana Turner was discovered at a soda fountain, television was just a flash in the future. And because people paid to see any kind of picture, it was more important to be a personality like Lana (who learned to be a good actress finally) and Rita Hayworth, than to be too serious about acting. Incidentally, it will be interesting to see how Rita goes over with the public in her comeback picture. I'll make a prediction now that unless the actual movie is good, Rita will flop, as Lana did in her comeback movie, "A Life of Her Own." Today, the story's the thing, not the star.

"And don't I know it," beautiful, blonde Marilyn Monroe told me. Marilyn at twenty-three reminds me somewhat of Lana Turner. You'll never find Marilyn getting

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erweight, however. She doesn't drink. She doesn't smoke. She can take men or have 'em alone. Married at sixteen, she was divorced before she left high school. She used to be seen with the late Johnny Hyde, her agent and adviser. She rarely goes to night clubs—she's too busy improving herself; among other things she's taking singing lessons from Phil Monroe, who taught Lena Horne.

Marilyn lives alone. She has no parents, no family. Her closest friend is her drama coach, Natasha Lytess. Picture credits for Marilyn include "All About Eve," "Asphalt Jungle," "The Love Nest." The little Hollywood sun is certainly shining on Marilyn.

When thirty-four-year-old Betty Grable referred suspension to a picture, boss Darryl Zanuck took it in stride. He merely moved nineteen-year-old Mitzi Gaynor, the winner of Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" contest (see page 37) forward on the studio starring schedule. "Mitzi is the latest discovery we've had in years," Darryl told me. "The girl can act, she's a great dancer and a wonderful singer."

Mitzi also has a pixie sense of humor. During the shooting of "Take Care of My Little Girl," Mitzi, starred with Jeanne Crain and Jean Peters, suddenly felt hungry. It was 11 A.M. and there were 200 extras on the set. But that didn't faze Mitzi. "Lunch!" she yelled. And the 200 extras rushed off while the assistant director tore his hair and sent out a posse to bring 'em back. The delay in production cost the studio a neat \$5,000. Mitzi apologized every which way. But I can still see the twinkle through the contrition.

I learned a lot about Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis when I interviewed them on my television show. They've been working acting for as long as either of them can remember. "I couldn't make the high school

plays," Piper told me. "So I led a double life—joined a drama group in Hollywood and studied after school. One day a young actor from U-I sat in at one of the readings. The next day he called me for a date. His name? Tony Curtis." And if Tony hadn't met Janet Leigh before he co-starred with Piper in "The Prince Who Was a Thief," Hollywood history might have been different. Piper, with her soft voice and softer curves, would be a soft proposition with whom to fall in love.

"I used to carry packages for old ladies and open doors of cars to earn money for acting lessons," Tony told me. "That's all I ever wanted to do—act."

"Are you afraid that marriage with Janet Leigh will hurt you with the bobby-soxers?" I asked.

"Heck, no," Tony replied confidently. "If the only reason people came to see me was because I was unattached, I'd just as soon grow up. I want them to love me for my acting ability."

TONY'S "beefcake" picture poses haven't exactly hurt him. "It's funny how things change," mused Tony. "When I was first signed at Universal, I was so unknown that the gateman used to say, 'Beat it, kid.' 'But I'm under contract' I told him. He still told me to beat it. I couldn't get inside the studio for three months." There is no question about where Tony belongs now—he's on the inside.

Mario Lanza's fame was very sudden. But the preparation for it was as carefully planned as the building of a concrete skyscraper. Way back in 1946, NBC tried to pact Mario for a summer replacement show in radio. "Nothing doing," said Mario's singing coach. "He isn't ready to do one show a week, it would strain his voice."

When I heard Mario sing a lullaby in "That Midnight Kiss" at Metro, circa 1949,

I dashed home to my typewriter and spelled out "Hollywood has a new star." Now in the year 1951, the usual sour-pusses are saying that Mario's voice has gone to his head. Well, he has blown his top a couple of times when the director or producer tried to tell him what and how to sing his songs in pictures. But I'll string along with Mario. I think he knows best.

"You've got to see 'Show Boat,'" they told me at Metro, "because Ava Gardner is wonderful." I went, I saw and I was conquered—by Gower Champion. Ava was good as Julie. But Gower was sensational, dancing with his partner-wife, Marge. And when Marge, who's a better dancer than Ginger Rogers ever was in my book, can give out as shinningly as Ginger used to, we'll have a dance team that'll be every bit as good as the Astaire-Rogers combination. When Gower smiled at the end of his dances, my weatherbeaten heart did flip-flops. There is nothing accidental about his terpsichorean perfection. He started studying at nine—in the local dance studio run by Marge's father, Everett Belcher. Marge and Gower worked with different partners until they joined forces at the Persian Room in New York five years ago. While they were dancing in Chicago's Palmer House, Gower proposed. "We closed on Wednesday," says Marge. "Flew to the coast Thursday," says Gower. "Got the license Friday and were married Sunday," they chorus. They have a yellow convertible, three cats, a cork-floored, mirror-lined rehearsal room at home. For their starring role in "Lovely to Look At," the Champions rehearsed eight hours a day. That's the way a Champion stays that way.

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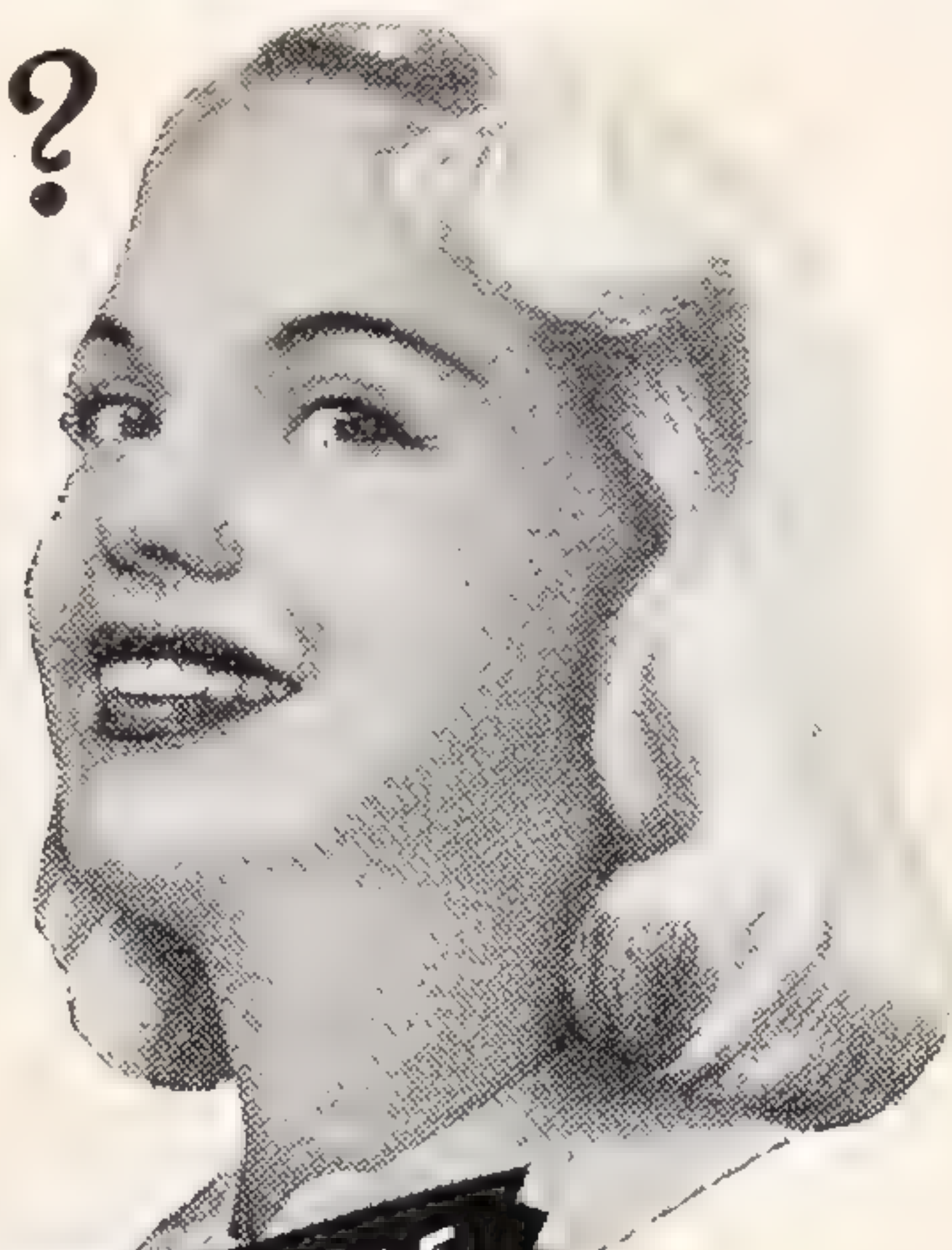
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lunch for 150 salesmen at Twentieth Century-Fox. These are the men who sell the stars to the exhibitors, and the new stars sometimes take a heap of selling. "I'm flattered by the invitation," Dale phoned Mr. Zanuck's secretary. "But I can't come because I'm playing with the San Francisco baseball team." When the lady came to from her dead faint, she called Dale back and wised him up to some of the facts of studio life. P.S.—He attended the luncheon.

The handsome Dale—you saw him first as Jesse James in "Fighting Man of the Plains" and later as the Captain in "Call Me Mister," absolutely refused to change his Southern accent for the lead in "Lyons Bailey," which Tyrone Power originally was supposed to do. "In this business," said Dale, who comes from Oklahoma, "you have to be a personality. My Southern accent is part of my personality." So—wonder of wonders—the accent, not the brash newcomer, was changed. In the picture, he now comes from Baltimore, not Boston.

Debra Paget at seventeen is number three in fan mail at her studio, just behind Betty Grable and June Haver. I noticed Debra first in a big way with Jimmy Stewart in "Broken Arrow." Since then she has starred in half a dozen movies, with "Evangeline" next coming up. Debra is a married girl, and whenever you see the daughter, you know mother is within reaching distance. To my knowledge, Debra has never had an unchaperoned date.

And Debbie Reynolds, who is nineteen, has never had a date for pleasure, period. Debbie, who startled Metro with her gay cavorting in "Two Weeks with Love," is still a very staunch Girl Scout—a troop leader, in fact. Debbie prefers the company of the neighborhood kids in Burbank where she lives with her parents. It's always nice to see an unknown steal a picture from the stars. Chalk that theft up to Debbie in "Mr. Imperium." This spoiled girl is the stuff that stars are made of.

But don't get me wrong about the older stars—I'm not rushing them into retirement. There's a place for them for as long as they can and want to act. But the center of the stage is at long last shifting to Hollywood's younger performers. And personally I am glad.

THE EDITOR

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## I Was There

(Continued from page 63) twelve hours of warning with the first child. "No sense waking Bill Caldwell (the doctor) at this hour," Geary had reasoned.

In two hours, however, the backaches had stopped completely. And that afternoon, when Marshall and Barbara Thompson had come for an invited swim, Janie had swum with them. Then the backaches had begun again and Barbara, sitting on the side of the pool, had timed them—"six minutes—seven—six—"

In the late afternoon the doctor advised, "If they're that close, better come on down." They showered and dressed, put the bag in the car, gathered up the white yarn Janie was using to make herself a sweater, drove slowly over the route Geary had mapped out in advance.

"Honey, don't take the suitcase and all my knitting and everything in," Janie had said. "It will be so embarrassing to walk out in a little while carrying all of it . . . I feel fine now."

The doctor, however, had told Geary to bring the bag and knitting in, that he was facing fatherhood. "No twelve-hour wait for you," he'd promised. "Four—maybe five hours—at the most."

GEARY had stayed in Jane's room with her until a shot they'd given her had begun to take effect and she had been concerned about him "closing the front door" and "sewing Venetian blinds for the bathroom." Stuck for the right answers, he'd adjourned to have coffee with Bill and make a fatherly wager with him. "You've had great medical experience, you can measure a heart beat; tell me, what's it going to be?" Without hesitating, the doctor had ruled a girl. "Bet you a night in the town—you and Joan (Leslie) and Jane and myself—that it's a boy," Geary had said, so confidently. Now, at ten-thirty-five, waiting, jumping every time the elevator door opened, the thought of a night on the town made Geary shudder.

He kept thinking of all the wonderful years—Janie, so tender on their first dates—Janie, so happy on their wedding day that he forgot to be nervous; Janie with a big black and blue mark on her arm where he caught her when she had tripped on the doorstep as they were starting on their honeymoon; Janie, acting so grown up as the mistress of their new house. Forty minutes now—forty-five—fifty—even an hour. Go through this again? Not in his life—and not on Janie's. Then the elevator door opened again and Geary saw the familiar grinning face of Dr. William Caldwell. "You win," he told Geary, Gerhard Anthony Steffen the Third has arrived! He weighs seven pounds and six ounces. He's nineteen inches. . . ."

But Geary Steffen the Second was doing some broken field running to the elevator, and down the corridor of the fourth floor. Behind the glass window of the nursery, the nurse held a tiny bundle. "What do you know now," Geary said aloud, to himself. "Look at the forehead—all I. Q. Such a husky—those shoulders—strictly UCLA."

Whom did he look like? My dad, thought Geary. But there was something about his nose that was Janie's. The nurse couldn't hear a word—or a thought—but she smiled understandingly and parted the blankets momentarily so Geary could have a full-length view. Hey—look at that foot—with his second toe longer than his big toe! He was his father's boy, all right!

Then Janie's mother and father arrived, having come along a little more slowly, and, reluctantly, Geary moved back so they could see the miracle—of his son.

THE END

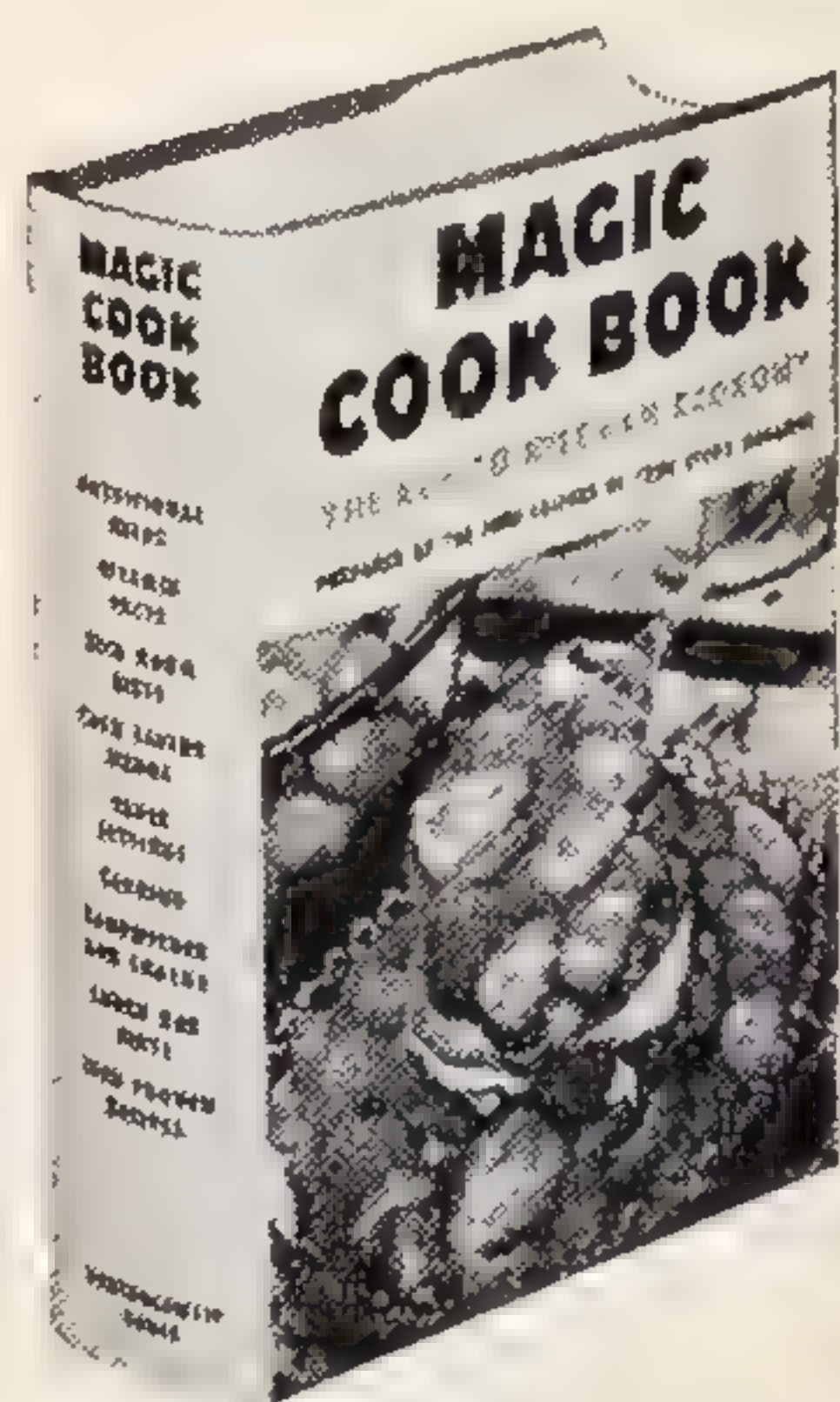
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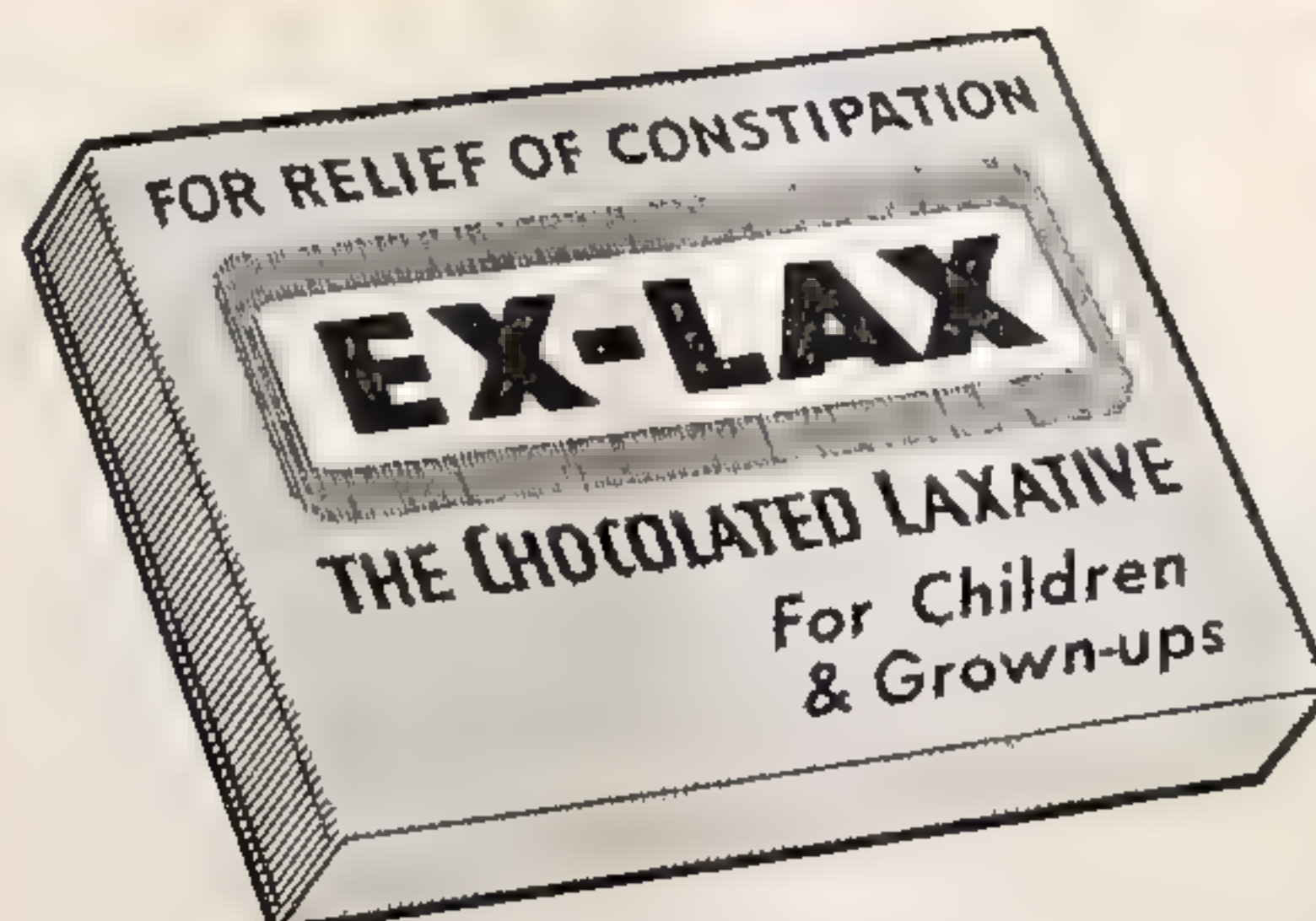
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## Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 32)

**Program Notes:** The catchy songs were really sung by Jane contrary to rumors of a dubbed-in voice . . . The loud Dixieland music that erupted all over the set came from Mitchum's portable phonograph via loud speaker. At lunchtime Bob rode pell mell over the lot on his three-speed English racing bicycle with people leaping for safety . . . Tim Holt went right back to his boots and cowboy hats for more Westerns the minute "His Kind of Woman" was completed.

### ✓✓ (F) Angels in the Outfield (M-G-M)

CHARMING and delightful is this on-the-fantasy-side story of a tough baseball manager who suddenly inherits a guiding angel. Rough, tough Paul Douglas, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, strikes a bargain with the angel. Paul is to cease his loud-mouthed arguments and the angel, in answer to a child's prayer, will guide his team from last place to the top. The pact is kept secret until the little orphan girl whose prayers were heard, announces she sees angels behind every player on the team. Newspaper-woman Janet Leigh leaps on the story. Paul, after a whack on the head, verifies the child's story and pandemonium breaks loose. Janet and Paul are wonderful and Donna Corcoran as the orphan is a natural. Keenan Wynn plays a sarcastic announcer, Spring Byington the Mother Superior, Bruce Bennett the aging pitcher.

Your Reviewer Says: Right over home plate

**Program Notes:** If audiences are surprised in this M-G-M movie to see Bing Crosby, an old Paramount man from way back, offering his two cents' worth to the general good humor, they needn't be. Bing is part owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates and felt the publicity attached to his team would do it no harm . . . Douglas was more than comfortable in his role, having observed such managers for years as a radio sports announcer . . . Donna Corcoran, the daughter of a studio mechanic makes her first appearance on the screen

### ✓1/2 (A) Hotel Sahara (Rank-U.A.)

SHEER, delightful nonsense with a chuckle around every sand dune. The story tells of Peter Ustinov, proprietor of a luxury hotel in the North African desert and his frantic efforts to preserve his hostelry and his fiancée, Yvonne De Carlo from the hands of the Italians, the French and the Germans. Ustinov, new to American films, is smooth and polished. His frustrations, as projected by his flexible face, petulant voice and ample frame, are riotous. Roland Culver, David Tomlinson, Albert Lieven complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Funnier than a camel's face.

**Program Notes:** This is the first of many pictures that Yvonne De Carlo is going to make abroad. Yvonne wants to combine picture making with voice lessons and world tours . . . Ustinov is the actor who is getting raves from all those who saw "Quo Vadis." Previewers were laying odds his portrayal of Nero will win him an Oscar.

### ✓✓ (F) The Day the Earth Stood Still (20th Century-Fox)

ANOTHER science-fiction drama, done with unbelievable technical skill and bringing a message of peace on earth—or else. The story begins when scientists discover a space ship circling the earth at terrific speed. It lands in Washington, D. C.

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id a huge metallic robot and a citizen of Mars emerge. Our first act, of course, is to shoot him down before he can explain at his mission is to warn the heads of nations to keep out of Martian territory. We, and our rockets, are a threat to Martian peace, it seems. Escaping from the hospital to which he has been taken, he finds refuge in a rooming-house which also houses Pat Neal and her son Billy Gray. Failing in his efforts to have President Truman round up national leaders, the Martian enlists the aid of scientist Samaffe who gathers scientists from all over the world to hear his message. The story ends with the messengers returning to Mars convinced we're a nation of hoodlums. Michael Rennie plays the Martian and Hugh Marlowe Miss Neal's suitor.

Our Reviewer Says: Fascinating in technical skill and interesting.

**Program Notes:** Twentieth Century-Fox brought Michael Rennie from his native England to Hollywood to play Klaatu. The six-foot-four-inch actor has appeared in many English films during the last decade and before that was a flying instructor in the RAF. . . . The out-of-this-world sounds heralding the approach of the space ship are said to be duplications of sound effects recorded from noises broadcast to earth from rockets fired beyond the atmosphere.

**1/2 (F) You Never Can Tell (U-I)** DICK POWELL plays a German Shepherd dog that dies and comes back to earth a man. Now, for my money, that's carrying fantasy a mite too far. But we must be fair and admit the people around laughed fit to kill—albeit, at times, with a nervous tittering induced by embarrassment, for there are a few moments when it borders on the vulgar. Dick plays dog that inherits a vast fortune from his owner and is promptly poisoned by a doctor of Peggy Dow, who is next in line as heiress to the dog's estate. The suitor, Charles Drake, is scheming to get the fortune, you see, and Dick who has died and gone to *Beastatory* comes back to expose Drake. Joyce Holden, who really is a horse, comes back to earth with Powell and the pair finally get things worked out.

Our Reviewer Says: Oh well, I've been a bit of a dog lover.

**Program Notes:** Dick Powell finally blew his top during the filming when everyone connected with the film greeted him with a dark. Gagsters sent him toy fire hydrants and boxes of dog food and moth-eaten bones. . . . Joyce Holden, who was star of the all-girl track team for Paseo High School, claims she ran at least twenty miles in her bus-racing scene before director Lou Breslou was satisfied. . . . Charles Drake took himself to the beach for a sun-tan and went to sleep, tanning only on one side—the front. This forced the camera to focus on Drake's face instead of his back, which wasn't bad going for the actor. . . . Peggy Dow is a bit of a highbrow who prefers intellectual men. Her constant visitor on the set was Harvard man Walter Helmerich.

## Best Pictures of the Month

*An American in Paris*  
*The Red Badge of Courage*

## Best Performances of the Month

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Gene Kelly in "An American in Paris"  
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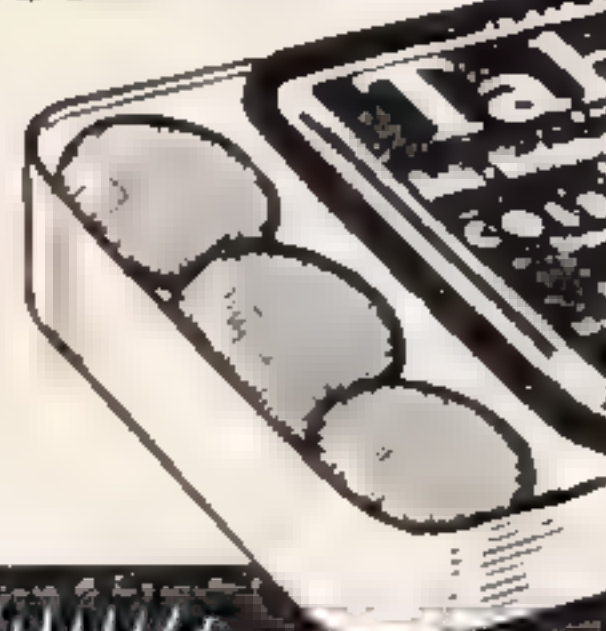
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## She's a New Woman

(Continued from page 40) young actress," said Jerry. "Ann is another Bette Davis. Get her out of those tried, true and trite roles she's been playing and she'll be one of the biggest stars in this town. If she ever gets a 'Human Bondage'—boin-n-n-n-g!"

It was Jerry Wald who gave Ann her first important part, *Veda*, the alluring vixen daughter, in "Mildred Pierce." Before that, Ann had been a darling little ingenue in a few kittenish capers with Donald O'Connor at Universal. Mike Curtiz, the director of "Mildred Pierce," didn't want Ann in his picture. "She's too sweet and immature," he objected. "The public would never believe that she could take a man away from Crawford. We need a young Bette Davis for *Veda*." Jerry, a producer for Warner Brothers at the time, reminded Mike that until "Of Human Bondage," Bette Davis had been considered sweet and dull.

"Ann belongs in the big league," Jerry says, "but maybe she's happy playing these 'Katy-Did-It,' 'Top o' the Morning,' 'Great Caruso' roles. In Hollywood too often familiarity breeds contentment."

MOST actresses gripe their heads off about the picture parts they get. But Ann is not one to grouch. Whether or not she likes her "tried, true and trite" roles I wouldn't know. Twice she has rebelled, in a quiet ladylike way, and gone on suspension. "Mildred Pierce," she will tell you quickly when asked, is her favorite picture and *Veda* her favorite role. Then she hastily adds that she'd dearly love to do a musical. However, she'll have to wait a while. Her own studio, Universal, after looking all over town and discarding several possibilities, has cast Ann in the highly dramatic lead of "The World in His Arms" opposite Greg Peck.

No doubt about it, Ann has grown up this year. This was quite evident at the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund ball given at Mocambo recently.

As always happens, the sidewalks were jammed with fans. When Ann got out of her car with her escort, Dick Clayton, the males let out with a big fat wolf whistle. In the old days when the boys on the lot used to whistle at Ann—no harm meant, just their way of paying a compliment—she would turn white, tremble, look straight ahead and pretend she hadn't heard them. But that night she stopped, gave them The Smile, and waved her hand as professionally as a Gloria Swanson. This was all too much for a lad from Kansas who rushed up and demanded, "Gorgeous creature, when will you marry me?" "Next week," said Ann promptly.

At a college benefit not long ago she was asked to stay on after the show and dance with the boys. Along came the extrovert, the college showoff, who grabbed Ann in a tight embrace and swung her into a jet-propelled jitterbug. This has happened to Ann before at college and Army camp dances. And she has come off the floor pale and shaken, asking to be taken home. But this night she had the situation well in hand. She gave a very inviting wink to one of the biggest guys in the stag line, who quickly cut in.

When Ann was younger the studio had a high old time of it dressing her to suit the character she played on the screen. A young lady with definite opinions, she was determined not to dress sexy or tartish, no matter what the role. (She had "no cheesecake" written into her contract.) Not too long ago, if you had given Ann a choice of a bare midriff or the Siberian salt mines, she would have quietly left for the mines. Today it's different, how different you'll know when you see Ann in

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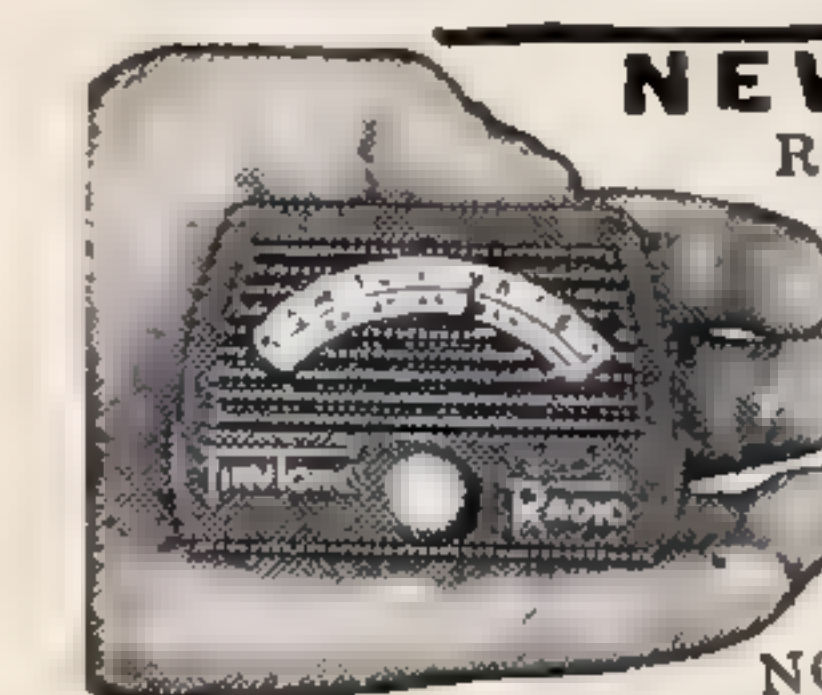
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The Golden Horde." In it you will see more of her than ever before. Ann plays Princess Shalimar, a lovely girl whose mind isn't exactly on her blueberry muffins. Ann didn't even shudder—at least outwardly—when she saw the Princess Shalimar's wisps of black chiffon. It's all a part of the business. She's quite conditioned now to the fact that dressing the part is almost as important as acting it. And my, my, what a time the publicity department used to have with Ann when he read the gossip columns. If she went to a premiere with a young man it was a romance. And if she was seen with him a second time the columnists assured their reader that a marriage announcement would be forthcoming before Tuesday. After one of those droolly romance items Ann wouldn't see the boy whose name was linked with hers again for months. "It's too embarrassing," she'd mourn. But this past year she has stopped fretting. When the columnists linked her name with Scott Brady everyone thought, "Well, that's the end of that nice friendship." But it wasn't at all. Scott still is one of Ann's favorite premiere dates. She often calls him as late as seven o'clock of an evening and says, "Hi there, if you haven't got a date tonight, how about taking me to Ciro's?" Ann and Scott have a very warm, understanding friendship. But it's no romance.

Several months ago it was reported that Ann had fallen in love at last—with dark, handsome Dick Contino (before the Army incident). The writer intimated that when Ann returned from England there'd be a church wedding. The studio blew their top. The only calm person was Ann.

The boys at the studio, who adore Ann, will tell you she's a lot of fun. "She's a great joke teller. She has good timing and is wonderful at dialects," says Tommy Chambers, her accompanist, who goes with her on all her personal appearance tours and her camp and hospital visits. "She's crazy about cartoons. Especially those by Charles Addams in the New Yorker. Every time we see a cartoon we think will give us a laugh we cut it out and bring it to the studio. But the most I have ever heard her laugh was over one she cut out herself. It's a drawing of a woman in a police precinct. She's nude except for a bedraggled hat and umbrella. 'Sir,' she says to the police captain, 'I want to report a tornado!'"

HOWEVER, Ann has missed out on several good meaty roles because certain brass at her studio think she's too young and wholesome and entirely lacking in that thing called sex appeal. As a self-appointed Mrs. Hooper I took a poll of some dozen or more workers on her studio lot. The consensus was that Ann is loaded with sex appeal.

A part of growing up is falling in love, of course. Hollywood has been trying to push Ann into a hot romance ever since she was eighteen. But Ann won't push. At twenty-two, she still insists that she is much too busy with her career for a serious romance. She says that she didn't have a date all the months she was in England, or the three nights she was in Paris. The most attractive mer she saw were in Ireland. When she talks about marriage she is quite serene. "I believe," she says, "that modern boys and girls know that quick, flashy attractions don't make friends, much less lifetime partners. Comradeship, a community of interests, temperament and standards are especially important if you're thinking about living your life with someone."

While Ann was in Europe she made no effort to meet Aly Khan. But I'm sure if Aly had known she was there he'd have made an effort to meet her.

THE END

by Taylor

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